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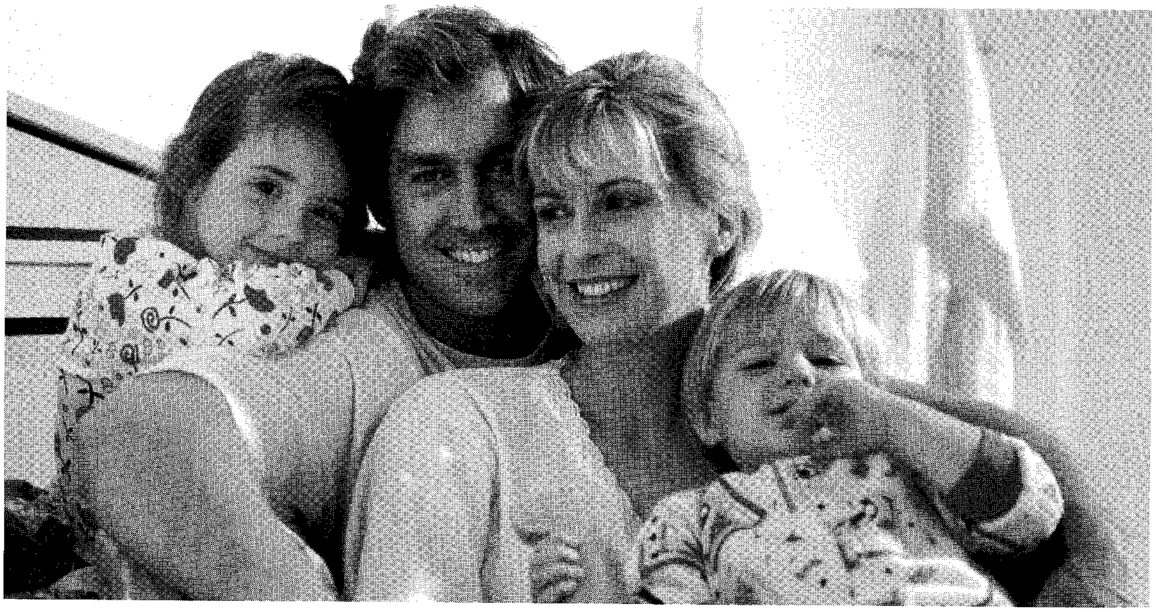

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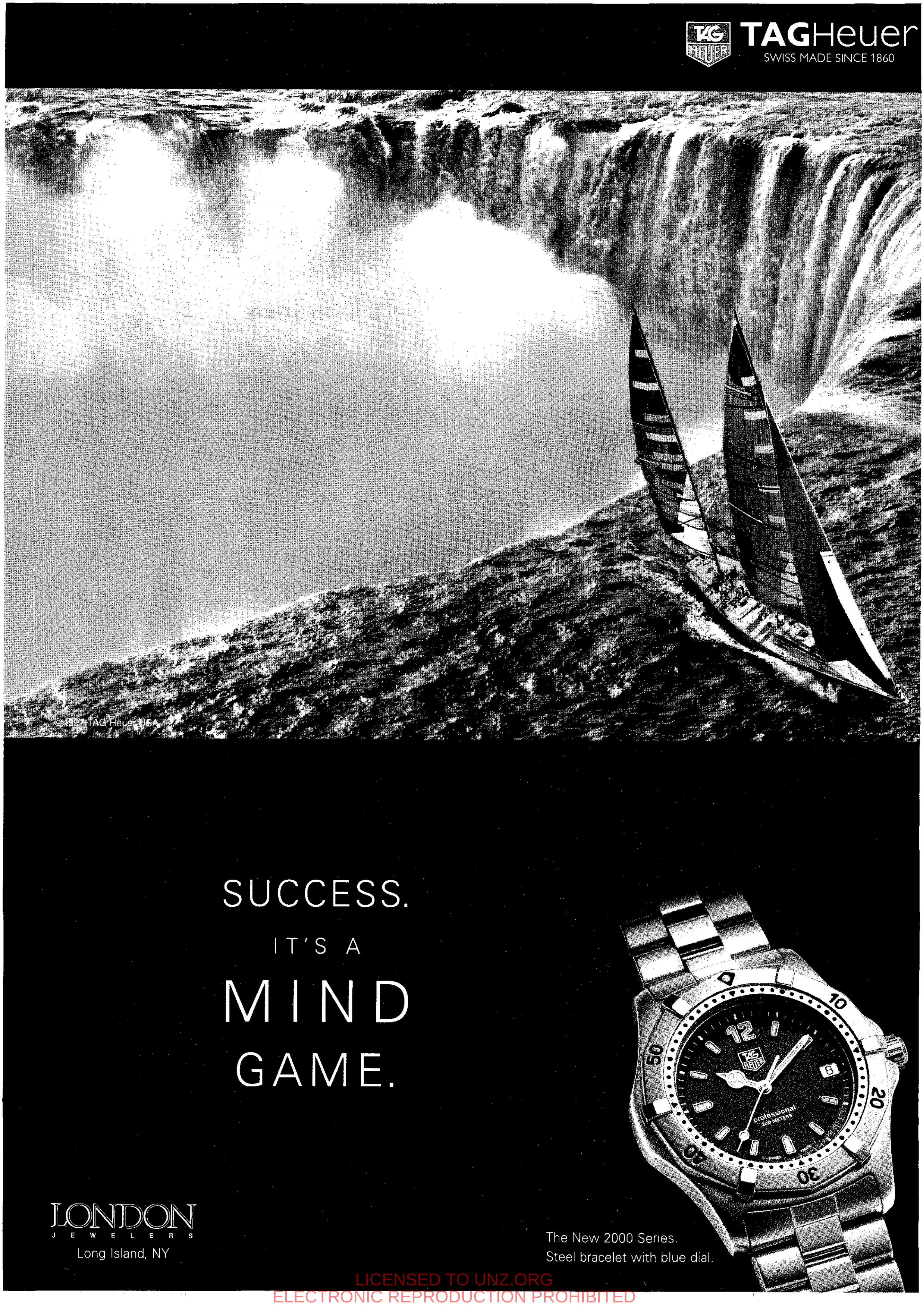

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city kids

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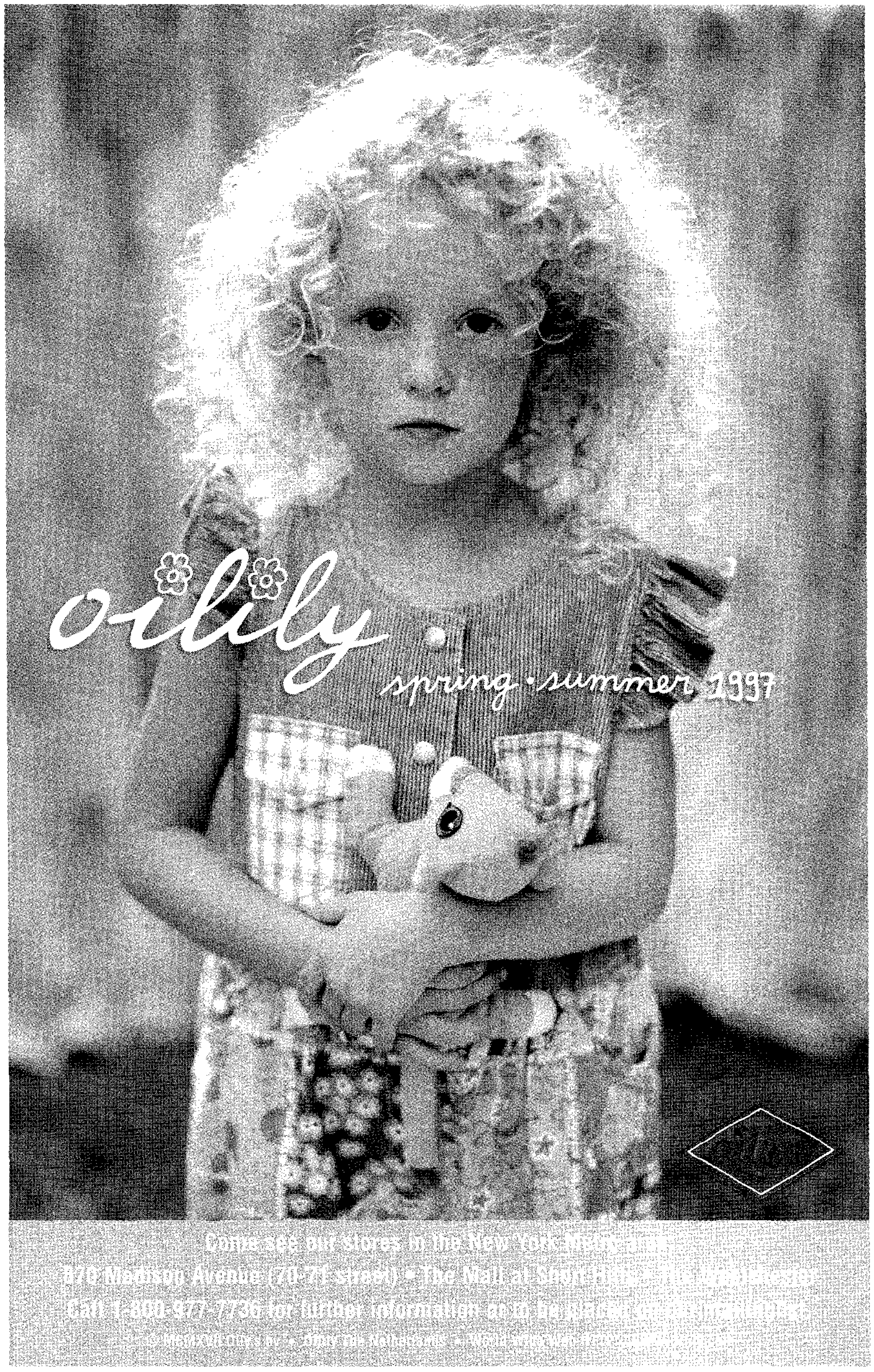

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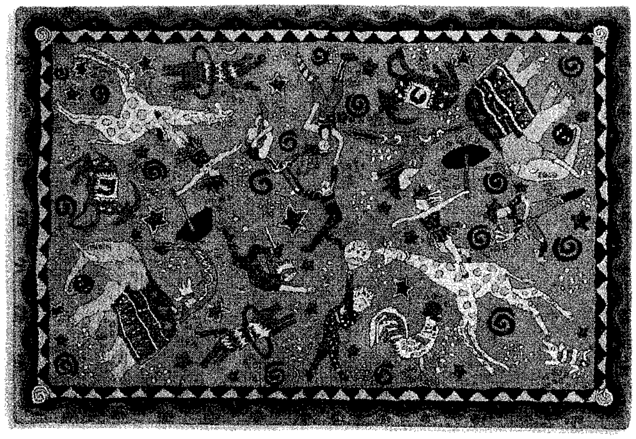

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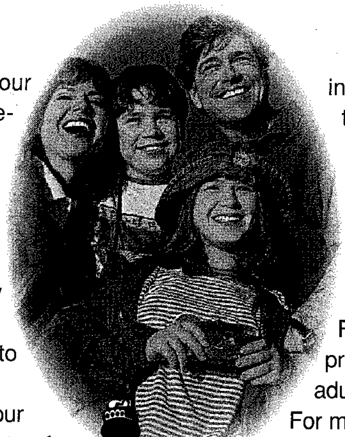

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Splitsville

Can the twain ever meet in Hebron?; Edward Wormley's not-so-bitter end; a charming correction; tattoo parlors get a clean bill of health.

BRAVO TO CRAIG HOROWITZ FOR telling it like it is in "A Tale of Two Cities" [April 7]. As an American Jew whose entire immediate family lives in Israel, I have never been reconciled to their need to tempt fate with multiple pilgrimages to Hebron during tense times. I have always admired their convictions from afar, but, although I plan to move to Israel this coming summer, I believed those convictions were not for me. Thank you for clarifying the historical facts for all American Jews who sit in judgment of their brothers in Israel. The massacre of 1929 is too easily forgotten by "reliable" American publications, and it is wonderful to see *New York* bringing it back to the surface.

Arlene Samuel Keehn
OCEANSIDE, N.Y.

I FIND CRAIG HOROWITZ'S PROFILE OF THE Hebron settlers both judgmental and flawed. Jews have been an integral part of Hebron's human landscape since biblical times. It is disingenuous of Horowitz to refer to the Tomb of the Patriarchs as the "source of the conflict in Hebron." The source of the conflict in Hebron today is the renewed visible presence of Jews there. While it strikes Mr. Horowitz as "intransigence" on the part of the Jewish settlers to voice their belief in the right of Jews to settle in Hebron, he does not question a Hebron Arab's implacable resistance to coexistence with Jews.

I also find peculiar Horowitz's description of Beit Hadassah as a building that "had been a hospital for Jews and Arabs before the '29 riots," which implies that it had been some sort of municipal institution. Beit Hadassah was established, owned, and supported by Jews for the benefit of all members of the community. Can the Arabs of Hebron point to a similar history of inclusiveness?

Penny Stern, M.D., M.P.H.
MANHATTAN

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I HAD MY DOUBTS ABOUT THE NEUTRALITY of the reporting in "A Tale of Two Cities" when it began by describing "a handsome 28-year-old Palestinian" and "wildly bearded Jews." My doubts were confirmed when, in a single paragraph, it described Hamas as "fundamentalist" but the Kach Party as "radical" and Gush Emunim as "rabid." Why is it acceptable for the Arabs to want Arab land free of Jews, yet Israel is condemned for not building enough housing for Arabs on "Jewish" land?

Carl B. Maltzman
NORTH WOODMERE, N.Y.

CRAIG HOROWITZ'S ARTICLE HIGHLIGHTS one depressing aspect of the relationship between Jews and Arabs. But that is far from the full story. The New Israel Fund supports many projects that work toward understanding among Jews, Arab-Israelis, and Palestinians. Bat Shalom and the Jerusalem Link bring together Jewish and Palestinian women who strive to create a culture of peace and social justice. *Windows* (*Halonot*) magazine, the only Hebrew-Arabic magazine for children, is run by a youth editorial board from Israel, the West Bank, and Gaza. *Windows* gives children the opportunity to be in touch with peers on both sides of the border. Through the work of grassroots organizations, Israelis and Palestinians chip away at the culture of separation so vividly portrayed in your article on Hebron.

Norman Rosenberg
Executive Director, New Israel Fund
MANHATTAN

Remain Seated

JUST HOW LONG CAN ONE EXPECT FURNITURE waves to last? According to Rene Chun, not long ["Revival of the Fittest," April 7]. When he lauded the Robsjohn-Gibbings exhibit, he was busy burying Heywood-Wakefield. Sadly, Robsjohn-Gibbings is suddenly and without warning over! How long will the "icon of tomorrow" last? Well, with Frankl, Lazslo, Haines, and Norton just around the corner, I'll bet Rene Chun isn't holding his breath.

Jeff Greenberg
Owner, Elan Antiques
MANHATTAN

YOU MAKE IT SOUND AS IF EDWARD WORMLEY—Mr. Wormley to us, always—died penniless and alone in Norwalk, Connecticut. Happily, Mr. Wormley lived in his house in Weston until his last illness. He was a familiar and respected man in this town, bright, opinionated, and very witty. Until the early nineties he drove a brown Mercedes and walked a series of Corgi dogs, always named Dustin. His home, a cross between a country house and a folly, on the shores of the prettiest lake in Weston, is being restored and will be for sale later this year.

Helen O'Kelly
WESTON, CONN.

What's in a Name?

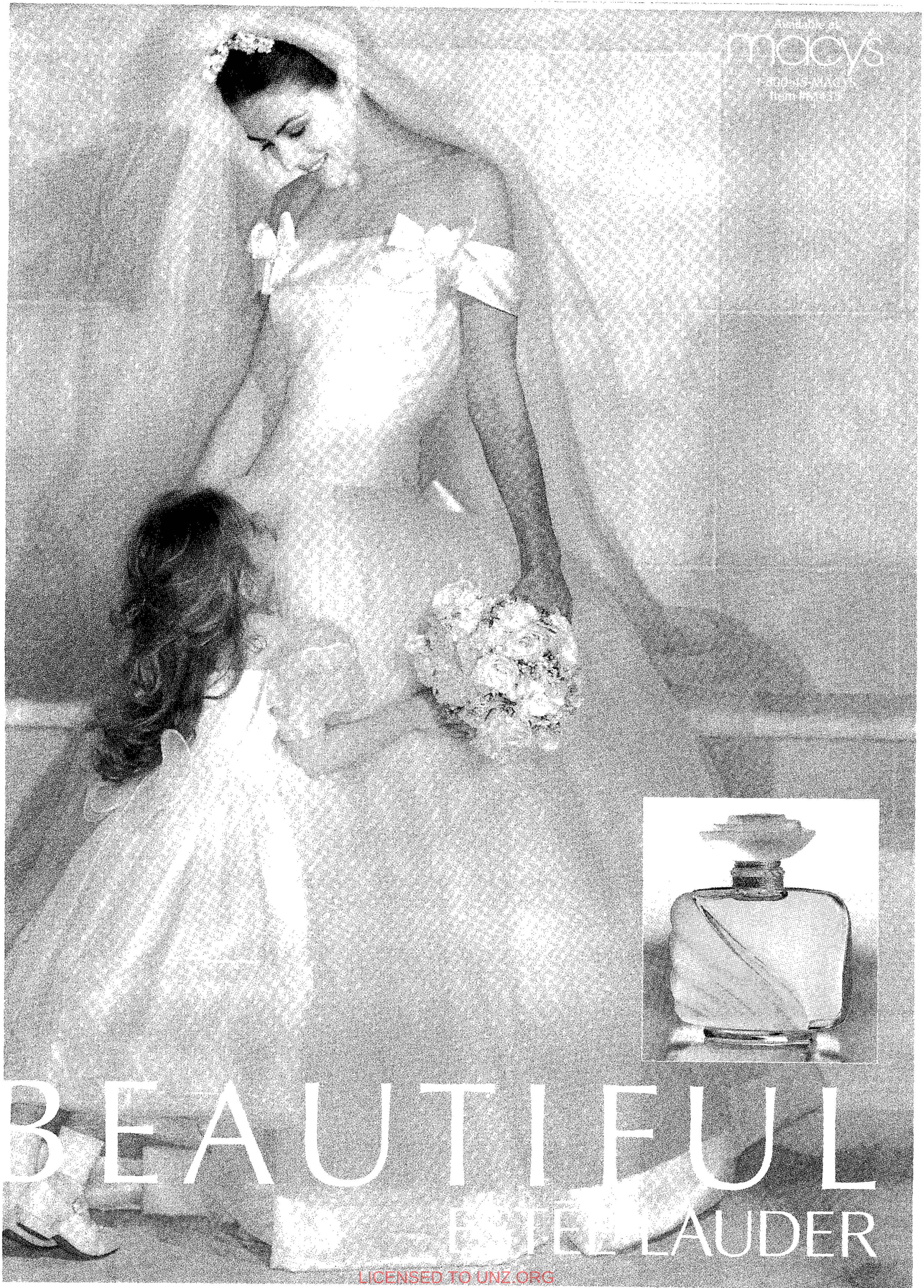
IN YOUR APRIL 7 "GOTHAM" SECTION, YOU were kind enough to write an article about me, Mason Reese, our new restaurant, Standard Notions, and our chef and partner, Charles Helm ["It Was Just Deviled Ham," by Harold Goldberg]. Unfortunately, you called him Charles *Smith*! The only person more temperamental than an actor is a chef, so thank God you were also kind enough to misspell my name and keep peace in the family. Thanks again. Other than that, I really enjoyed the article.

Mason Reese
MANHATTAN

Clean Needles

TATTOOING HAS INDEED BEEN LEGALIZED, as noted in "Gotham: Tattoo You" [by Paul Lukas, April 7], but it was the New York City Health Department that led the way. In reviewing the data, we found that there have been no documented cases of hepatitis, AIDS, or other serious bloodborne infectious diseases transmitted by tattooing in NYC since it was banned in 1961. Our major problem with the City Council bill was that as originally written, it required us to spend critical public funding on inspecting tattoo parlors that don't pose a significant threat to the public health.

Fred Winters
Associate Commissioner
New York City Health Department
MANHATTAN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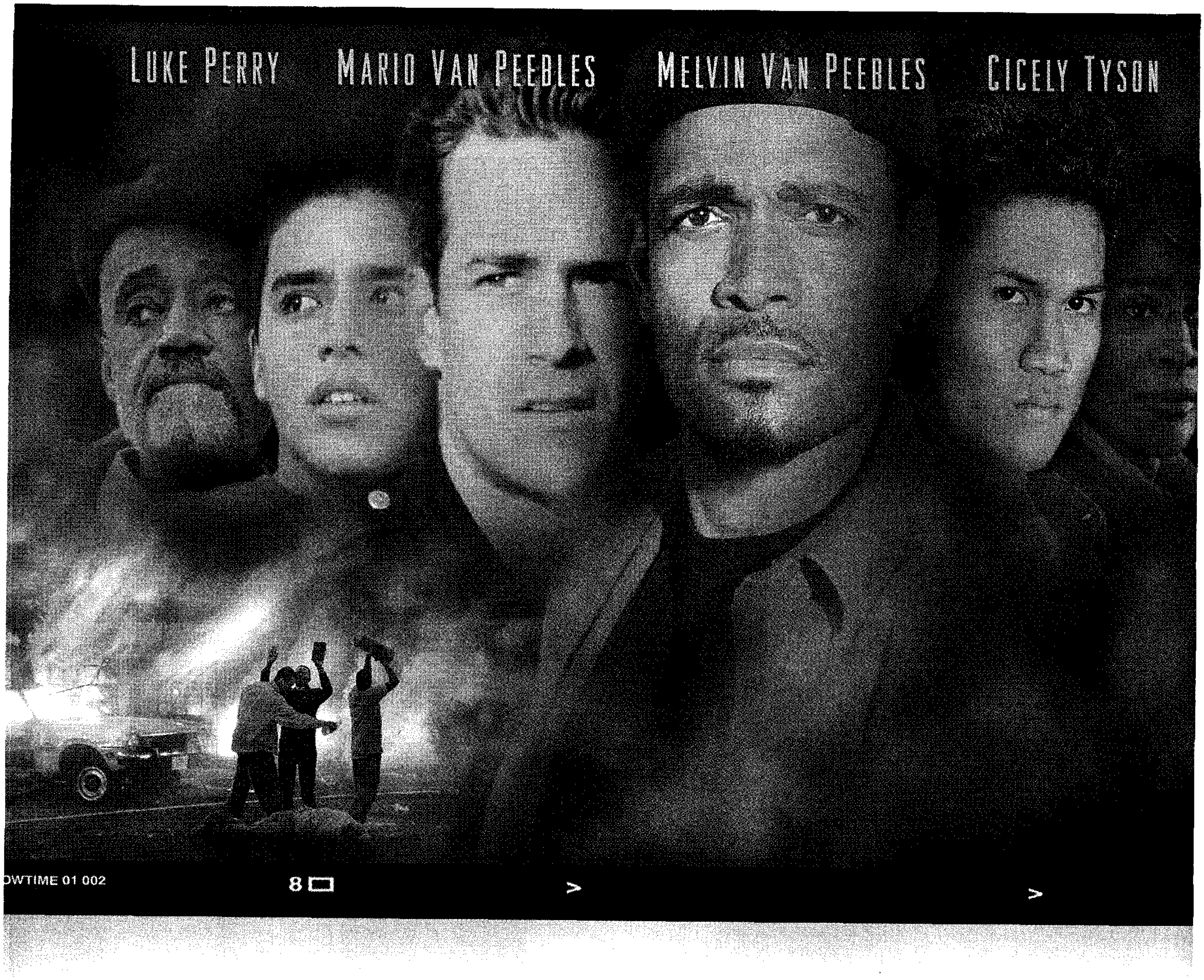

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INTELLIGENCER

SCHUMER GETS A GREEN LIGHT

The photo-op frenzy for next year's Senate campaign has already begun. Public Advocate **Mark Green,** thought to be considering a Senate run in 1998, planned to increase his visibility by arranging for President **Bill Clinton** and Brooklyn congressman **Major Owens** to accompany him on a "Kick Butts" anti-smoking campaign visit to Andries Hudde Junior High. Unfortunately for Green, one of the seventh-graders attending the lecture was the daughter of his potential Senate rival, Congressman **Charles Schumer,** who made sure to steal the spotlight once he arrived at the event. The Green camp claims to be unfazed by Schumer's omnipresence. "He was invited to the event—he even had a chair on the dais," says Green spokesman Joe DePlasco. Either way, Schumer didn't exactly dazzle 'em: He mispronounced the name of his own daughter's school, prompting giggles from the students. He also boasted that he had "represented Hudde in Congress for seventeen years." Countered Congressman Owens in his opening remarks, "I'd like to welcome you to the Eleventh Congressional District," clarifying that Hudde is not located in Schumer's district, the Ninth, but in Owens's. Thanks to redistricting, Schumer hasn't represented the school for at least five years. A spokesman for Schumer would only confirm the congressman's involvement in the event. Says a political wag, referring to Schumer and Green, "Those two guys have some of the sharpest elbows in the entire business."

Chuck Schumer: Class act?

A *TIMES* GUY GETS TOLD OFF

So much for press privileges. New York *Times* editorial board member **James Greenfield** recently sued a group of lawyers who had the audacity to subpoena his phone records in a down-and-dirty landlord-tenant dispute. While Greenfield and his wife were engaged in a nasty legal battle with their tenant on the Upper East Side, someone anonymously called the ASPCA to report that the tenant was mistreating her animals. The tenant's attorneys, suspecting Greenfield or his wife of making the call, subpoenaed their phone records; Greenfield then sued the attorneys for $70 million, claiming, among other things, First Amendment violations and "loss of consort" due to his wife's emotional distress. In his ruling, State Supreme Court judge **Edward Greenfield** (no relation) ridiculed the editor for claiming that the phone records "would threaten the physical safety of persons all over the world with whom he has confidential contacts." Judge Greenfield not only threw out the case but slapped Greenfield and his attorney with a $10,000 sanction for wasting the court's time. "We'll appeal," vows Greenfield. "As a journalist, I don't think my phone records should be handed out indiscriminately."

TREATING LESLEY WITH KID SHOES

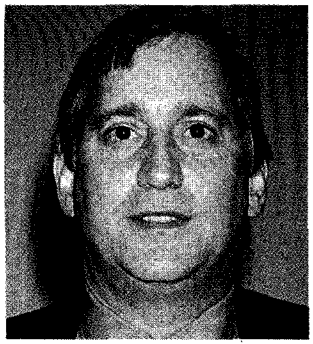
Lesley Ann Warren's prima donna act is not the only thing plaguing the Broadway show *Dream:* Cast and crew members' paychecks from producers Mercer on Stage were bouncing recently. "It's appalling mismanagement," says one production insider. "It just doesn't happen on a professional Broadway show." According to **Bob Cuillo,** one of the show's producers, there are "no financial problems. We just had difficulty with a wire transfer. We sent a letter of apology to [executive producer] **Mark Schwartz.**" Nonetheless, in light of the financial setbacks, reports of Warren's expensive tastes—that she rejected 24 pairs of shoes on the basis of their leather quality and insists on using **Cindy Crawford's** costly makeup artist for promotional purposes—must be all the more irksome. Says one insider, "Lesley's not very popular around here." Responds a *Dream* spokesperson, "She's fine. The show's fine. Everything's fine."

STERN'S NEW GREAT LAWN

JFK Jr. and other bare-chested New York jocks will have to find a new place to play pickup football. When the Great Lawn, which is now under renovation, reopens in September, football, rugby, soccer, and most sports other than baseball on designated diamonds will be verboten. "We have to take care of the lawn to prevent it from becoming eroded," explains Parks Commissioner **Henry Stern** of his decision to turn the city's most famous impromptu football field into a more tranquil recreational area. Football fans, take heart. Additional space, where more raucous sports will be permissible, is being designated by the Parks Department on the North Meadow.

ISAACSON'S SHORT STOP AT THE BEACH

It's hard to juggle baseball and work, as *Time* magazine's **Walter Isaacson** learned since becoming managing editor. Isaacson put his Hamptons house—"a little cottage in the northwest woods, going for $450,000," according to one source—on the market at the end of last summer, figuring that *Time* was cutting into his Saturdays. It hasn't



Walter Isaacson: Hamptons *Time*'s up

Christian Lacroix: Flea-bitten

sold yet, and the Isaacsons have gone out a few times this spring. But Isaacson can't get to Sag Harbor early enough for the Saturday-morning baseball games. “Even if Walter sells his home, he will be at the Artists' and Writers' game on August 16,” insists his friend (and fellow captain) **Ken Auletta** of *The New Yorker.* The writers may need all the help they can get, since Artists' captain **Leif Hope** reports that he's recruited **Roy Scheider** and **Alec Baldwin** and is still working on brother **Billy.**

PICKING THREADS; MARLA WEDS

NEW PAUL: **Anna Wintour**'s search to replace former spokesman **Paul Wilmot** has finally ended. Although Wintour met with several P.R. people, including representatives from Dan Klores, many were rejected, in part, because she didn't like the way they dressed, according to a Condé Nast insider. The victor: sartorially correct **David Kratz,** who also represents Perfumes Isabell, Starbucks, and Stolichnaya. “I'm thrilled to get the account,” says Kratz, adding lightheartedly, “but now I have to really worry about what I wear to meetings.”

SIXTH ON SALE: Who'd figure that the quintessential couturier of the eighties would hit Chelsea's flea market? But there was **Christian Lacroix** on a recent Sunday morning, spied by **Isaac Mizrahi** riffling through the clothing stalls on Sixth Avenue. Lacroix found one of his signature pieces—a bolero jacket with gold-braided buttons—and moved it to the back of the pile, hiding it under a slew of other castoffs. Mizrahi is apparently cut from a different cloth: When he found one of his pieces at the flea market, he says, “I took it out of the back and put it in front, I was so excited.”

WEDDING BELLE: Travel led to true romance for **Marla Hanson,** 35, the model turned writer who survived a slashing and four years with novelist **Jay McInerney.** This June, she's marrying 29-year-old **Douglas Howell,** a British banker she met on a plane from the Cayman Islands to Cuba. She was on vacation; he was working in the Caymans, where she soon became a regular. “She basically was there from the end of October until a couple of weeks ago, when they both came back,” reports one friend. “It's very romantic.”

Marla Hanson: Isle do

Meanwhile, the movie Hanson wrote with her former psychiatrist, **Christ Zois,** and director (and rumored former boyfriend) **Abel Ferrara,** *The Blackout*—a tale about obsessive love starring **Matthew Modine** and **Claudia Schiffer**—will be featured in a special midnight showing at Cannes next month.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

A RED ROOM BY ANY OTHER NAME

If you want to create a tribute to a friend, be careful that he wasn't a household name. Cheetah nightclub designer **Albert Haje** decided to pay homage to his late friend **Halston** and fashioned a red suede room in his spirit within the club. But when the honchos at Halston International, which purchased the designer's name last year, got wind of the party room's informal moniker, their lawyers sent a stern letter stating that the use of the name “will dilute the distinctive quality of the world famous Halston mark” and demanding that the club cease its use of the name and “remove and destroy all signs and other materials” referring to the “Halston Room.” “We understand his emotional side, but a club is not really our intention for the name; we had to put the brakes on,” asserts Halston managing director **Carmine Porcelli.** Sighs Haje, “Diluting the name Halston? They diluted it when they went into JCPenney.”

HEAVEN'S GATE: WHO NETS THE PROFITS?

The 39 members of Heaven's Gate are living on—at least, they will be if the San Diego County public administrator has anything to say about it. The Internet design company started and operated by the cult members—Higher Source Contract Services—has become the subject of a bitter tug-of-war as the county attempts to sort out the estate of the deceased. Higher Source was run by ten members of the Heaven's Gate cult, nine of whom are now dead. The tenth member, famous survivor **Richard Ford,** a.k.a. **Rio D'Angelo,** is now claiming that in November the business was “entrusted” to him by cult leader **Marshall Applewhite,** a.k.a. **Do,** and that he has the right to maintain old client relationships under the new business name of Higher Source Web Designs. Not so fast, says public administrator **Susan Jamme,** who feels the families of the deceased Gaters may be entitled to future revenues from the company. Responds Ford's attorney, **Robert Zakari:** “Rio created the Heaven's Gate logo; he designed the Websites for Higher Source. He is the spirit of the former project.” But while the spirit may live on, Zakari points out that the former business is dead—literally. “I don't know how the public administrator thinks she's going to get these families a million dollars from a company whose staff is dead,” he scoffs. Jamme maintains she is simply trying to determine whether the business holds any connection to the probate estate. “We will explore every avenue to see what comprises the estate's assets,” she says.

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos; Tim Green/Retna; Walter Weissman/Globe Photos.

Another grey hotel room.

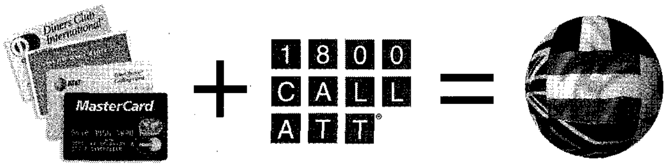
Another view of the parking lot.

Nothing about it was like Buenos Aires.

I ordered a steak from room service and called Abuela.

I could see her smile.

Suddenly, I realized the room wasn't grey.



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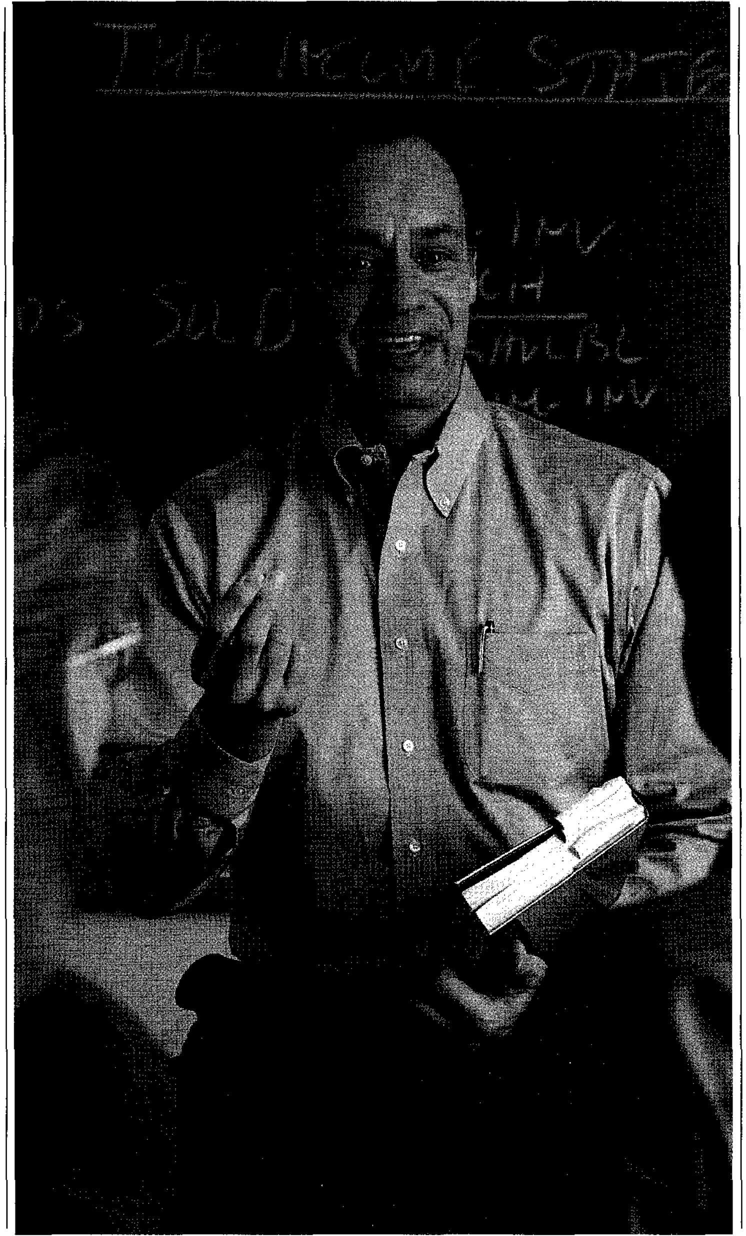

The first doctor to diagnose Jerry Engeholm's tongue cancer gave him only one option: surgery to remove the tumor, along with his voice box and parts of his tongue, neck and throat. It would have left him permanently disfigured and unable to speak.

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GOTHAM

Here is our poetry—*Ezra Pound*

Street

FOR A PUSHCART POET, DOWNTOWN IS GETTING VERSE AND VERSE

THREE OR FOUR NIGHTS A WEEK, Donald Green leaves his apartment in the Bronx and takes the subway into Manhattan. He does this in January and July, and most months in between, always carrying a small folding card table and an old plastic milk crate filled with papers and books. When he gets down to Greenwich Village, Green picks a spot on the sidewalk. In past years he favored a spot on Greenwich Avenue in sight of the old Jefferson Market jail, but lately he's drifted over to lower Broadway, a half-block up from Tower Records. During the daytime, this block is crowded with people selling old books and incense and earrings; but at night, only Donald Green is out here, and he sells nothing but his own literary passion.

Unfolding his table, Green empties his crate and sets up a hand-lettered sign the size and shape of an ironing board. It reads: A PUBLISHED POET SELLS HIS POEMS.

Green sells a self-published collection of his work, *Quietly in a Mirror.* The title poem begins: "Quietly in a mirror like a crash / you feel yourself for what you are: / With friends, family, money, all that . . . and no one / to hold your hand, kiss your lips, write you a poem."

There are ten poems in all, and Green sells the collection—some fifteen sheets of letter-size copy paper stapled together—for $5. His sign proclaims: MY POEMS HAVE APPEARED IN ANTHOLOGIES WITH POEMS BY ROBERT FROST, LANGSTON HUGHES, MAY SWENSON, GWENDOLYN BROOKS, and so on.

Green stays in his spot until he has sold all the copies he has with him, or until he feels it's time to go. He rarely folds up his table before midnight, because he is a tireless conversationalist and he loves talking with passersby and potential customers. His favorite subject is the world of letters. He likes nothing more than encouraging young and unpublished writers. He tells stories of the struggling poets and novelists he's met over the years, some of whom are now "making it." "Making it," to Donald Green, doesn't necessarily mean fame and fortune; it's enough to be published and have your work sold in bookstores. "Getting published is the key," he says, "that opens all the doors."

Donald Green is a small, thin man; in winter, his dark brown skin takes on a gray hue almost matching his overcoat. Even in summer he wears a sweater. He doesn't like to talk about his own life, except for his publications in mostly obscure literary journals and anthologies, some of which he carries with him, old and battered as they are.

Green hand-letters his covers in great flourishes with a black marker, and he autographs his collection with inspirational inscriptions: "May you prosper; if you believe, it shall be."

Green often says he is planning to put his table away for good, and occasionally he disappears from the neighborhood for weeks, even months at a time. Sometimes, he explains, he's too tired or too cold, and sometimes he's on the Upper West Side, where, he says, he has a steady, family-oriented clientele. But he always seems to end up back in the Village.

"There's a lot of walk-by traffic here," he says. "A lot of young people come by, late at night; a lot of them stop and talk. Sometimes they buy." He nervously asks the time. It's almost midnight; Tower is starting to cut off the lights. "It's good to talk," he says. "But I have to make money, too. That's why I'm here."

RICHARD RUBIN

Music

UNDERGROUND ALL-STARS FÊTE CLUMSY COHORT

FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES CAN BE USEFUL, but sometimes it's even better to have them in low places. And when a dozen of underground New York's biggest stars gathered at Brownies on April 12 to give a benefit concert for Tom Clark, he got the best of both worlds. The night's four co-headliners—the Dictators, Patti Smith, Marshall Crenshaw, and Jim Carroll—effectively turned the event into a reunion of CBGB, Class of '78.

While home in DeKalb, Illinois, for his father's funeral in February, Clark—a lanky 31-year-old bartender whose band, the High Action Boys, is a longtime favorite of East Village cognoscenti—slipped lugging a table out of his family's house, breaking two bones in his right leg. "After a month out there," he admitted, "I just started going crazy." Patti Smith Group guitarist Lenny Kaye, who'd been close to Clark since producing a demo tape for him a couple of years earlier, drove out and rescued his friend. But Clark was by no means out of the woods: The bills were piling up, his rent had doubled, and it would be another five months before he could return to work. So Kaye and Dictators lead singer Handsome Dick Manitoba organized the twelve-band charity gig, calling in favors, cajoling friends, and mostly drawing on the reserve of goodwill Clark had generated in his ten years on the scene.

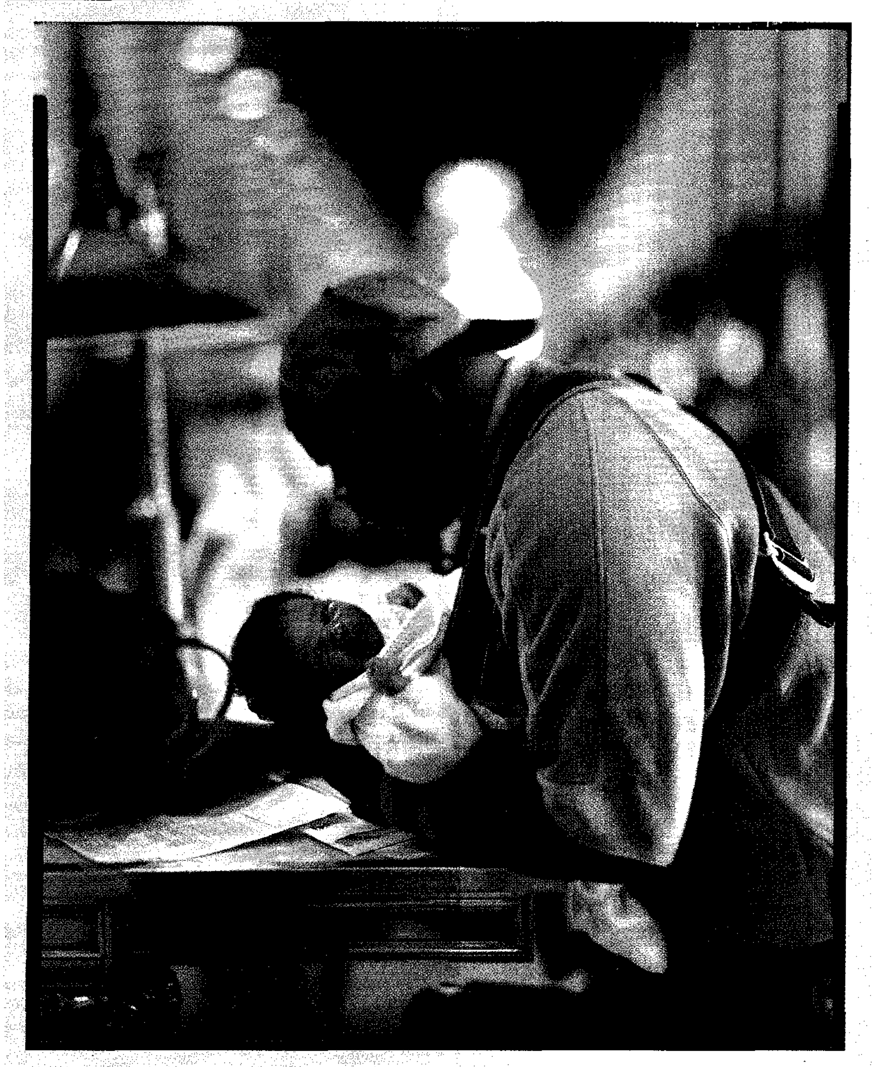
R.E.M. leader Michael Stipe couldn't make it, but he forwarded a contribution, bringing the take to more than $5,000. Patti Smith's stark, hallucinatory rendition of "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" was a highlight, as was poet-punk Jim Carroll's reprise of two early-eighties autobiographical song-sketches of his rough teenage years, "People Who Died" and "Catholic Boy." But the most moving moment came just after Clark's own band played a short set. Ensconced in a wheelchair in front of the sound booth, the gig's beneficiary turned to a friend.

Friend in the crutch: Tom Clark, Lenny Kaye.

"Did you see Sunday's *Daily News*?" he asked. "They named the High Action Boys one of the five best unsigned bands in the city." The good news had an attendant cloud of bittersweet irony: "The story was supposed to come out a while ago," Clark added. "My dad was actually waiting to see it when he died."

Sporting a dark suit and fingerless weight-lifting gloves, Manitoba strutted through the tiny club like a punk-rock general surveying a particularly smooth campaign. The downtown legend shuttled between the door, where he emphasized his strict orders that no one was to be allowed in gratis, and the basement dressing room, where he marshaled bands for timely entrances and exits. At 1 A.M., his band took the stage. "Let's hear it," he told the audience, "for klutzy Tom breaking his leg!" ETHAN SMITH

SHOT



General Post Office, Eighth Avenue at 33rd Street, 4 P.M., April 15, *photographed by Greg Miller.*

Film

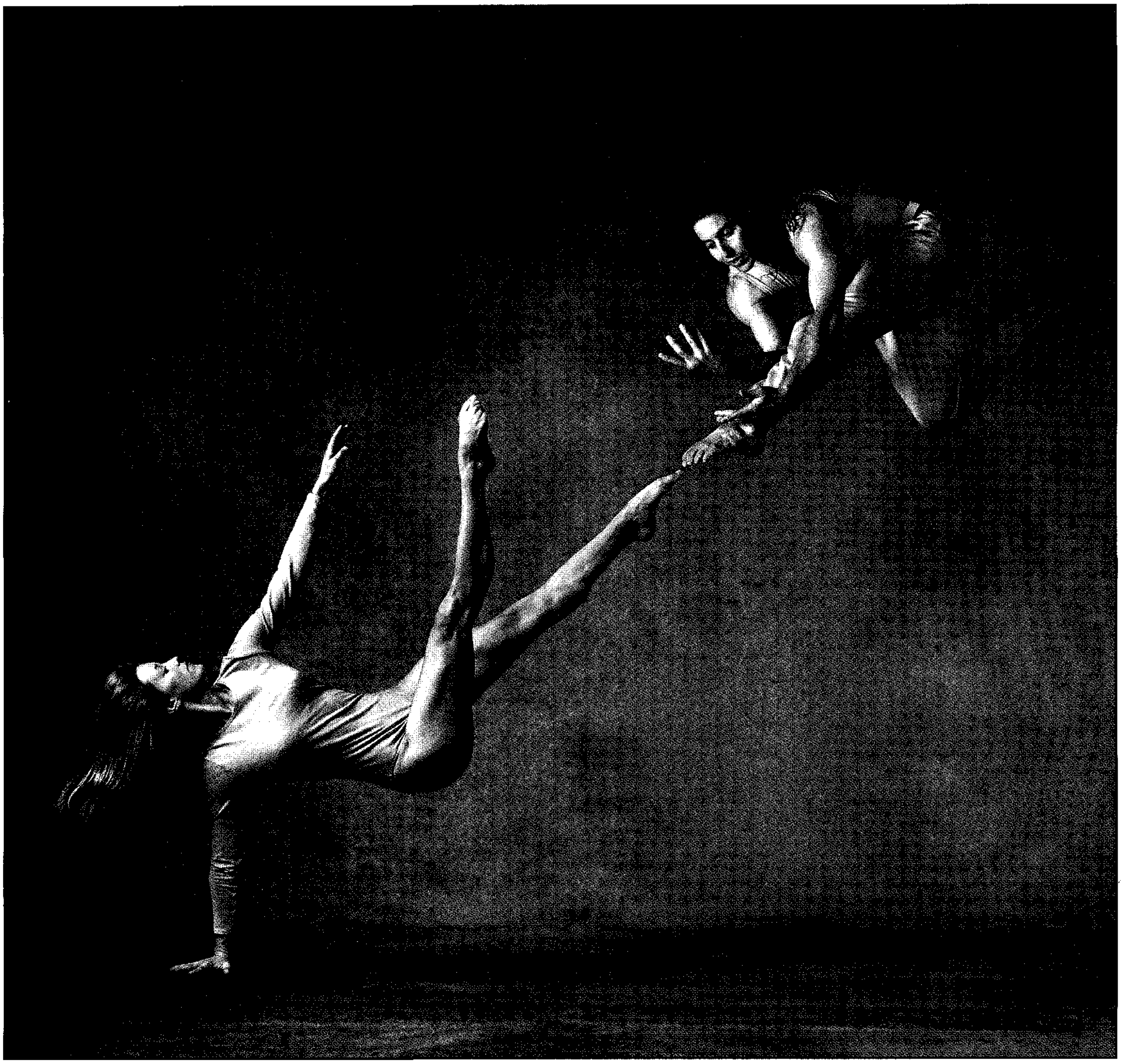
A CRACK FILM ABOUT A CRACK ADDICT

SETH ZVI ROSENFELD SEEMS A LITTLE WORried. "Each time I watch the movie, I see things I want to change," he says. "We had to cut some vital scenes, and now I feel like there are some big chunks missing." Rosenfeld, who is 35, is sitting in the lobby of the St. Regis, drinking espresso and engaging in the very un-Hollywood activity of listing all the things he did wrong on *A Brother's Kiss,* his first feature-length movie. "I wish I had developed [one of the lead] characters more," he says, twisting his baseball cap in his hands. "I wish it could have been a little longer."

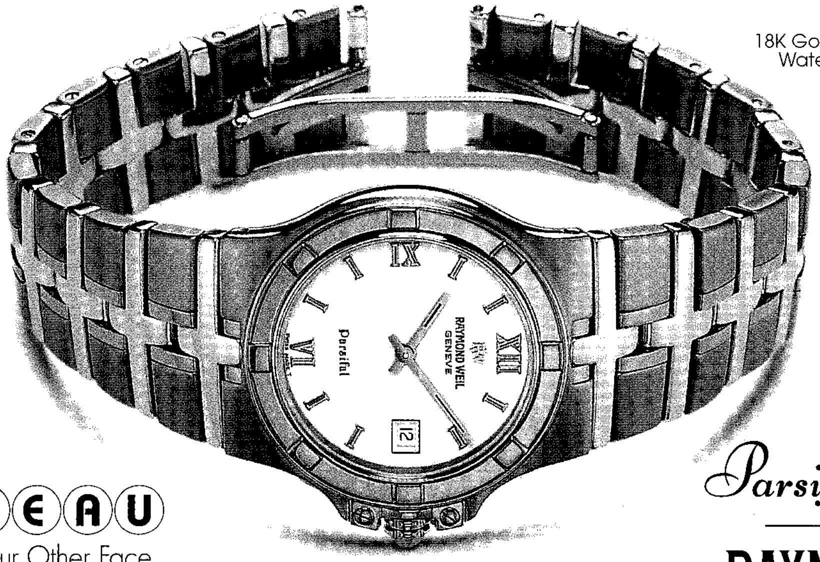
It's an odd time for Rosenfeld to be preoccupied with self-doubt. The movie—which he originally wrote and produced as an Off Broadway play in 1989—has been picked up by First Look Pictures and will have its New York premiere on April 25. For a small-budget film, the cast includes a surprising number of well-known actors, including Cathy Moriarty, Marisa Tomei, John Leguizamo, Rosie Perez, and Michael Rapaport. The film has been generating some fairly positive buzz in the alternative press. Yet Rosenfeld stills seems concerned. "I guess it's good to be a baby at this," he says. "You actually get to learn as you go along."

A dark, claustrophobic film, *A Brother's Kiss* tracks the descent of one family living in East Harlem as it falls victim to drug addiction and violence. It's not autobiographical, Rosenfeld explains, though he drew heavily on his own experiences growing up New York City in the seventies, as well as those of the film's two lead actors, Nick Chinlund and Michael Raynor. Much of the movie is set in the parks and streets where they hung out and played basketball together. "I knew all these hustlers when I

Photograph by Rahav Segev



Precision movements



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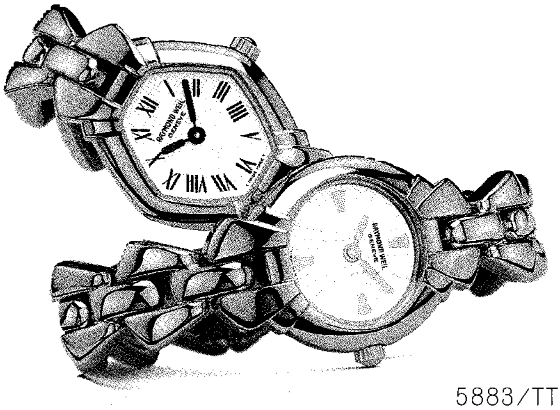

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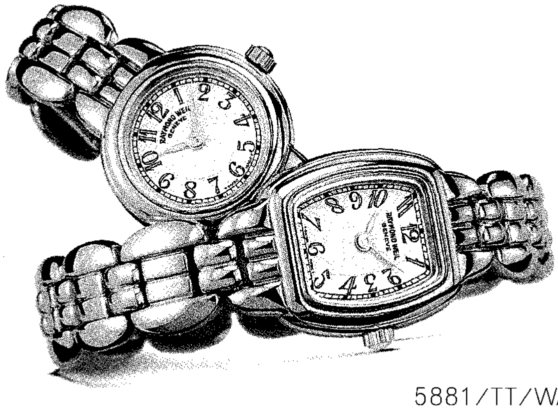

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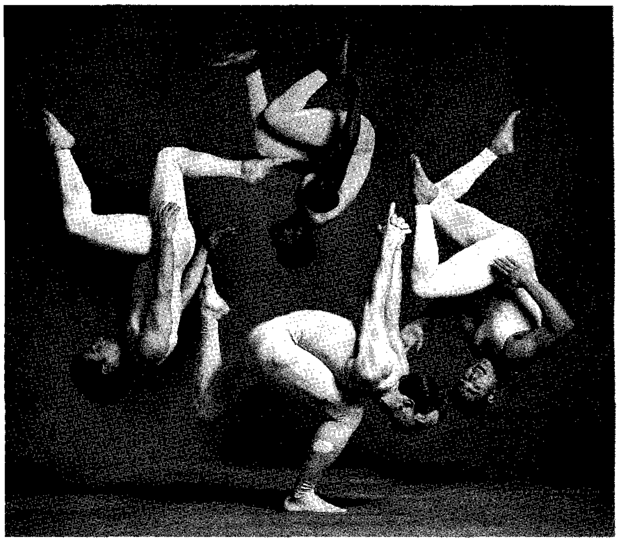

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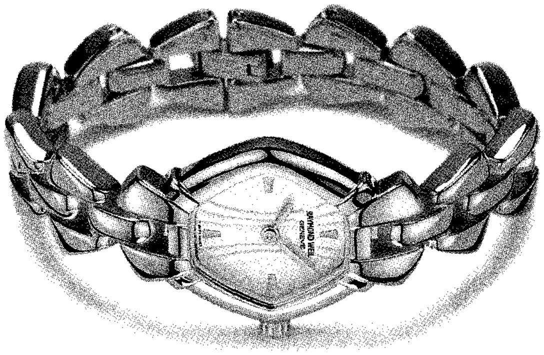

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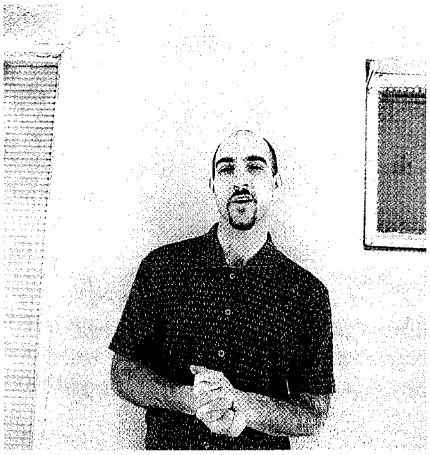
SAKS
FIFTH AVENUE

was young who talked about how they were going to get over on everybody. I used their voices when I wrote this play."

It was Chinlund who, eight years ago, underwrote *A Brother's Kiss.* "Nick was obsessed with how people live in New York as well, and he wanted to be in a play about it." Chinlund had seen *After the Marching Stopped*—Rosenfeld's play about a basketball game—and liked it so much that he offered the playwright $10,000 he'd inherited, to write and produce his next work, which turned out to be *A Brother's Kiss.* "I did it in three weeks. For me the characters were already there." The play was put up at Intar on West 42nd Street and got an ecstatic review from Clive Barnes in the New York *Post.* Rosenfeld got an offer to write screenplays for New Line.

In 1995, Rosenfeld brought *A Brother's Kiss* to a workshop at Sundance to turn it into a screenplay. "When I first dusted it off, I was worried because when I wrote it, the themes—at least the drug stuff—were really new," Rosenfeld says. "I felt that by the time I made it into a movie, a lot of it would have been done before."



Writer Seth Zvi Rosenfeld takes a meeting in L.A.

In fact, *A Brother's Kiss* does tread on some familiar territory: Life in the ghetto (this time it's a particularly bad part of Harlem), crime (one brother joins a gang, the other becomes a cop), and drug addiction (crack) play havoc on a family. Things that we've all seen many times by now.

But it's also about New York, particularly parts of the city where people are piled into impossibly crowded tenements, streets, and playgrounds. "I got interested when I was growing up in how black, white, Spanish, everybody meet in the city," Rosenfeld says. "When people live right on top of each other, class, not race, becomes the major issue."

A Brother's Kiss is also about a family and how—despite the best intentions—it unraveled. The older brother (Chinlund) spends his life protecting his younger brother (Raynor) from the hazards of street life, but in the process winds up helpless himself. "The setting and the scenes are in the end just so much mist," Rosenfeld says, "over the fact that Lex [the older brother] is on his way down."

When Rosenfeld stands up, he looks a little happier. He's got a meeting in L.A. the next morning. "I was never afraid in this business. I would go into anybody's office and say, 'I don't care who you got, I'm better than them.' But after making this movie, I feel a little humble."

NORMAN VANAMEE

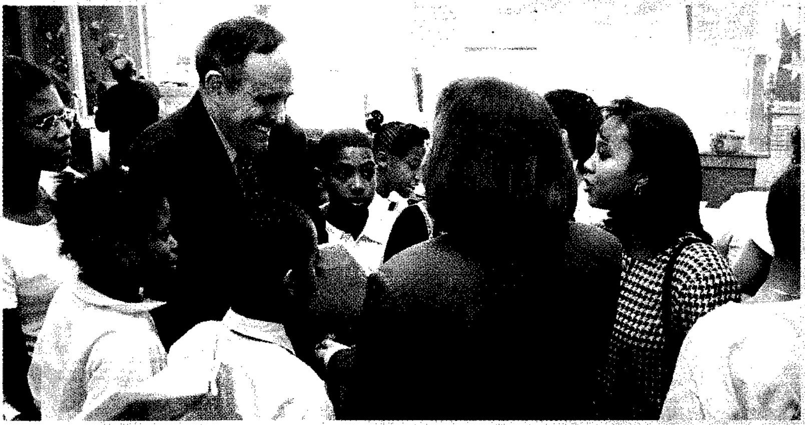
FIELD MEMO

Hard Ball

Visiting black and latino territory always brings out the cautious side in Rudy Giuliani. But today he's made a relatively bold decision to venture into a South Bronx elementary school and teach a class of minority kids about Jackie Robinson. It's an interesting choice, since he's enormously unpopular with blacks (and a lifelong Yankees fan). In this election year, however, the mayor has finally awakened to the value of symbols, and the ones he needs are all here for him in Ms. Cabrera's fifth-grade classroom at P.S. 65 on East 141st Street.

As is his custom at these events, Giuliani has brought along a team of minorities from City Hall, including his famously reclusive deputy mayor Ninfa Segarra. As it turns out, he doesn't need the help. All the racial pitfalls are avoided, because the lessons he delivers today scrupulously avoid any mention of race. Instead, they're about courage and persistence, values even a white mayor can teach. Reading aloud from a history book, Giuliani discovers that Jackie Robinson's wife didn't care for him initially because she thought he was arrogant. He looks up from the page. "Sometimes that happens, right? You meet somebody and you don't like him at first." He resumes reading, one misunderstood man describing another. "She realized she was wrong. Jackie was a warm, sensitive man."

When David Dinkins encountered shy little children, he'd instinctively bend down to their level, flash a great big smile and say something grandfatherly ("Do you know that you're special?"). Giuliani's approach is completely different. There's no cooing, no coddling, no gestures that might make them feel good in the short run but teach them nothing. Instead the mayor speaks purposefully, unemotionally, like a teacher. Standing before this group of boys in yellow shirts and girls in blue jumpers, there's no indulging them in notions of victimhood (another Dinkins trait currently out of favor). Rudy learned the drill on race long ago, during his years running against a black man: Argue principles, not details; stress universal values over interest-group grievances. So there are no stories today about Giuliani's own experiences with racism growing up in Brooklyn; no tirade against bigotry. Just lessons in determination and integrity. "It was courage more than his ability to play baseball that made him truly great," he says. "Think about it: They made fun of him, and even threw things at him, but at the end of the season, Jackie Robinson was selected the Rookie of the Year."

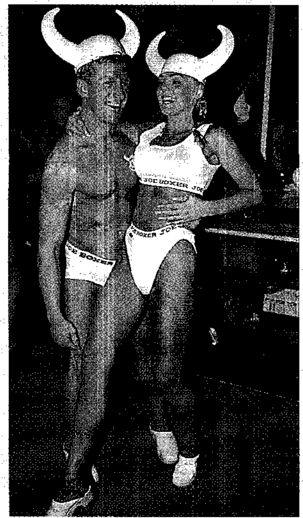


Mayor Giuliani channels the spirit of Jackie Robinson at P.S. 65 in the Bronx.

The students intuitively respond to the mayor with respect. At the end of the lesson, he sits down at a tiny desk and they mob him for autographs. Pleased, he'll charge down to his press conference later with his new flock in tow. Giuliani does not light up with these children the way Dinkins might. But one imagines that his mind must hold an image of his hero, Fiorello La Guardia, stern yet warmhearted, reading the funny pages over the radio, helping the poor children persevere.

ANDREW KIRTZMAN

Photographs: top, Alison Dyer; bottom, Edward Reed.



The local talent, backstage at Joe Boxer's Reykjavík fashion show.

Fjord Models

In Reykjavík for a fashion show by Joe Boxer.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

ADDRESSING SOME OF THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY jaded fashionistas who'd flown to Iceland for the last show of the fall collections, the accidental tour guide stood at the front of the bus and said, "I want to warm you very welcome." She seemed to mean it, too. "I'm very optimistic," she explained, and launched into a folk song.

"If I ever get my own show," rasped celebrity stylist Phillip Block, "she's on it." Noting the lunar terrain, she chirped, "Do we miss the trees?"

The *what*? She had mistaken her audience, some of whom hadn't seen daylight in years, for nature lovers—a confusion that only worsened when the bus arrived at the home of Iceland's president. Looking out at the scores of no-account gossips and rag-trade junketeers, he thanked them for honoring Iceland with their presence and cited a few verses from the Bible.

The *what*? They wandered around the mansion—unfazed by their depiction as God-fearing dignitaries—and examined all the Joe Boxer paraphernalia. (Guess who hasn't had a Lincoln Bedroom scandal yet.) Mr. President: boxers or briefs?

Later, at the fashion show, the visiting mob—on their way to the next vodka bar—found the one thing the Bryant Park tent shows can't offer: happy, curvy models. "I've never seen so much healthy flesh," marveled writer Degen Pener.

"They don't do anything for me," sniffed "Page Six" 's Richard Johnson. "The girls in New York work out."

Spying a NY1 cameraman, a local resident approached Finola Hughes and warned her, sotto voce, that someone was filming her. He apparently didn't recognize the former *General Hospital* star, who'd been brought along as a celebrity mascot, but everyone else did. "My life doesn't exist unless it's on film," she explained.

After the models had strutted the very latest in white cotton underwear, Nicholas Graham, Joe Boxer's hyperanimated CEO, took the stage. "I know a lot of us woke up this morning and thought, *Why am I in Iceland?*" he said. The buzzing audience fell silent, anxious for the answer to the great mystery. "Well, I don't know," he confessed, and everyone queued up for more vodka.

Clockwise from far left: George Plimpton and Mia Farrow at PEN's 75th anniversary gala, held at the New York State Theater; at the Mark Morris Dance Group's gala benefit at BAM, Merce Cunningham and Morris; Donna Hanover and Coretta Scott King at the premiere of *The Story of Mothers & Daughters*, sponsored by *Woman's Day*; Lauren Hutton and Luke Perry at Kids 4 Kids, a benefit for the Pediatric AIDS Foundation; Corolla relaxing at Cheetah for a cocktail party hosted by Albert Haje.

Arts & Letters

EPISTOLARY OBITUARY: A CULT WRITER REMEMBERED

WHEN I WROTE TO HER LAST SUMMER, Helene Hanff didn't write back; she called me up. One might think that the author of *84, Charing Cross Road*—comprising her twenty-year correspondence with a London bookseller—would be given to respond in print. I expected no answer at all, or at best a tiny note. In her autobiography, *Q's Legacy,* she'd written about the flood of mail that followed *84:* "It wasn't till a couple of years later that I first read in a trade paper that *84* was known to the publishing trade as 'a Cult book,' but from the beginning that's what it was. If you write a Cult book—and your current address is printed at the top of the last dozen pages of it . . . the Cult loses no time getting in touch with you." The Cult is in mourning this week; Helene Hanff died on April 9, a few days short of her 81st birthday.

I had read *84* a few years before, and seen the movie made from it, with Anthony Hopkins and Anne Bancroft as the correspondents. When it showed up on TV one night, I felt the same pull hundreds of her fans had. So I dropped a letter in the mail, asking if I might leave a couple of her books at her apartment building on East 72nd Street to be inscribed.

When I returned from a trip a few days later, my answering machine was blinking furiously. "This is Helene Hanff, calling for Christopher. I got your note. You can reach me at . . . Oh, God, I forgot my own phone number. I'll call you back." That was followed by another message, in which she actually did leave her number. And then another: "I guess I haven't been able to get you, but I did get your letter. Of course, come by."

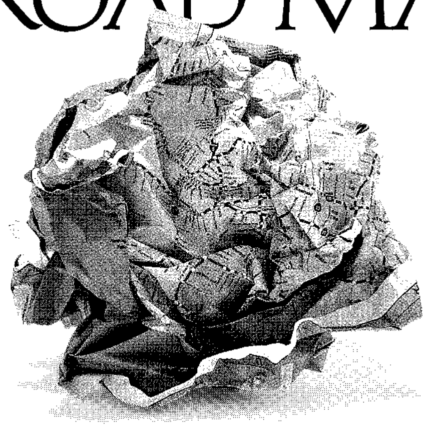
We agreed to meet the next day. It was drizzly, so we sat in her lobby. She was tiny and frail—she'd just turned 80, and her health had been uneven—but she was as sharp and funny in person as she'd been in print. She asked about my own writing. I imagine I was hardly the first person with whom she'd had this conversation.

We talked about getting on your writerly feet. My first feature story in this magazine had come out the day before. She flashed me the conspiratorial grin of someone who'd been there, shared my enthusiasm as I babbled on self-servingly about the subject, offered ideas for similar pieces. "Ah, you live in New York for awhile, and stuff starts to come to you," she said.

And, needless to say, she signed my little pile of books. One of her inscriptions sits in front of me as I write this: *To a fellow writer who will hit his stride when I'm six feet under. Helene Hanff.*

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

HOW TO FOLD A ROAD MAP.



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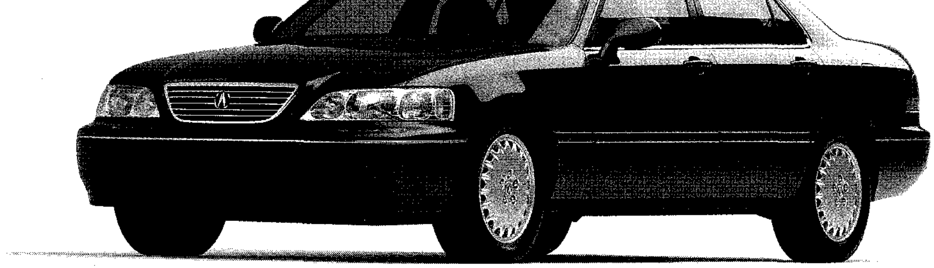

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THE NATIONAL INTEREST HANNA ROSIN

Pretty on the Outside

First it was Susan Molinari. Now Republicans are auditioning Jennifer Dunn to close the gender gap—which might work if women liked her half as much as men do.

THERE IS A DOLE WHO "MAY YET RESIDE AT 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue," Bob Dole said last week during an address at Harvard, alluding, naturally, to his wife, Elizabeth. The women in the audience must have felt a pang of jealousy because Elizabeth Dole can pull off what most of them probably cannot. With her God-fearing twang and teasing eyes, she is the anti-Hillary, the model of America's Perfect Woman, a feminine form that was first codified in advice books and magazines of the thirties and has haunted us ever since. This perfect woman had to be popular, with at least four dates a week, and a doting stag line at every party. The unfortunate casualty was the once-friendly sisterhood. Elaborate pageants and competitions pitted women against one another, in a fight to become the kind of women men would "fight and die for"—the standard set by the 1936 Northwestern Glamour Girls contest. That year's winners were Margaruite Bunge ("poignant, poised"), Jane Munson ("smooth, sultry"), and Barbara Allen ("a compact, lush bit of femininity").

In the U.S. House of Representatives' popularity contest, this year's Northwestern Glamour Girl is Jennifer Dunn, the fetching blonde congresswoman from the Nordstrom suburbs of Seattle. As the newest member of the GOP elite, Dunn steals the crown from last year's frumpier favorite, New York's Susan Molinari. With her lemon-meringue suits and curlered hair, Dunn offers everything the rest of the party does not: poignancy, poise, smoothness, a lush bit of femininity. "If you watch her for ten minutes, it becomes apparent why she is a rising star," says one proud Republican consultant. "You have Newt Gingrich with his bulging waistline and Dick Armey with his bulging neckline, and then you have Jennifer Dunn—smart, beautiful, cleans up well. The total package."

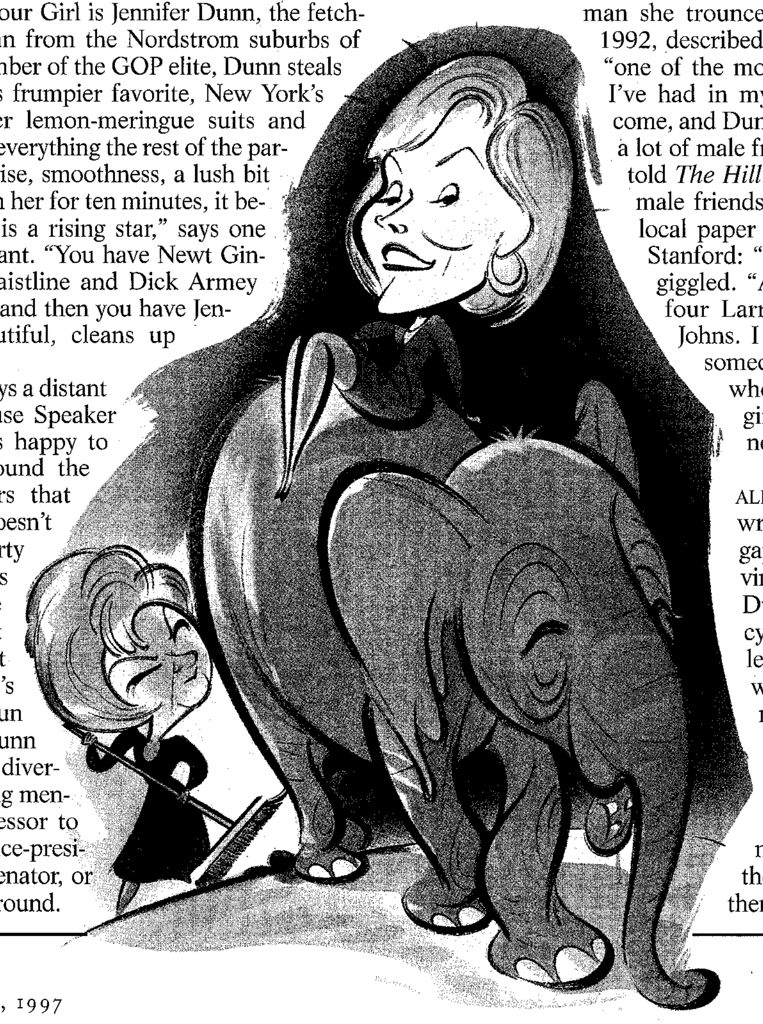
With Gingrich's glory days a distant memory, the sagging House Speaker needs a lift, and Dunn is happy to oblige. As he sprints around the Capitol showing reporters that he's lost weight, that he doesn't drink, that he and his party are reinvigorated, Dunn is at his side, beaming at the cameras. There she was, at virtually every important press conference of Newt's Revival Week, a spot of sun in a room of drab suits. Dunn has been such a pleasant diversion that she's already being mentioned as a possible successor to Gingrich, or as the next vice-presidential nominee, or as a senator, or something; just keep her around.

Dunn's performance the week before last was merely the party's latest tactic for saving itself by showcasing its gentler, feminine side. Operation Female debuted at last year's Republican convention, where, you'll remember, Molinari delivered her cute keynote speech about the pangs of motherhood. Now Dunn has been charged by Gingrich to work with Molinari on ways to put "a softer edge on the conservative message," as she describes it.

More than any of Newt's previous makeovers, this latest version is doomed—not because Dunn isn't charming, or smart, or winsome, or everything a congresswoman should be. It's just that she's charming to the wrong sex. Jennifer Dunn may be the kind of woman men die for, but she is not the kind women die for. She is a man's idea of a perfect woman, which makes her exactly the wrong person to close the gender gap.

Men speak about Jennifer Dunn in ways that make other women hide their husbands. "Jennifer is a diamond in a sea of zircons," gushed the normally metaphysical Henry Hyde, Illinois's elder statesman. Even the ones who should bark at Dunn pant like adoring puppies in her presence. George Tamblyn, a man she trounced for her House seat in 1992, described running against Dunn as "one of the most wonderful experiences I've had in my life." The compliments come, and Dunn winks back slyly. "I have a lot of male friends, it seems," she once told *The Hill*. "I've always had a lot of male friends." In 1984, she regaled a local paper with tales of her days at Stanford: "I dated a whole lot," she giggled. "At one time I was dating four Larrys, four Jerrys, and two Johns. I would make a date with someone and I wouldn't know who it was." Among your girlfriends, such talk does not usually inspire bonding.

ALL THE REPUBLICAN HANDwringing about the gender gap has never been very convincing, but the elevation of Dunn marks an especially cynical twist. Molinari at least tried to tangle with women's issues, and she managed to put women at ease. With her flop of hair and her crooked smile, with baby Susan Ruby drooling all over her neck, she made women feel there might still be hope for them. Once, I interviewed her



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in her messy Staten Island ranch house, and she padded around from room to room in her sweatpants, an oversize, slobbering dog nipping at her calves. Dunn makes women nervous. As far as anyone remembers, she has never been seen with a hair out of place or with a mismatched accessory. Women check for runs in their stockings when they see her coming. "I always get the feeling she's sizing you up and giving you fashion points," says one Washington State politician who sees her often. "Deduct three if you're wearing flats instead of heels; add two for stockings instead of knee-highs."

Molinari gets entangled in the messy business of legislating as well. She can often be seen standing behind a microphone with the scruffy group of congresswomen known as the Women's Caucus, talking about such unpleasant subjects as breast cancer, child abuse, and AIDS. Women's groups complain about Molinari, but without her, they would have been shut out for the past two years. Dunn never shows up when it's women-only, and one gets the impression that to go near a subject like AIDS might make her hair go flat. "She's involved, because she knows leadership wants her to be, but she's not really involved," says a staff member of another Republican congresswoman.

Ask Dunn what she actually wants to do about the gender gap, and she reverts to stereotype. Basically, her answer is more parties, and better packaging. The first thing she wants to do is hold more women's leadership summits, modeled on the annual one held by a group called RENEW, the right-wing equivalent of the Culture Babes. But that's about all that needs to change. "What we did in Congress was conveyed in a rhetoric that was shocking and scary to many women," she said in November. "We just didn't get our message out well."

The competing Dunn/Molinari styles came to a head one day in 1995, at a meeting of House Republican women to decide whether they would support their party's welfare bill. "I'll never forget it," says a Republican staff member who attended the meeting. The gathering was called by Molinari and presided over by Nancy Johnson, a Republican from Connecticut. The agenda was to find amendments that might soften the impact of the bill, like funding for child care or food stamps. "Nancy Johnson was going through the minutiae of the various amendments the women could add, and Jennifer Dunn kept cutting her off and saying, 'We don't need to know the details, we need to know the message—what do the women need to say so we

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can pass this bill? Forget the legislation. Where are the talking points?’ ” Eventually, a catfight broke out. “Susan Molinari got mad at Dunn and said, ‘Shut up and let Nancy speak,’ which was a shock. Susan never yells. But Jennifer Dunn brings out the worst in every woman.”

There was one time, Dunn says, when bonding with another woman inspired a true epiphany. She had signed up with the Walk a Mile in Your Sister’s Shoes program, which sets politicians up with welfare mothers. Her partner was Pamela Dunn (no relation), a divorced mother who convinced her that without the Earned Income Tax Credit, a tax break for the working poor, she could never get to work or send her daughter to day care. “When Pamela started explaining to me that the $30 or so she gets every month from this helps pay her transportation costs, I started honing in on that,” Dunn later told NPR. “We literally put that program back in the budget. And that program is going to increase and not be done away with,” she said at the time. The problem is, the “program” increased only over Dunn’s objections. In committee, she voted to scale back the EITC. The betrayal didn’t escape the poorer Dunn. “I feel like such an idiot,” she says now. “If I had to do that over again, I wouldn’t be nearly so friendly.”

DUNN’S FEW ATTEMPTS AT GENDER CORrectness come off shrill. In one of her feminist incarnations, she fired off a missive to a congressman who had derisively called Clarence Thomas’s wife, who is a top-level aide to another congressman, Mrs. Clarence Thomas. Dunn wrote that he was sexist, and that his comments “put women back in the category of chattel.” Her outrage here seems entirely phony. Forgive me this sexist analogy, but Dunn talking about women as chattel reminds me of Mattel’s straining to reinvent Barbie as a feminist icon in workwear. The outfits are different, but Barbie is still Barbie.

Of course, Dunn is no Barbie. But she knows how to use eyelash-batting to her advantage. She may be no good at coming up with money for breast-cancer research, but she’s very good at coming up with money for her party. Her greatest strength as a politician, as she’ll readily admit, is her ability to tap wallets. She smiles, and the money pours in. That’s something men respect. Still, I’m rooting for Dunn to fail as the Republicans’ latest emissary to American women. Maybe that would finally persuade them to scrap the whole silly effort. ▬

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THE BODY POLITIC DAVID FRANCE

Reality Bites

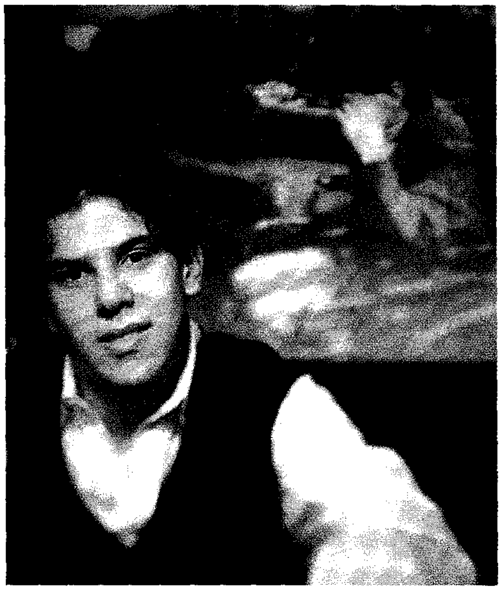
Lyme disease—the penalty for having a summer house—is proving hard to lick. Even some who took their medicine are suffering severe chronic fatigue, depression, and worse.

PETE HARNISCH LOOKS TERRIFIC. In fact, he looks Olympian in the photo the New York *Post* ran in early April. At 30, he is a starting pitcher for the Mets, with a $3.2 million annual salary and a sprawling home in Freehold, New Jersey. A top-of-his-form athlete, Harnisch was (justifiably) one of baseball's celebrated stars.

Until the day before the season's first game. Team manager Bobby Valentine cryptically announced that the righty was not "mentally prepared" to pitch. General manager Joe McIlvaine described Harnisch's symptoms as including spiking anxiety and prolonged sleeplessness (just one hour nightly). He was irritable, edgy, and depressed. He was suffering a "crisis of confidence," quite remarkable for a seasoned player. McIlvaine referred him to the club's psychiatrist and placed him on the fifteen-day disabled list (alongside five other Mets pitchers, but that's another story).

Harnisch initially attributed the insomnia to withdrawal from "dip," the chewing tobacco favored by big-leaguers. He started dipping in college and quit weeks before the opening pitch. But nicotine withdrawal seldom sidelines world-class athletes. And Harnisch now admits to resuming his habit, briefly, but there was no change in his symptoms.

Could the pitcher, who was treated for Lyme disease in 1995, be having a relapse? Even if he seemed cured then, a relapse is indeed possible. "I heard it discussed on WFAN, and I about fell out of the car," says Lyme activist Carl Brenner, a marine geologist forced from his job by his Lyme-induced disability. "He was feeling exactly the way I did at first."


Comeback kid: Evan White spent years in a wheelchair.

Two weeks ago, Harnisch's doctors sent his blood off for Lyme testing. The results were negative, but last week, doctors at Columbia/Presbyterian Medical Center subjected him to a series of sophisticated assays, trying to determine whether the bacteria had stealthily invaded his nervous system. If so, he may face the same politically charged obstacles to getting effective treatment as the estimated 10,000 other Americans who have been treated for Lyme-disease relapse.

THE LYME EPIDEMIC BEGAN IN THE SEVENTIES in summer-home zones around New York City—Fairfield County in Connecticut, central Jersey, Westchester County, the Hamptons, and Shelter and Fire Islands. Today, 100,000 cases have been reported in the 48 contiguous states; more than 60 percent of all cases are in New York City suburbs. Dr. David Dennis, the top Lyme epidemiologist at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, believes the actual number may be three times higher. If left undetected or untreated, late-stage Lyme can lead to permanent neurological damage like paralysis and dementia—and, in rare cases, death. The symptoms are varied and sporadic: anxiety and panic attacks, insomnia, depression, loss of appetite and sex drive, hallucinations, uncontrolled crying, obsessive thoughts, short-term-memory lapses, and serious irritability that can border on rage. Harnisch *should* suspect Lyme.

My own ordeal with Lyme began in 1989. I was first diagnosed during a routine doctor's visit—I felt fine, but she noticed a telltale donut-shaped ring on the side of my thigh that signals a tick bite. I suspect I made my acquaintance with the toxic chigger (they can be nearly microscopic) during a stroll on the shoulder of a road in outlet-strewn Flemington, New Jersey.

My doctor's astute discovery, though, was followed by a wrong turn: While the standard treatment is an immediate round of antibiotics, she recommended I do nothing for several months before taking a blood test to confirm infection. (Sometimes, her reasoning went, antibodies to Lyme do not automatically show up.) That winter, I tested positive. I was prescribed three weeks of doxycycline—two to four weeks is considered standard if the infection is caught early.

By early 1990, I was lethargic and startlingly weak. For several months, lifting my arms required great effort (brushing my teeth was exhausting; typing was a Herculean chore). Obviously, the drugs hadn't helped.

I took another round of doxycycline that summer, which seemed to do the trick. What symptoms remained, including a sore throat, were attributed to an unspecified chronic-fatigue syndrome triggered by Lyme. Slowly, after sapping my energies for more than a year, they subsided.

Zoom uneventfully forward to 1994, the summer in which, coincidentally, I quit smoking.

What I first noticed was an Alzheimer-ish inability to execute the smallest of plans—I might start making a pot of coffee and then get distracted by a half-dozen other tasks in quick succession. Some muddy, viscous barrier erected itself between my thoughts and my tongue. Words were coming out garbled, or the wrong words were piling out, or no words materialized at all. A neurological therapist I consulted submitted me to five hours of cognitive tests and discovered marked deficits in word retrieval, sustained attention, and verbal learning—"consistent both in form and

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.

degree," he wrote, "with Lyme disease."

Blood tests revealed an ongoing Lyme infection. A simple EEG showed that my brain was swollen over both lobes—the bacteria that causes Lyme, called Borrelia burgdorferi, had crossed my blood-brain barrier and was causing chaos in my nerve center.

But I *looked* great.

In April, two years ago, I started a month of oral antibiotics, and in May my doctor threaded a shunt through the vein in my arm so I could begin daily infusions of intravenous Rocephen, a powerful antibiotic that can pursue spirochetes into the brain. I did the drip at home, hanging the medical bag from the chandelier over my dining-room table. I continued on this regimen for four weeks, with my symptoms alternately cresting and crashing.

Not only did the cure not take, but I was now suffering from Lyme-related arthritis in the lower back and knees (so common among Lyme sufferers that the syndrome is called "Montauk knee," named for one endemic area). My gums and teeth buzzed during any sort of physical exertion, and I was seeing a visual buckle in my right eye, as though the image plane had warped and melted at the far periphery.

I spent the month of March 1996 taking doxycycline, and April practically tethered to my chandelier. The antibiotics burned through my insides, but finally, I began to turn the corner.

Meanwhile, my home-health-care nurse was taking care of five other advanced Lyme cases at the same time, she said, two of whom were infusing within a few blocks of my East Village home.

"It's like the silent epidemic," says Steve Gottschalk, 41, a Fairfield County patient activist from America OnLyme, a cyber–support group that meets each Monday evening. He hopes for the Lyme equivalent of Rock Hudson, whose tragedy brought some respect to the fight against AIDS. But that's not likely to happen soon—Michael J. Fox has admitted to being diagnosed with Lyme, but few others have discussed the extent of their illnesses openly.

While pharmaceutical researchers have reported early strides toward a preventive vaccine, the disease itself remains stubbornly enigmatic. The mere suggestion that some people never fully recover from Lyme is so controversial, it has riven sectors of the medical community as violently as Gulf War syndrome has. One 1993 study suggested that as many as half of all Lyme diagnoses are wrong. Some

(continued on page 112)

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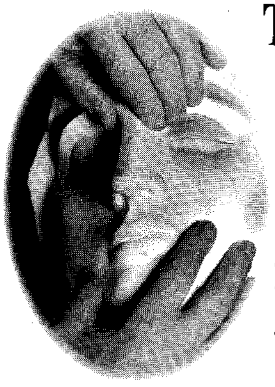

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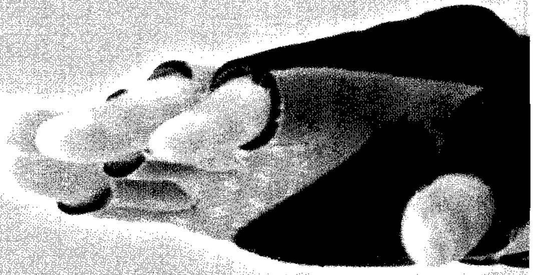

EDITED BY JEREMY GERARD

Styling by Dee Pool; grooming by Kelly Nathanson for R.J. Bennet. Model: Isaiah/Generation. Shirt by Tommy Hilfiger; shorts by Union Bay from Barneys; Rollerblades and hand guards from Blades.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
JILL GREENBERG

letting go

THE 7-YEAR-OLD BEGS TO GO TO THE CORNER STORE, THE 10-YEAR-OLD TO TAKE THE BUS TO SCHOOL. HOW DO YOU KNOW WHEN YOUR BABY IS READY TO FLY SOLO?

BY SUSAN BRENNA

ILLUSTRATION BY SANTIAGO COHEN

AT AGE 11, JESSICA MESTEL IS A HEAD SHORTER THAN MOST OF HER SIXTH-grade classmates. She has long brown braids that start above her ears, a round, trusting face, and a large whistle that she wears on a chain over a tangle of beaded necklaces. Her mother, school psychologist Sherry Mestel, gave Jessica the whistle last summer, when she was training her daughter to commute by subway from Park Slope to the middle school she'd be attending in Chelsea. ■ This was no casual run-through. First, Mestel visited MTA headquarters in Brooklyn, where she was advised that Jessica should ride in the first

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train car, where the engineer is stationed. At the police station nearest the New York City Museum School, the Mestels met with officers who gave Jessica the school liaison officer's card. Then came the whistle. "I told her that even if she's too scared to shout, she can always breathe," Mestel says. Finally it was time for Jessica's first unaccompanied excursion. "I put it off as long as I could," Sherry says. But on a summer day just before the start of the school year, she posted herself on the platform at 14th Street and Eighth Avenue and promised Jessica that she'd wait right there until she returned. "I saw her standing in that car, and the doors closed in front of her, and the tears started pouring down my face," Mestel recalls. "A woman standing next to me on the platform patted my shoulder and said, 'She'll be okay. I know. My daughter's 15.' "

Letting go is never easy, but sending a child off alone into the streets of New York can be so traumatic that some parents barely admit to themselves what they're perpetrating. When Dheresa Matthews was about to send her 13-year-old son Keith off on a city bus from Harlem to the Allen-Stevenson School for the first time, she stayed close by the apartment, telling herself that maybe he would ask her to come along (or maybe the Hudson would rise up to swallow Manhattan). She also thought she could always follow surreptitiously on the next downtown bus. Hanging on to that thread of denial was the only way she could let her son step through the looking glass into the unknowable, unpredictable city with only his 13-year-old cool to protect him.

"In the hundreds of parent workshops I've done, this issue comes up all the time, of kids starting in the fifth or sixth grade wanting to travel," says Ron Taffel, the director of the Family and Couples Treatment Service at the Institute for Contemporary Psychotherapy. "Just the question of what other parents do comes up at every single workshop."

It's one of the most difficult decisions city parents face. But with school options increasingly distant from home, and a typical 12-year-old's friends scattered over three or four boroughs, it's no longer possible for kids to have much of a life *without* flying solo. The solutions take as many forms as there are families. Dheresa Matthews, for example, allows Keith to take buses but never subways alone. Beverlie Sinclair, a recipe evaluator, lets her 13-year-old daughter Tamar travel from East Flatbush to her West End Avenue school by subway, but she's shocked that Tamar's friends take cabs alone. "In the cab, you're locked in with one person," says Sinclair, "and if it's a mean person, what can you do?"

For the crowds of boys and girls you see bursting onto trains and buses after school—with their backpacks, their complicated fashion layers that bubble and sag, their perpetual-motion conversations—the hazards are different. Boys are more likely to be victimized by bigger kids who hassle them for their backpacks, their hats, or their bikes. Two ninth-grade boys walking on Chambers Street recently griped about older kids singling them out to lean on for lunch money, "probably because we're short," 14-year-old Shawn Slon says glumly. His friend Jackson Vandeberg recites a litany of assaults: He's been threatened by a man in a Nobody Beats the Wiz, endured a two-man team stealing the pizza out of his hands, even had his skateboard snatched in Tompkins Square Park.

Girls, too, may be bothered by aggressive kids, but they complain more commonly of adult creep-harassers who rub up against them on crowded trains or try to rattle them with leering glances. "It was really awful—there was this guy on the train and I felt something pressed up against my thigh," says Afi Graves, who rides from Bed-Stuy to Stuyvesant High School and remains agitated at the memory. "It upset my whole morning, and after school I was still pissed off."

And size does matter. One of the reasons Joan Mittler, a Mannes College of Music administrator, walked her daughter Maggy to Grace Church School through eighth grade was because "she was very, very small, and that makes an enormous difference," Mittler says.

But if those are the common worries, it's the uncommon but much more serious menaces parents fret about the most: that their kid will be grabbed, or hurt, or found dead in some dark hallway. Native parents divide New York into two eras: before and after 6-year-old Etan Patz vanished from his SoHo block in 1979. "That's the danger that's least likely to occur, but it's the biggest fear that drives a lot of parents," says Flora Colao, a social worker who counsels child crime victims and lectures frequently on safety at schools. "The most important thing is to teach your kids how to make a phone call, and to tell people where they are."

There's no way of knowing whether the mostly petty crimes that affect older children have declined along with violent crimes in New York—statistics are not sorted by victims' ages. But when it's your child, what do statistics matter, anyway? The push for independence begins early among New York young. First, the 5-year-old wants to take the elevator alone to her friend's apartment. Then the 7-year-old begs to dash (unaccompanied) to the corner candy store; then the 9-year-old wants to hit the basketball court without the humiliating presence of his sitter. When *do* you let go?

"Every child is so individual. It depends on how responsible they are, how resourceful they are," says Julie Ross, director of Parenting Horizons, a Manhattan family-counseling service. "And it's not just a question of how good a child's judgment is, but how good it is in very unpredictable circumstances," adds Fretta Reitzes, who runs the youth-and-family center at the 92nd Street Y. Dennis Walcott, president of the New York Urban League and a Cambria Heights resident, has four children between 12 and 16; he and his wife have a different strategy for each because "they all have different issues," he says. Although they have three daughters, the Walcotts worry particularly about their 12-year-old son, and how difficult it may be for him to back down under threat in a culture that celebrates bravado.

Heeding the advice of safety experts, East Side mother Holly Nedelka systematically trained her children to be cautious but confident travelers. After years of walking them along the same six blocks to school, Nedelka, who runs a play group called Child's Play, allowed her son Kris to chaperone his younger sister when he was in fourth grade. "And then I increased his responsibility by increments, widening the circle," she says. He could go twenty blocks by bus to events at their church. Then he could stay out with friends for an hour after school. "I went over the whole list of situations—what do you do if someone stole your backpack, if you got hit by a car, if you don't know where I am—do you know your father's number at work?"

Now a ninth-grader, Kris takes the subway to Stuyvesant, but Nedelka still restricts his mobility with curfews on weeknights (6 P.M.) and weekends (10:30 P.M.), and with the understanding that he call in his location. "He says I'm paranoid, but too bad," she says. Even now, when Nedelka's 11-year-old daughter Abby walks alone to the neighborhood library, Nedelka says, "it's nerve-racking."

How safe parents feel in their own neighborhoods, and how the risks of their kids' independence stack up against the benefits, are matters that parents constantly weigh: Is a better school worth a two-hour subway round-trip? How about a chance to rehearse after school with the Met chorus? "We have to look at what we're doing as New York City parents," says the 92nd Street Y's Reitzes. "We've set up these busy and fast-paced lives for ourselves, and there's an expectation that our kids will have to manage and cope."

"We can't monitor every place they go," says one parent, "but I don't want to drop out of the picture completely, so early."

But there are risks, as well, in being too protective. Sooner or later, the gap between the things a city child is able to do—like find his own way home from the playground—and the things a parent *lets* him do simply grows too large to ignore. "That's when you inadvertently give your child the message that 'you're not very capable,' " Julie Ross says. Her 8-year-old daughter is right now lobbying for solo-walk-to-the-deli privileges, Ross says, "but I tell her, '*I'm* not ready yet.' "

Some parents manage to let out the rope gradually; others feel blindsided by their kids' rush into freedom. Commercial interior designer Judy Kimura was surprised to discover one recent weekend that her 11-year-old daughter Casey, who'd begun taking public transportation to school, was not simply visiting another East Side friend's home. "It turned out that they'd gone to Diesel, they'd gone to Bloomingdale's, they'd gone to eat. Life is full of surprises," Kimura says.

The parents who seem most open to letting their kids test their independence are often the ones most comfortable and capable when traveling the city themselves. One Upper East Side mother explains her reluctance to let her children stray from the uptown private-school corridor, admitting, "I still don't know how to get around downtown myself." A jittery West Side mother confesses that she's comfortable only in cabs. Now her 15-year-old daughter is afraid of subways *and* cabdrivers; she rides only buses.

Every family's travel protocol looks idiosyncratic to outsiders. When dental hygienist Edna Bazelais's daughter Nicole received a scholarship to Grace Church School this year through the Prep for Prep program, Bazelais agreed to let the 12-year-old ride the train from Canarsie—but only during rush hour. And Nicole had to promise that if the L was not running, she'd miss school rather than divert from her route and schedule. "Even so," Bazelais says, "come the first day of school, her father threw a fit. He drove her for the first couple of weeks, and he would be late for work. Finally I told him he just had to trust her."

But parents are also aware that this kind of testing builds street confidence. Stockbroker Chuck Markham was originally dubious about letting his sixth-grade daughter Sammy leave her Clinton middle school for lunch, but now he appreciates her getting a sheltered first step into independence—teachers patrol Eighth Avenue while the kids buy their pizza. Like most other middle- and high-school principals, Jill Myers of the Clinton School for Artists and Writers knows the corners where kids tend to congregate, and she and police talk whenever students have complaints about certain subway lines.

But Flora Colao believes that kids should develop their own defense strategies rather than expect adults to help them. She argues that on trains, adults often remain intentionally clueless about what's happening with a group of kids who are "teasing another kid mercilessly." And she notes that when a kid bursts into a store in an agitated state, "the most common response they get from a shopkeeper is suspicion."

That's even more likely with boys than with girls, and likelier still, some parents suspect, with any child who isn't white.

So there are two strains of safety advice that currently animate the parenting-lecture circuit. From speakers like Colao comes hard-edged advice for kids to depend on their own defensive abilities. And from other counselors, like Taffel, comes a plea for parents to keep talking to each other about placing reasonable limits on their nomad children.

Colao stresses teaching young travelers how to make a ruckus when they feel threatened. "Kids have to practice using their voices," she says, and it's useless for them to call "help"—adults might think they're fooling around. "They need to say something specific, like 'Call the police, get him away from me, he's mugging me, he has a knife,' " Colao says. "And the other thing that's extremely important is for them to make eye contact—if you look at a person, they feel a sense of responsibility to help you."

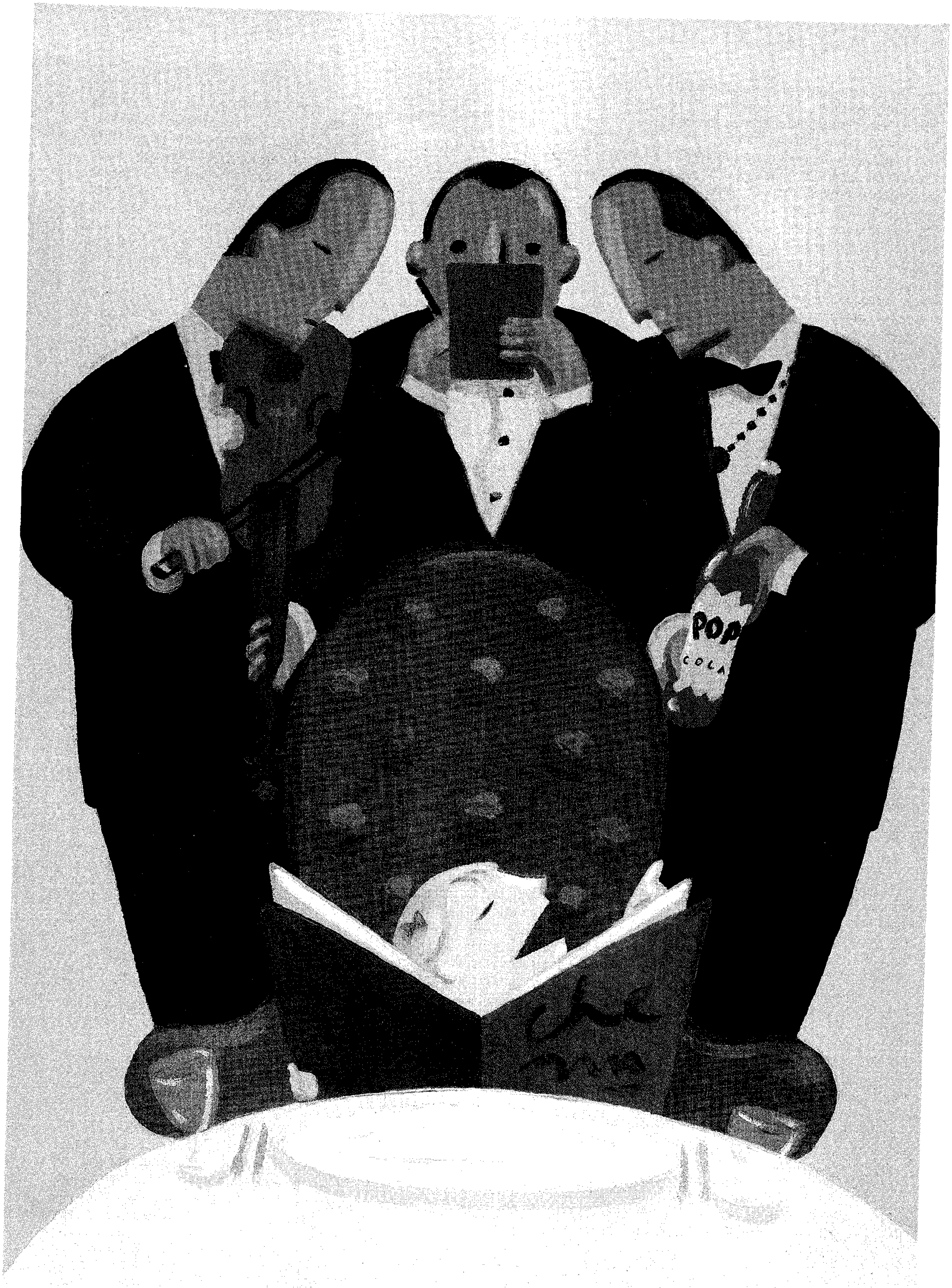
She also teaches kids to help friends who come under attack by yelling, "I've called 911 and the cops are on their way"—even before they've made the call.

Colao worries particularly that the passive-avoidance strategies girls develop to deal with perverts are the worst defenses against anyone intending real physical harm. She advises girls not to silently slip away if someone is following them, but to stay with the crowd, even if their aggressor flashes a weapon. "That means he needs to take them somewhere else to commit the crime. They're much better off staying where they are and making a big scene," she says.

Colao also suggests that kids and parents work out decoy S.O.S. phrases. A boy at a degenerating party may not want friends to hear him phoning his parents for help, but he could say, "Mom, I forgot to tell you that So-and-so called . . ."

Taffel advocates parents' finding out as much as possible about the families of their friends and trying to work out strategies together. "It's harder than just calling across the backyard," he says. "When my children ask to walk alone, the thing I'm most concerned about is their immediate safety, but as they get more competent and they want to go further, I start to think about their safety in other ways, in terms of their destination—who they're with, whether my wife and I have any connection to them. We can't monitor every place they go, but I don't want to drop out of the picture completely, so early." His words resonate with parents just beginning to let go. Judy Kimura, mother of the Bloomingdale's-bound Casey, says, "I'm starting to miss doing things with my daughter and her friends, or her friends and their mothers."

Taffel advises parents to raise issues like curfews at school meetings. "When families start to talk to each other, they become strengthened to be firmer about curfews, to know that other kids have to be home at certain times for ordinary family rituals," he says. "I call it maintaining the envelope. And it usually ends up that you let it out a little faster than you want and a lot slower than your kids would like." ■


POP
COLA

LET'S TAKE THE KIDS OUT TO DINNER. LET'S ENDURE THE VICIOUS, DARTing eyes of the maître d' as he seats us near the dishwasher. Let's discuss fine cuisine while trying to convince the waiter that the chef *can* cook something for a 6-year-old who only eats white food. Let's pretend we're somewhere else when our 5-year-old pulls his shirt off and screams, *Look at me, I'm Superman.* Let's find common ground with our children as we all wonder, *Why can't they bring our food now?* Let's be carefree—reckless, even—about $100 for a meal some of us won't ever taste. ■ Okay, let's not and say we did.

Kids night Out

TIRED OF TAKEOUT? SOME OF THE CITY'S EST RESTAURANTS ARE HUNGRY FOR YOUR FINICKY BROOD.

BY BETSY STEYER AND FRED GRAVER

ILLUSTRATION BY DAN YACCARINO

BODEGA: EVEN PARENTS ORDER FROM THE KIDS' MENU AT ODEON'S LITTLE SISTER IN TRIBECA.

PLENTY OF PARENTS THINK TAKING THEIR kids to a good restaurant for dinner is tantamount to self-inflicted torture, and plenty of kids seem bent on proving the point. And restaurants? Well, as one chef told us, "Kids are a pain in the ass. They don't eat much, or they eat off their parents' plates; they make a bigger mess than other customers; and they ruin the atmosphere."

Since we believe that going out to eat is one of the pleasures that comes with life in New York—or, to put it another way, one of the things that helps us put up with tiny kitchens and 2 A.M. car alarms, and resist the pull of the suburbs—we set out to find good restaurants that actually like kids, and that kids can like in return. We picked up a few pointers along the way, for both restaurants and parents.

So, restaurant owners, if you don't want us to be dining *en famille* in Pelham, here's what you can do:

- Get us in and out in an hour. Frankly, you don't want us there any longer.
- Give us a decent kids' menu, or be flexible enough to adapt your regular menu to the simple tastes of little ones.
- Have your staff treat our kids like people. Laugh at their lame jokes—the way you laugh at grown-ups' lame jokes.
- Roll with the punches. It's a Zen thing—don't resist families that walk in the door; *absorb* them. Give them a little more room. Pour a little less water in the kids' glasses, that kind of thing.

And parents, here's what chefs and owners said we could do to make it easier for them to absorb our kids:

- Call ahead. Just ask: Is it okay to bring kids? Ask if they have booster seats or high chairs. If you have a kid who's finicky, ask if the menu can be adapted.
- Eat early, *always* before 8 P.M.
- Bring a survival kit. At some point, no matter how sparkling your children's conversation is, you'll want some time to talk to your spouse. Our 5-year-old son, Harry, travels with a small lunchbox filled with washable markers, small pads of paper, a puzzle book or an action figure.
- Time shift. When you arrive, order for the kids right away. Let them eat their entrée while you eat your appetizer, their dessert while you eat your entrée. Maybe in this scenario you don't get dessert. Maybe you're better off without it.
- Be generous with your tips, recognizing that kids take a little extra attention and you'd like to be welcomed back.

WHAT FOLLOWS IS AN ACCOUNT OF OUR journey through the New York City dining maze. We went with our 5-year-old son, Harry; we went with friends; we went with children both ruly and unruly. We focused on places that seemed viable for 2-to-8-year-olds. Not only did we find good food in forgiving settings; we found that, with a little negotiating, many places can be made family-friendly.

There are many restaurants that welcome kids, and, not surprisingly, they're usually restaurants run, literally or figuratively, by families. When Maxine Pines took her 2½-year-old granddaughter to Osteria del Circo, the West Side offspring of Le Cirque run by two generations of Maccionis, the girl was invited to join Mario Maccioni's daughter Olivia, just 2, on the counter to watch the pastry chef making pastry clowns for the bomboloncini, a custard-filled doughnut dessert. At Circo, a glass of milk comes with little plastic monkeys perched on the edge, and miniature pizzas are served to little kids; ditto Main Street, where English-muffin pizzas appear almost before the kids have begun their first crayon masterpieces on the paper tablecloths.

Indeed, with so many restaurants featuring open kitchens and pizza on the menu, going out to eat often provides a side order of theater, and lots of places will go out of their way to make everyone in the family feel special. "We like kids; even if they make a mess, they're welcome," says Egi Maccioni, Olivia's grandma. "It comes with life." (In the information following each listing, *H* indicates high chairs; *K* indicates separate children's menu.)

BIG ROOMS

IT'S NATURAL, WHEN YOU PLAN TO TAKE your kids out to eat, to think of the big, cavernous rooms, with the butcher paper and crayons on the table, the 50 microbrews at the bar, and the giant heaping plates of food. Here's what these places have going for them: Absorbency. So what if your kids get up to roam around, so what if they spill, so what if they talk at the top of their lungs? These places have the space and the background noise to cushion the inevitable outburst of childish behavior, and wait staffs that aren't offended by it— at least from children.

IF THERE'S A SINGLES SCENE FOR THE PRESCHOOL crowd, it happens here during the weekend brunch. Under the skylight at the back of the restaurant, **America** sets up a table and chairs on a big rug, puts

Photographs: this page, Warren Salowe; opposite page, Mark Peterson/Saba.

"We like kids," says Osteria del Circo's Egi Maccioni. "Even if they make a mess, they're welcome. It comes with life."

out crayons and books, and lets your kids have the run of the place.

At the table, they're treated like the big cheese. The waiters are extraordinarily kid-friendly. On weekends, balloon men and magicians wander among the tables. The children's menu is almost redundant, since the enormous regular menu features virtually every kind of regional fare your kids might favor, along with such underage crowd-pleasers as Sliders, Fluffernutters, and A&W root beer. The brunch menu caters to adult tastes—salmon, lox, eggs benedict. And the food is good, on the whole. There are oysters from both coasts, and meat and poultry from every post-office address in between; there's sweet and crispy crust on the French toast, crushed vanilla beans in the homemade ice cream.

America can handle groups of 40 as well as a table of 4; it gets noisy when the room is full, so get there before the brunch or dinner rush, by noon or 6 P.M., respectively. *(9 East 18th Street; 505-2110; H; entrées, $6.95 to $17.95.)*

Be warned that **Main Street** is directly across Columbus from Maxilla and Mandible, one of the world's great bone and skeleton emporiums. Get over your squeamishness, because kids *love* this store. Check out the jar with the real human brain in it.

Main Street's big skylit courtyard, with checkered tablecloths and wrought-iron fixtures, was the site of one of the warmest, most delicious brunches we had. We were greeted with a basket of bagels, muffins, and breads and a dish of strawberry butter. The waitress schmoozed congenially with Harry, and the breakfast featured incredible omelettes, steaming heaps of pancakes, and not-too-sweet, not-too-healthy granola with fresh fruit.

Breakfast is served individually or family-style; weekend dinner, family-style only. The dinner menu features meat loaf, roast chicken, shrimp-and-scallop scampi. There are the standard pastas, including vegetarian lasagna and spaghetti with meatballs, as well as a very good steak. Main Street's fried calamari is one of the best versions of this dish in the city, and the country salad, with the requisite baked cheese rounds and homemade croutons, is an excellent starter. Rich desserts—chocolate pudding with whipped cream and a chocolate-chip cookie, for example—are irresistible. If you want to hear your voice (or your spouse's), get there by six. *(446 Columbus Avenue; 873-5025; H, K; kids' menu, $3.95 to $5.95; family-style entrées, $19 to $29.)*

Tell your kids they're going to a place where the food's *so messy* you get a big purple towel instead of a napkin. The stacked firewood at the entrance is the first clue that you're in barbecue country, and at **Virgil's Real BBQ**, the barbecue's as good as just about anything you'll find in the flyover. The bread basket is stuffed with jalapeño corn bread, the beer list runs to several volumes, and the Savannah salad features pecans in the mix. The kids' menu offers the usual (grilled hot dogs, hamburgers, grilled cheese), and there's plenty to share with your kids on the adult menu, including a selection of pit-smoked ribs and chicken. If you're weight-conscious (you have no business here), you can order a big salad, and then eat food off your kids' plates. The staff here is incredibly cheerful, although they don't speak with any *y'alls,* which saves you from theme-restaurant hell. *(152 West 44th Street; 921-9494; H, K; kids' menu, $4.95; entrées, $9.95 to $19.95.)*

PIZZA

EVERY CORNER OF NEW YORK HAS ITS PIZZA stand, and every family has its favorite. But some places turn the pizza experience from a quick slice into something approaching real dining. Here are two that lead the way:

THERE ARE TWO **Two Boots** RESTAURANTS, one on the Lower East Side, the other in Brooklyn, and three takeout-pizza locations. The Lower East Side restaurant is the quintessential neighborhood hangout, though lately the neighborhood has been trying to evict this popular eatery–cum–watering hole, so don't wait long before checking it out. Combining Cajun and Italian cooking (Louisiana and Italy being the two boots in the name), this winning venue serves up comfort food for kids and creative fare for adults.

The kids' menu covers the regulars (mini-raviolis, spaghetti, chicken fingers, etc.) along with a few innovations such as "Pizza Face" (created with fresh vegetables and a mild sauce). The adult menu crosses Cajun with Italian in creations like lasagna Jean Lafite, jambalaya, and pasta penne Diavolo. But pizza is Two Boots's claim to fame, served in four sizes and endlessly inventive combinations, with toppings stuffing the crust top and bottom. These lavishly endowed pies are named with a nostalgic flair (the Larry Tate has spinach, garlic, and fresh tomatoes on a white pie; the Poseidon Adventure features barbecue shrimp, crawfish, and calamari).

We stopped by on a Saturday night with another family, and as the jukebox blared everything from Liz Phair to Illinois Jacquet, the service was fast and friendly. There's a decent selection of commercially baked desserts and a wide

AMERICA: CATERING TO KIDDIES WITH FANCIFUL BALLOONS AND WANDERING MAGICIANS.

selection of beers on tap. "We take pride in the way we treat kids," the menu says. The night we were there, one of us spied a waitress sorting through the crayons to make sure that none of the tables got stuck with too many of the same color. You have to love that kind of dedication. *(37 Avenue A; 505-2276; H, K; kids' items, $3.95; entrées, $7 to $11.)*

Just over the Brooklyn Bridge, **Patsy Grimaldi's** serves some of the best pizza anywhere in New York. Try to get a seat in back where the kids can watch them make the pizzas. The ground sausage, mozzarella, and basil, among other ingredients, are incomparably fresh and flavorful. While the kids are watching the pizza dough fly, you can admire one of the finest collections of Sinatra pictures we've ever seen on a restaurant wall (along with some photos of Billie Holiday, which prove that the owners' taste in musical greats is not merely ethnocentric) and listen to the insanely great jukebox. If you don't live in Brooklyn, combine a visit to Patsy's with a trip to the excellent Brooklyn Children's Museum or, in warmer weather, to BargeMusic. *(19 Old Fulton Street, Brooklyn; 718-858-4300; H; pizza, $11.50 and $13.50 plus toppings.)*

SUPERDINERS

THE SUPERDINERS ARE TAKING OVER: YOU can spot them by their lavish chrome décor, funky furnishings, and original blends of American flavors and, well, lots of other flavors, whether it's Italian, Cajun, or Spanish. The superdiner occupies a middle zone between the coffee shop and a "real" restaurant. Most of them have kids' menus, or at least a chef who can whip up something that will keep kids happy. Their main advantages: location, good food, reasonable cost. Drawbacks: They're small, they get crowded, and most of the staffs aren't really thinking about customers with short attention spans.

THE SOFT-YELLOW WALLS AND PALE WOOD floor are warm and inviting, and in the warm weather, when they open up the big double doors onto 94th Street, it's a fine place to reconnect with a family that's been a blur all week. There's no kids' menu at **Barking Dog Luncheonette**, but the contemporary grown-up menu (Atlantic salmon with a black-sesame-seed crust) features plenty to seduce the kids, from great burgers and down-home chicken to buttery mashed potatoes and classic meat loaf. There are also excellent sandwiches, such as grilled chicken on fragrant focaccia, that are easy to share with kids. Don't pass up the brownie sundae (as if your offspring would let you) or the lemon-angel-fruit sandwich. *(1678 Third Avenue; 831-1800; H; entrées, $8 to $13.95.)*

When you've got great fries, which **Googie's** does, you're halfway to a kid's heart. This modern Italian-style diner is a favorite among East Side parents. Kids love the milk shakes, frozen hot chocolate, burgers, pastas, and desserts. Adults, meanwhile, can dig into grilled-chicken Caesar salad and daily specials, such as fettuccine with grilled duck or a tender grilled mahimahi. The biggest problem with Googie's is its size. When the place gets crowded, the staff just can't handle kids. So get there well before noon for brunch (pancakes with fresh strawberries, and succulent vegetable omelettes) or by six for dinner. Get a seat by the sliding glass doors facing Second Avenue, and give your kids a lesson in New York street life. *(1491 Second Avenue; 717-1122; H; entrées, $9.95 to $16.95.)*

We're probably a few years away from hearing the word *TriBeCa* and thinking "children," but they've already established a beachhead in **Bodega**, on West Broadway, across from Odeon. The adult menu—a blend of Mexican, Spanish, and American flavors—is enticing, and nightly specials such as a fragrant carrot soup, tender grilled salmon, and piquant hot grilled-chicken sandwich are reliably good. But the children's menu—grilled cheese, hamburgers, chicken nuggets, peanut butter and jelly, pasta of the day, those great fries that adorn the plates at Odeon, and a full selection of Snapples—offers the big temptation to all ages. And why not? The big yellow restaurant is decorated in Andy Warhol garage-sale style, with Brillo boxes and other bright packages lining the walls. Drinks come in juice glasses. Harry and his pal gave Bodega two thumbs up but wished the food didn't take so long. The night we visited, the restaurant was understaffed and a bit hectic. *(136 Broadway; 285-1155; H, K; kids' menu, $2.50 to $4; entrées, $6.50 to $14.)*

REAL RESTAURANTS

BY "REAL RESTAURANT," WE'RE REFERRING to a place that gives you an experience beyond just eating, an occasion you'll remember past Monday morning. And once your kids are old enough to know there actually are such places, you're going to be tempted to take them somewhere you might even dress up for, where they might actually want to stay in their seats most of the meal.

GOLD-FLECKED WALLS AND RED BROCADE, heavy carpets and bright chandeliers—this is old-fashioned dining, the kind of place your parents took you to when you were a kid. At **Piccola Venezia**, owner Ezio Vlacich and sons greet kids with open arms, shuffling families with young ones to whichever of their two rooms is less crowded (you get great service either way). The menu is vast, and the waiters tell you the kitchen will make anything

THE LOBSTER CLUB: DINNER INCLUDES A TOUR OF CHEF ANNE ROSENZWEIG'S KITCHEN.

PICCOLA VENEZIA: RED BROCADE, SEDUCTIVE SEAFOOD, AND EVEN THE BROCCOLI IS GOOD.

the kids want. Practically before you're in your seat, there's bread on the table and an appetizer on the way—chunky bruschetta, killer jumbo shrimp, and baked clams. The kids' stuff came quickly: simple pasta with meat sauce and sautéed chicken. Grown-ups won't know what to order—the menu is amazingly seductive, with fresh seafood (fragrant sea bass, perfectly cooked), unbelievable Italian food (try the platter of three raviolis), and hearty meat selections, including an estimable veal chop. Even the bowl of buttered steamed broccoli sang out. The kids in our group were treated to a sampler of desserts—chocolate cake, tirami su, rice pudding—as we finished dinner. And they were even stunned enough to allow us to sip espresso and linger a moment. *(4201 28th Avenue, Astoria; 718-721-8470; H; entrées, $15 to $25.)*

An East Side favorite, **Petaluma** is a good example of a grown-up restaurant that can easily become a family-friendly place. The large, airy room sits on a bustling corner on First Avenue, and the big windows offer plenty for little ones to watch. The staff welcomes kids, at least before the place fills up with well-turned-out couples and singles. This kin to the well-known Elio's a few blocks away offers a first-rate Caesar salad and, not surprisingly, excellent veal dishes and nightly seafood specials. Parents will love Petaluma's inventive Italian fare, including a variety of risottos and anything with their bolognese sauce. Desserts included an intensely flavored bittersweet chocolate soufflé cake and a marvelous vanilla-bean cheesecake. There are no crayons or paper on the table, so don't forget your survival kit. The service is fast, and the food is wonderful. But be warned: while Petaluma has a few bargains, dining there can set you back $200 for a hungry family of four. *(1356 First Avenue; 772-8800; H; entrées, $12 to $23.)*

This isn't really a dress-up kind of restaurant, but the food at **Gabriela's** is as good or better than that at the most formal dining rooms in Manhattan. This former coffee shop has a large and loyal following for its Mexican-Guadalajaran cuisine, and the Hernandez family greets you as if you've come to their home for dinner. If you find yourself craving garlic roast chicken, guacamole fresco, or a great roast-pork sandwich, we suggest you grab the kids and head for the Upper West Side. The small kids' menu caters to simple tastes, with mild chicken tacos and white rice. There are fruit shakes, chocolate milk, and assorted sodas for the kids to drink. For the more adventurous child, there's plenty to choose from the adult menu without worrying about burned taste buds. The pollo rostizado estilo Yucatan (half-rotisserie chicken with Yucatan spices) is not only a culinary delight but, at $5.95 with two side orders, one of the best bargains in town. Desserts include arroz con leche (rice pudding), and dulce de mango (creamy mango pudding). *(685 Amsterdam Avenue; 961-0574; H, K; kids' menu, $4.25; entrées, $5.95 to $12.75.)*

THE SPECIAL OCCASION

NOW IT WAS TIME TO PUT OUR MONEY—OR rather, *New York's* money—where our mouths had been. Would our system really work at one of New York's better restaurants?

WE DECIDED TO PUT IT TO THE TEST AT **The Lobster Club**. We called ahead (about a week) and made a 5:30 reservation for a Monday night. We told them we had a 5-year-old, and they couldn't have been more receptive—maybe not surprising, since chef-owner Anne Rosenzweig is herself the mother of 5-year-old Lily, who hangs out here a lot. So on the night in question, we packed our survival kit and headed out.

We were escorted upstairs, where the high ceilings and wide spaces between the tables offer plenty of "absorbency." Our waitress, Julia, brought Harry a dish of fresh carrot and celery sticks. (Does the staff treat kids well? Harry asked Julia for a play date at the end of the evening.) They put in Harry's order—a hamburger—immediately. Although burgers aren't on the menu, Julia told us that more often than not the kitchen can make one. On the other hand, if the burger thing hadn't worked out, Harry could easily have gone for the roast chicken or "Mom's Meatloaf," which is made a different way every night.

Choosing from the Lobster Club's menu isn't easy. We began with a wild-mushroom turnover in sweet mushroom-and-dill broth and the crispy rock shrimp. They arrived at the same time as Harry's burger, which was surrounded by terrific golden fries. For our main course–meets–dessert course, we tried the citrus-butter braised Maine lobster and meat loaf, and Harry had vanilla ice cream with a plate of assorted cookies.

A standard treat for kids at the Lobster Club is a tour of Anne's kitchen, sometimes led by her husband, Andy Freedman (who, as it happens, is responsible for one of the city's best small wine lists). In Harry's absence, we devoured one of the Lobster Club's heavenly banana splits with malted-milk-ball ice cream, and even had a multi-sentence conversation.

Total elapsed time: one hour, ten minutes. The meal was divine, Harry left in love, and our experiment turned out a greater success than we could have imagined. *(24 East 80th Street; 249-6500; H; entrées, $16 to $28.)* ▬

Photographs: this page, Warren Salowe; opposite page, Mark Peterson/Saba.

FLEXIBILITY: MANNES
PIANO TEACHER
LI-CHEN HWANG.

Master Classes

NEW YORK'S MUSIC MAESTROS TELL YOU HOW TO FIND THE BEST TEACHER FOR YOUR PINT-SIZE PAGANINI.

BY HEIDI WALESON

WHEN ONE OF PAUL SHEFTEL'S YOUNG PIANO STUDENTS BALKS AT REPEATING A keyboard exercise for the third or fourth time in order to get the fingering or the rhythm right, Sheftel has an unusual recourse. "I see we've been wrong in trying to do this without M&Ms," says the lanky, soft-spoken grandfather of three, in whose tiny Upper East Side studio electronic keyboards and computer terminals artfully share space with an upright piano and a candy jar. "Go and get six M&Ms. Have one." The other five M&Ms wait

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BRIAN VELENCHENKO

on the piano, rewards for redoubled effort.

This is music teaching? What's become of the irascible perfectionist who berated and belittled students and threw the music (or the violin) at their heads when they didn't meet his standards? He is doubtless still around, but the model of pedagogue as terrorist is losing its appeal in music circles, just as it has in other kinds of schooling.

"A lot of people associate learning with repressive discipline, and assume it's good if you're unhappy," says Jerome Lowenthal, pianist and head of the piano faculty at the Juilliard School. "Music students need to cultivate the attitude of consumers. No one has the right to say, 'How dare you play for me like that.' "

For every prodigy like the violinist Midori—who seized her mother's violin at age 2 and never looked back—there are thousands of children whose musical development proceeds by fits and starts. While some of them are destined for the professional world, many more are not, yet such is the value of a musical education that it's worthwhile to keep them going. Often it is up to the teacher to do just that—to know what to do when the 4-year-old who clamored for the violin hits a plateau after six months and wants to quit.

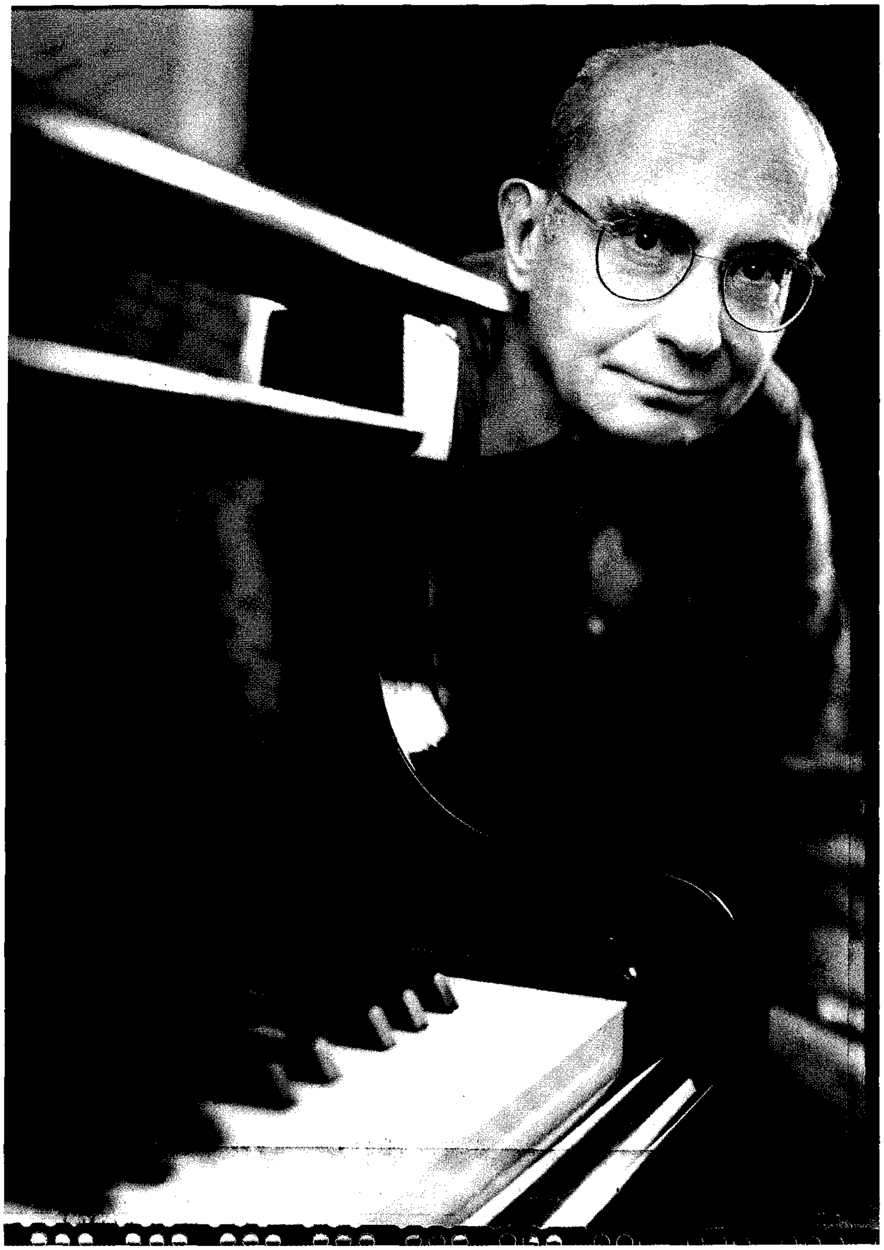
Teaching beginners well requires a formidable battery of talents and skills—experience, sensitivity, flexibility, compatibility, communication skills—to say nothing of mastery of the instrument. The best music teachers for beginners are patient, interested in children, and motivated by a love of music and the desire to develop and nurture that love in others: Pinchas Zukerman remembers his first violin teacher, a Hungarian émigré in Israel, as a "surrogate mother."

You have to choose that first music teacher with the same care and vigilance you would devote to finding a nanny. Get recommendations from other parents. Meet teachers. Inquire about credentials and philosophy, teaching methods and goals. Be prepared to support the teacher's, and the child's, efforts at home. Perhaps most important, be sure the teacher and your child are a good fit. Learning to play an instrument is arduous, and few children are single-minded enough to make it through the inevitable stretches of frustration without a great teacher to keep them going.

So where does one find such a person, given that in some Manhattan neighborhoods there's a music teacher on every floor of every apartment building? How do you distinguish the person who loves teaching from the disappointed performer who is just doing it to pay the bills? Community music schools—such as the Lucy Moses School near Lincoln Center, the Harlem School of the Arts, and the Third Street Music School Settlement—are great sources of instrumental and voice teachers and other musical classes and activities. Two Manhattan conservatories, the Mannes College of Music and the Manhattan School of Music, welcome beginners in their preparatory divisions. (Entrance to Juilliard's precollege division is by audition and requires proficiency on an instrument.)

Then there are the thousands of private teachers, found through word of mouth. That's how flutist Marya Martin, who was in search of a piano teacher for her 7-year-old daughter, Claudia, found **Paul Sheftel**. First one friend recommended him, then another who told her about his 13-year-old son, a student of Paul's who wanted to quit piano but was continuing because he didn't want to hurt Paul's feelings. To Martin, whose older daughter had failed to bond with a piano teacher, it sounded like just the thing; and it was. After a year and a half of lessons, Claudia plays, reads music, practices with enthusiasm (usually), and has filled a manuscript book with her own compositions.

Sheftel is a Juilliard-trained former duo pianist whose own teachers included "a sweet, gentle, kind lady; a monster; a jaded, failed, frustrated musician; and a brilliant, famous teacher whose powerful personality created long-lasting problems for some students." Studying psychoanalysis helped him develop some of the motivational techniques that assist students over barriers to learning, while a



UNORTHODOX TACTICS: VIOLINIST LOUISE BEHREND (OPPOSITE) TEACHES THE SUZUKI METHOD; PIANIST PAUL SHEFTEL (LEFT) USES ELECTRONIC KEYBOARDS, AND M&MS.

fascination with technology has led him in groundbreaking directions. With the aid of an electronic keyboard and a sequencer, he has created wild, digitally sampled orchestrations for early reading pieces and exercises that get students past the tedium of too-simple music by giving them surprise accompaniments. Levels of difficulty get humorous titles (GUTS is the acronym for "Grown-up Top Speed;" the most complex, Gold Star accompaniment level, is dubbed "The Mystery Track"). His ambitions for his students? "None." His goal for them is "to develop as much skill as possible, to play music, to be literate. I go with the student. Sometimes I apply a little gentle pressure. Sometimes it helps." Paul Sheftel teaches children 6 or older, as well as adults. *($60 for a 45-minute lesson, based on 32 weeks. 20 East 88th Street; 534-3631.)*

a lot of people associate learning with repressive discipline," says Juilliard pianist Jerome Lowenthal, "and assume it's good if you're unhappy."

THE STUDENTS OF DOROTHY DELAY, supreme violin pedagogue of the Juilliard School, are on the order of 8-year-olds who play Bartók concertos flawlessly. She sends beginners to Louise Behrend's The School for Strings.

"The important thing about teaching young children is that the method should be carefully organized, and each stage should go very slowly and thoroughly," DeLay says. "Nothing should be skipped. There are many aspects to learning to play the violin; it parallels the use of language. Memory for sound develops first, then physical memory—what must be done with the hands to produce the sound—then the symbols for reading. Suzuki is well organized. It goes in small increments, in the right order."

Louise Behrend took her first violin lessons when she was 9, having begged for them from the age of 3. Her first teacher, who believed in discipline, often sent her home in tears. Later, she studied with Louis Persinger, teacher of Yehudi Menuhin; Persinger, she recalls, "had a childlike character and an incredible imagination. He could put the character of a phrase into words. Everything was related to music; you left lessons walking on air."

In 1964, Behrend, who had been teaching for nearly twenty years, heard Dr. Sinichi Suzuki's violin students on tour in the United States. Suzuki's Talent Education method, based on the idea that all children have musical aptitude, that they learn music as they learn language—by ear—and can do so at a very early age with intense parental involvement, had produced some extraordinary young performers. "I was impressed by the quality of playing, the sensitive music-making," Behrend said. "I thought I was pretty good, but here was someone doing it better." In 1965, Behrend visited Suzuki's school in Japan and changed her method of teaching. Soon she was training others, and in 1970 she started her own school.

Suzuki teaching on many different instruments has become a huge industry throughout the United States. In Suzuki-oriented programs, children as young as 3 start lessons; the non-Suzuki beginner on piano or a string instrument is 6 or 7, and the child beginning on a wind or brass instrument is 8 or 9. Behrend's School for Strings, which follows Suzuki's principles closely, now has 25 teachers and 250 students, ages 3 to 18, studying violin, cello, and piano. The program requires considerable commitment on the part of students and their families: Children come to the school twice a week for individual lessons (which parents must also attend), group classes, and musicianship classes. There is also a class to help parents be the child's home teacher. "The child has never failed—only the parent," says Behrend. (Such intense parental involvement is unique to the Suzuki method, though performers like Lowenthal and pianist Gary Graffman, now head of the Curtis Institute, had parents beside them as they practiced.)

In the school's 25-year history, about 250 students have gone on to the Juilliard precollege program, where Behrend is also on the faculty; alumni play in such string quartets as the Mendelssohn, the Lark, and the Brentano, and in the Chicago and Boston Symphonies, in addition to pursuing solo careers. *(Fees start at $1,750 per year for beginners and range to $2,500 per year for students taking one-hour lessons and all ensembles. The school also has scholarship programs, including one, costing $300 per year, conducted by its teachers-in-training. 419 West 54th Street; 315-0915.)*

Other Manhattan schools also offer Suzuki training. Christiane Pors, who heads Suzuki violin at the Third Street Music School, describes her program as more "reality based" in terms of time commitment than School for Strings.

DYNAMIC TRIO: LUCY MOSES SCHOOL'S ILYA LEHMAN, MISHA QUINT, AND CHAIM FREIBERG.

THE LUCY MOSES SCHOOL, FORMERLY THE Hebrew Arts School, has been a magnet for Russian teachers since its founding 43 years ago. Some of its 925 students are children of Russian émigrés who commute from Brighton Beach, but it is popular with Manhattan families as well. It's also the sponsoring organization of the new Special Music School, a public school for musically gifted children now in its first year.

At community music schools, the communal nature of music is emphasized. On a Sunday morning, Lucy Moses, just around the corner from Lincoln Center, is crawling with activity. Teacher **Chaim Freiberg** puts a class of six piano beginners through their paces ("Are we going to help him count the rests?"). **Ilya Lehman** gives a string ensemble of seven players, with ages ranging from 8 to 17, a few pointers before it launches into a chorale-like piece. Three children drum out rhythms in a Dalcroze eurythmics class. Two preteen girls lounge in the hall chatting and chewing on pink licorice, while in a small practice room, the balding and ebullient cello teacher **Misha Quint** jokes with a teenage beginner: "When will you make a mistake so I can say something?"

Quint, a graduate of the Leningrad Conservatory, started teaching to make a living but now says that he needs teaching "just like I need coffee in the morning." Ilya Lehman, a violin teacher and graduate of the Moscow Conservatory, has developed a method that combines violin, piano, and composition study to develop the ear in very young children.

The Russian teachers, products of often-severe preprofessional training, have adapted their teaching and their attitudes to American expectations. "I started very strong—lots of scales, hand position, lots of homework," Lehman says. "I started losing children, and I developed a different method. In America, parents and children don't have time to practice. In Russia, my teachers would say, 'You play terribly! Go work with a broom!' I don't use negatives. If I correct, it's 'Try it this way,' not, 'No, no.' "

methods should fit children, not the other way around," says Mannes's Joan Bergman. "The method is only as good as the person teaching."

Not surprisingly, Lydia Kontos, executive director of Lucy Moses's parent organization, the Elaine Kaufman Cultural Center, stresses the advantages of studying music in a school setting. "In school, children have music friends," she says. "They can be together in classes, ensembles, and performances." Kontos and Cheryl Seltzer, director of the school's Young People's Division, pride themselves on their ability to match students with the right teachers, depending on ability and personality. If they should make a mistake, it's also easier to switch teachers in a school setting.

When a parent applies to the school, Seltzer spends at least a half-hour with the student and the family, assessing the child's readiness for instrumental study. "I check the physical coordination, see how the child pays attention, if he's ready to follow instructions or is more interested in exploring on his own," she says. In addition to gauging musical readiness, Seltzer inquires about the support system at home—is there a piano? Does the child understand the responsibility of practice? Are lessons the child's idea or just the parents'? If the child isn't ready for instrumental lessons, Seltzer may recommend Dalcroze or recorder. *(Private study for 30 weeks in 45-minute lessons ranges from $980 to $1,590; students are urged to take theory or Dalcroze classes for an additional $250. 129 West 67th Street; 501-3360.)*

SINCE TRULY INSPIRED TEACHING OF BEGINNERS takes such a formidable battery of talents, it's no wonder that many musicians get out of the beginner business early. As one cello teacher put it, "You have to take ten beginners to get one good student." But those devoted to beginners have a different view. "I'm a firm believer that everyone is a musical person," says **Jill Schultz**, who teaches violin and describes her thoroughly American education as a mix of good teachers and awful ones. She teaches young children in groups ("I won't take anyone who's not out of diapers," she jokes), and she devoutly hopes that most of them are doing it for fun, given the state of the job market for musicians. "Often, kids get to sixth grade and there are so many social and academic pressures to deal with that they stop studying," she says. "But they look back on it and think, 'Jill made the violin such fun.' I find that really rewarding. Here's a kid who can read music, who might play in an orchestra someday, who can find chamber-music partners anywhere in the world, even if they have no language in common." *($50 for 45-minute lesson; 235 West 102nd Street; 866-5447.)*

go with the student," says pianist Paul Sheftel, who says his goal is to "develop as much skill as possible. Sometimes I apply a little gentle pressure. Sometimes it helps."

JOAN BERGMAN, FORMER HEAD OF THE Mannes Preparatory Division and still professor of pedagogy at the conservatory, is a firm believer in child-centered music study. "I believe methods should fit children, not the other way around," she says. "The method is only as good as the person who is teaching." As for the instrument, she says, "An instrument is like a friend. You can't pick a person's friend."

Her ideal piano teacher for beginners is **Li-Chen Hwang**, head of the modified Suzuki-based program at Mannes, Piano for the Very Young, as well as co-chair of its piano department. On a Monday afternoon, Hwang sat on the floor with four 7-year-old piano students who were taking a break from learning Beethoven and Clementi sonatinas to listen to tapes of one another's improvisations. Hwang prodded them to identify musical principles and expressive characters in the pieces they'd created. "What makes the right hand different?" she asked, and the girls gradually told her: It's higher on the keyboard; it's jumpy and light instead of using heavy chords; it sounds like you woke up in a dark room and suddenly found the light switch.

Hwang, who was born in Taiwan, has a B.A. from Youngstown State University in Ohio and an Ed.D. from Columbia Teachers College. She gives her students a solid technical and musical foundation but cherishes flexibility in how she accomplishes that task. She'll interrupt the regular progression of Suzuki pieces with an instantly rewarding piece of Bartók or Kabalevsky; if a 6-year-old is restless in a lesson, she knows when to relax and make a joke, when to be firm and push on.

Hwang found her American education eye-opening. "I learned so much about teaching from Robert Hopkins at Youngstown. He had all these local kids, some with no technique at all, and he turned them around," she says. "Then I wanted to combine what I knew about the piano with what I learned at Teachers College, training to be a general music teacher. In Taiwan, teachers spoon-feed students; creativity is difficult for us. I learned about how not to tell kids the answer, to let them think for themselves. I always feel the kids have a better idea than I do. And you have to have patience, to give kids enough time to think." *(Piano for the Very Young, $1,200 per year for weekly half-hour lesson and half-hour group class. Mannes College of Music, Preparatory Division, 150 West 85th Street; 580-0210. Private lessons with Hwang, $60 for one hour. 160 Claremont Avenue; 663-1203.)*

THE BEST TEACHERS, OF COURSE, ARE ALSO those who through teaching and motivation get results. Ten years ago, Kazuhide Isomura, violist of the Tokyo String Quartet, sent his 5-year-old son, Eiki, to a former Juilliard colleague, Bernard Rose, for piano lessons. Eiki, now with a full plate at Horace Mann studying Japanese on weekends and singing in the school's glee club, still works with Rose. When he was growing up outside Chicago, Rose says, his most memorable teacher was Mrs. Emmett Grey. "She played Bach with a beautiful sound, when people expected to hear kids playing 'Country Gardens' with lots of rippling arpeggios," Rose recalls. "She had a photograph on the piano of Leopold Godowsky, who was *her* teacher. She was very demanding. I don't think I ever had a better teacher."

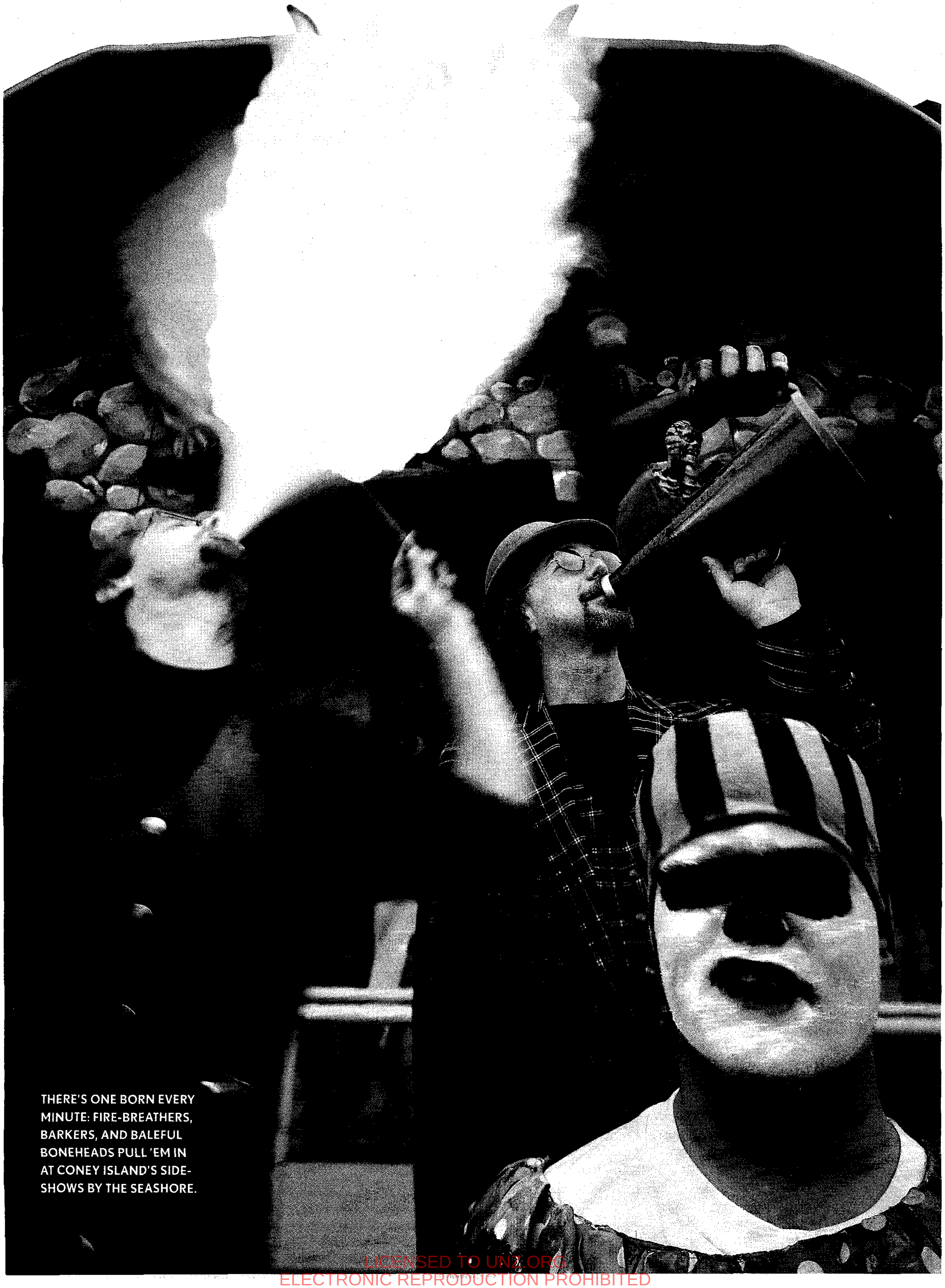
Today Rose carries on the tradition. "There is so much passion in his teaching," says Isomura. "His method is logical but spontaneous. And every week, I see so much improvement."

MORE LESSONS

Well-reputed community music schools outside Manhattan include:

- Brooklyn College Preparatory Center for the Performing Arts (Midwood-Flatbush); 718-951-4111.
- Brooklyn Conservatory of Music (Park Slope); 718-622-3300.
- Children's Orchestra Society (Queens and Manhasset); 718-358-4866.
- Queensboro Community College (Continuing Education) Suzuki Violin and Cello Program; 718-631-6343.
- Mind-Builders Creative Arts Center (Bronx); 718-652-6256.

For more information, call the National Guild of Community Schools of the Arts, which represents 220 schools nationwide; 201-871-3337. ■



THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE: FIRE-BREATHERS, BARKERS, AND BALEFUL BONEHEADS PULL 'EM IN AT CONEY ISLAND'S SIDESHOWS BY THE SEASHORE.

Days of Wonder

OUTINGS THAT BREAK THE MANHATTAN MOLD AND PUT YOUR KIDS IN TOUCH WITH THE WORLDS OF FARM, FILM, AND FLIMFLAM.

BY BARBARA ENSOR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW GARN

WHEN ADA, A WIDE-EYED ALMOST-2-YEAR-OLD WITH HAY-COLORED HAIR, says "Mama," it isn't *her* mother she has in mind. It's motherhood in general she's contemplating as she stares transfixed at a tiny newborn lamb, still pink through a thin layer of wool, clambering over his mother's back and nuzzling her ears, her belly, and finally her udders in search of milk. Traipsing happily around the barnyard of Muscoot Farm in her Winnie-the-Pooh rain boots on a brisk spring afternoon, Ada is enjoying a real-life version of a storybook collection of donkeys, horses, and cows, housed in barns with peaked roofs and weather vanes, all nestled next to a Colonial-revival farmhouse.

Muscoot Farm, in Westchester County, is one of those magic spots that are just far enough out of Manhattan to be another world from a kid's point of view but close enough to be an easy afternoon trip for the adults along for the ride. Here are five kinds of day trips, some in the boroughs and some in the surrounding burbs, worth packing a few snacks for:

DOWN ON THE FARMS

MUSCOOT IS LOCATED IN SOMERS, A LEAFY Westchester town just west of Katonah. Pam Thalhamer, visiting from Bronxville with Nell (age 4½) and Addison (age 3), says she and her children come often because "they love to imagine personalities for pigs and ducks, and figure out which one is part of which family." While a goose sips from a puddle, a flock of barn-colored Rhode Island Reds peck at their feed, and the children laugh out loud at the sound of turkeys gobbling. Kid goats are due at Muscoot this month, and several cows are expecting calves later in the spring.

Families tend to get drawn into the seasons, program assistant Julie Aitchison observes: "They come when the maple sap is being collected and return to see it boiled into syrup, and to watch the animals grow up." Most show up in the warmer months to picnic, poke around the barnyard, and walk the trails. But visitors can also sign up to search for chicken eggs, make cheese, spin wool, or do any number of chores their forebears might have wished to avoid. Especially hardy souls can muck out a horse stall with a pitchfork or join an old-fashioned clothes-washing session. But "some of the kids," Aitchison concedes, "are really disgusted when they find out where milk comes from."

Just a mile and a half down the road, at the corner of Routes 100 and 35, stop by King Kone. This roadside ice-cream stand (open from about Memorial Day to Labor Day) has a spectacular assortment of wooden play equipment, shaped like castles, forklifts, and a train with coaches lined up behind it—as good a place as any to catch your breath before speeding back into the nineties.

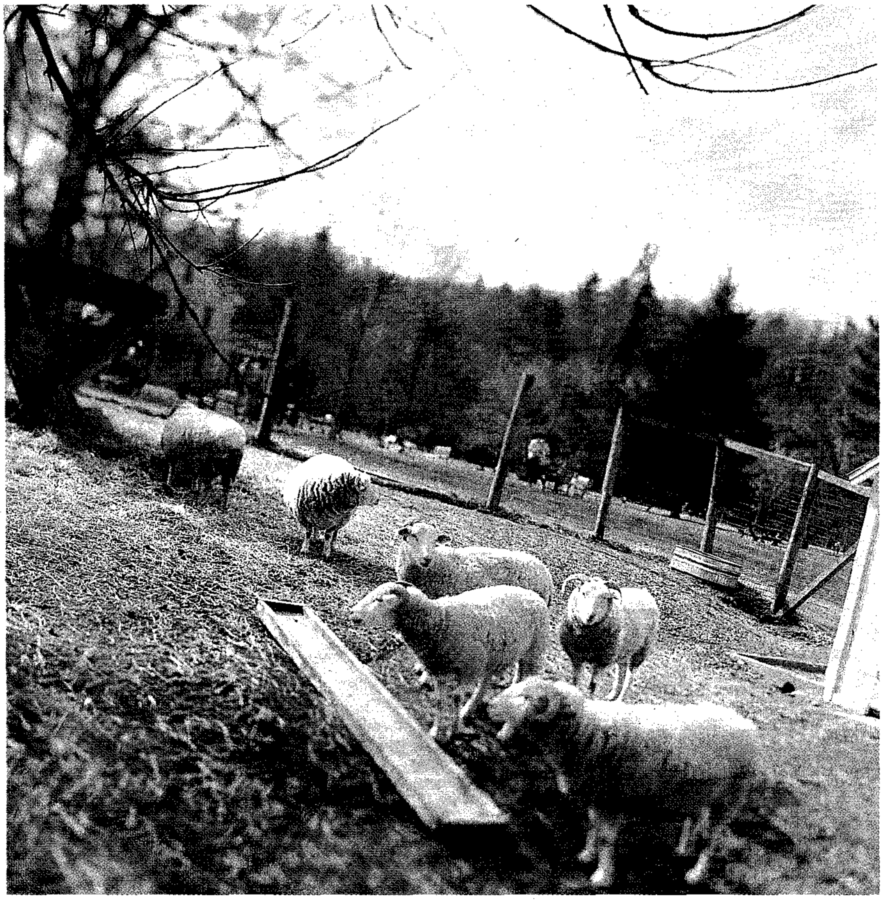
Two other farms within commuting distance are the **Queens County Farm Museum** and the **Long Island Game Farm.** At the former, an eighteenth-century farm built near what was "the road to Little Neck" (its 47 acres now lie a hundred feet from Little Neck Parkway), children can take tractor rides through woods and pasture while perched atop bales of hay. Free-roaming chickens greet visitors at the front gate, and baby goats, cows, rabbits, and geese (who consider the farm their own) wander inside.

The Long Island Game Farm—just off the L.I.E.—began life as a working farm in 1892 but now is dedicated exclusively to bringing children and animals together. After a ride on a vintage carousel horse, a child can pick up a real newborn duck, feed a monkey—with a pulley device—and ride a little train through acres of ostriches, deer, zebras, and llamas. Be prepared to listen to many, many choruses of "Old MacDonald" on the trip home.

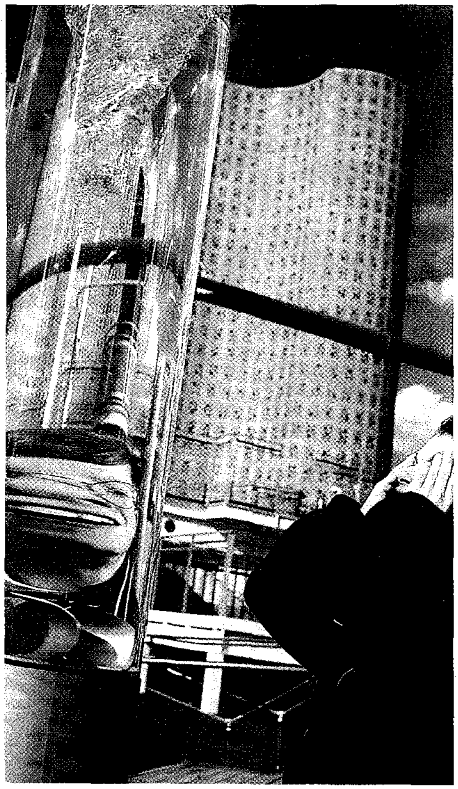
Muscoot Farm, Route 100, Somers (914-232-7118). Queens County Farm Museum, 73-50 Little Neck Parkway, Floral Park (718-347-3276). Long Island Game Farm, Chapman Boulevard, Manorville (516-878-6644).

STATEN ISLAND SAFARI

"THIS ISN'T REALLY A ZOO," MY 7-YEAR-OLD companion pronounced as he surveyed the barnyard rabble of rabbits, chickens, Highland sheep, and the odd wallaby at the **Staten Island Zoo.** "It's more like a place where you pet animals." And at first, he seemed to be right: Peacocks strut the grounds, there are goats to feed, and kids can be led on $2 circular pony rides through brilliant tulips and daf-



WHERE SHEEP ARE SHEEP: SHEARLINGS AND YEARLINGS IN THE BARNYARD AT MUSCOOT FARM.



TENSION-DEFICIT DISORDER: ABOVE, VISITORS TO THE SCIENCE PLAYGROUND LEARN ABOUT BALANCING FORCES; AT LEFT, THE TORNADO TUBE TRANSFORMS AN UNSUSPECTING KID INTO A *SIMPSONS* CHARACTER.

fodils. But that was before we had seen the new "African Savannah at Twilight" exhibit (which opened April 19) and a good deal else at the zoo. The realistic African landscape that has been created for the cub leopards, guinea baboons, meerkats, and other exotica may at first strike visitors as a bit cramped. But listening to the animals' keeper, Marlene Claro, talk like an attentive mother about how toys and treats, like live crickets and mealworms, are used to enrich their lives, we felt immensely reassured.

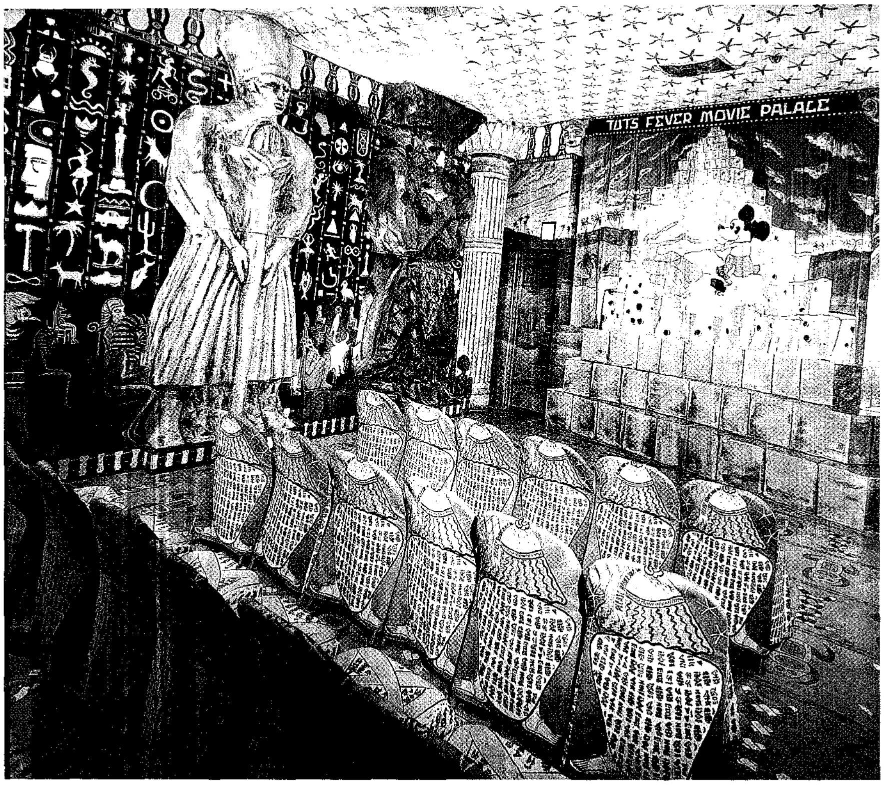
We even found ourselves unwittingly—and somewhat thrillingly—thrust into baboon social life when a female languorously strode over to the glass to display her swollen pink backside for us, bending over slightly to offer a better view. She was quickly followed by her mate, who trounced up and slapped the glass—apparently a rebuke for our taking an interest in his woman. *Staten Island Zoo, 614 Broadway, Staten Island; (718-442-3100).*

MUSEUMS THAT AMUSE

THE TWELVE-FOOT-TALL PRAYING MANTIS perched on the meadow in front of the **Staten Island Children's Museum** (a ten-minute drive from the zoo, also accessible by bus) is an invitation to climb that very few kids can resist. Wriggling between its steel-and-wood mandibles seems to bring out long-dormant fantasies about being chomped on by a carnivorous insect. The entire facility—started by a group of local parents in 1974—stretches the definition of what a museum can be. In the ground-floor "Wonder Water" exhibit, kids can weigh themselves to find out how much H_2O their bodies contain, and take turns carrying a Guatemalan water jug on their heads. Workshops tap into children's real curiosities: a mounted policeman answers questions about what it's like to have a horse for a partner, and the annual Meadowfair (Sunday, May 4) lawn party lets kids find out what it's like to sit behind the wheel of a real fire truck.

Local parents also banded together in Nyack to start the **Hudson Valley Children's Museum** just a year and a half ago. "Look, I'm out here at the entrance, waving at you!" 6-year-old Zoe is saying to her friend Peter, who's some 40 feet away in the Gadget Garage. She is speaking into a primitive intercom, made from lengths of air-conditioner hose, that connects kids all over the building. "Can you hear me?" The museum's informal buddy system weaves together little-kid visitors and big-kid volunteers. Eleven-year-old Nick Levesque, who's been helping out since January, says a child once asked him for a ride to Yankee Stadium in the (stationary) car and "we ended up pretending to go to countries all over the world."

Nick also helps out with lights and music in the adjoining little theater while he hones the joke routine he's planning to unveil at one of the museum's open-mike sessions. He wants to be good and ready before he takes the stage, remembering the time "one kid got up, and there were so many people, nothing came out." The best show yet, he says, was a boy of about 8 who sang "Barbara Allen." Huh? "You know," Nick explains, "the Beach Boys song. It was hysterical. His sister did a dance from *The Nutcracker Suite.*" Clearly, Catch a Rising Star it isn't, but "nobody is going to boo you or anything, whatever you do," Nick says, sounding like he's trying to convince himself.



QUEENS NEFERTITI: THE TUTS-FEVER MOVIE PALACE AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, WHERE SHORTS ARE SCREENED, IS A PASTICHE OF HOLLYWOOD AND HELIOPOLIS.

Memorial Park, which slopes down to the river a block and a half south, is a place where city kids will want to play house in the gazebo, throw sticks into the river, and stare off at the faraway Tappan Zee Bridge before getting back to the serious work of swinging and sliding and shooting a few baskets.

The Staten Island Children's Museum, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060). The Hudson Valley Children's Museum, 21C Burd Street, Nyack (914-358-2191).

CONEY CATCHING

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN FLICKERS THROUGH the windows of the elevated train (take the B, D, F, or N) as you ride out to Coney Island. The crumbling seaside charm of the place, coupled with improvements to the New York Aquarium and the late-May opening of the Coney Island Museum, makes for an intriguing family outing.

Bumper-car rides and Nathan's frankfurters are only two of the lures on Surf Avenue: You can also browse secondhand bicycles, dolls, and crutches from vendors less engaged in selling than in chatting with their friends in Russian. Riders on the B&B Carousel, who circle painted windmills and a six-foot Popeye cutout, can reach out and grab brass rings as they pass. (No free rides for those who succeed, though.)

The Aquarium (officially known as the **Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation**) is a wonderfully playful place—especially since it has devoted more space in the past few years to comedians of the deep like Pacific walruses and black-footed penguins, which inhabit an enormous *faux*-Pacific sea cliff. The latest improvement to the aquarium is a heated dome over the dolphins, who now can be viewed from above and below, even during cold weather. During our visit, Presley and Tab, the current pair, hammed it up, seeming to flash grins just for us as we watched from the tented Oceanic Deck.

The fun is tactile as well as visual in the Touch It Tank, home to several starfish and horseshoe crabs. Our hands were already submerged in its waters when Mark Rosenberg, a 16-year-old volunteer, gently reassured us that "they're not going to hurt you, I promise."

A few blocks south along the Boardwalk, you'll find **Astroland** and **Deno's Wonderwheel Park**—the two biggest amusement parks left in Coney Island. These distinctly un-Disneyfied establishments are a breath of fresh salt air. The rusty fire engines with clanging bells haven't been restored to look "vintage" but actually have been around since at least the fifties. And a handwritten sign that you definitely wouldn't find at the Epcot Center (NO PREGNANT WOMEN, NO DRUNKS, NOBODY RIDES FREE) lays down the law at an independently run Go Kart ride on a side street. The final word on the matter is scrawled at the bottom in different-colored ink: NOT EVEN BABIES.

The raised voice of a barker inviting passersby to "step right up" beckons the crowd gathered in front of **Sideshows by the Seashore.** "Let me introduce you to Madame Twisto, the rubber girl who can literally roll and bounce herself across the stage," he shouts, gesturing to a slim woman in a leotard who obligingly twists her head back and underneath her knee. No trip to Coney Island is complete without seeing the bearded lady juggle machetes, and the snake charmer and fire eater ply their trades in a traditional "ten-in-one" show that's hokey, horrible, and irresistible. With luck, and good guidance, the children in your care will not try to eat lightbulbs or drive nails into their heads when they return home.

Above the main performance space, Dick Zigun, who has resurrected this supremely American form of theater, plans to reopen his expanded **Coney Island Museum** on May 24. The new upstairs location at the corner of Surf Avenue and West 12th Street will be a repository for local memorabilia such as an Art Deco rocket ship with ray guns (salvaged from a ride) and a 1907 wooden horse rescued from the fabled Steeplechase. The café will serve bagels, knishes, and—maybe—an un–Coney Island–ish health salad.

Zigun, a 43-year-old graduate of Yale's drama school, sports deep-blue-tinted glasses and a Steeplechase Park "Funny Face" tattoo on his right arm. He grew up in P. T. Barnum's hometown of Bridgeport, Connecticut, but has lived in Coney Island for seventeen years. "I wasn't really looking to be a collector," he says, "but nobody else seemed to be preserving these honky-tonk trinkets, like the ridiculous hair comb with a Parachute Jump pictured on it. I was appalled that this stuff, which was lying about in abandoned, partially burned-out buildings, could be lost forever."

The Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation, Boardwalk and West 8th Street (718-265-3474). Coney Island Museum/Sideshows by the Seashore, 1208

especially hardy souls can pick up a pitchfork and muck out a horse stall or partake in an old-fashioned clothes-washing session.

Surf Avenue (718-372-5101). Astroland, 1000 Surf Avenue (718-372-0275). Deno's Wonderwheel Park, 1043 Boardwalk West (718-372-2592). All are in Coney Island, Brooklyn.

PHOTOPLAY

JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES BY R TRAIN FROM Bloomingdale's, among sterile twenties warehouses that now serve as movie and television studios in Astoria, Queens, the oval eye logo of the **American Museum of the Moving Image** winks knowingly. Just inside the door, visitors face a computer screen with Muybridge-like images of museumgoers on the third floor, who are captured in multiple frames of movement, performing for the camera. Xerox-quality printouts can be bought for $2. Cut them up when you get home and you can make a photo flip book of the afternoon. Opposite the camera is a turn-of-the-century hand-cranked Mutoscope that animates Charlie Chaplin by flipping through printed pages.

My children, ages 7 and 10, worked obsessively at the digital-animation stand, clicking the camera and moving cutout pictures, clicking and moving again and again, to make dozens of stop-motion computer animations. Fortunately, there are five stands, so no one particularly minded as several one-minute movies were painstakingly crafted. Ours featured a car careening into a bicycle, a rocket and planets wiggling in the sky, and the children's hands gesturing, pointing, and eating each other up on the screen.

On the tensile-rope "spiderweb," Newton's third law—that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction—is part of the game.

Listening to your offspring overdub the part of Robert De Niro in the famous "You talking to me?" sequence from *Taxi Driver* is a hoot. After one take in the sound booth, children realize that it's not necessary to recite "the rain in Spain" or whatever else the cue card is prompting, because the equipment will record whatever they say. "You sure have dragon breath!" Lauren Bacall blurted out after Humphrey Bogart kissed her—when 7-year-old Emily Rozsahegyi was standing at the mike.

Short classics are screened in Tut's Fever Movie Palace, Red Grooms and Lysiane Luong's loopy homage to the grand cinematic palaces of the twenties. We saw a cliff-hanging Captain Marvel serial from beneath a balcony filled with papier-mâché ancients wearing 3-D glasses. It whetted my curiosity for the next installment, but my children thought it was hopelessly dorky.

On the second floor, be sure to find the Magic Mirror booth, where people of almost any stature can superimpose their own faces onto projected images of famous costumed bodies. One minute, your child is Marilyn Monroe with the wind blowing up her pleats; the next, she's a tuxedo-clad Ricky Ricardo beating on a conga drum.

The American Museum of the Moving Image, 36-01 35th Avenue, Astoria (718-784-4520).

PARKS FOR THE CYBER-ACTIVE

"WHOLE-BODY EXPERIENCES ARE THE WAY kids learn best about science," says Alan Friedman, director of the **New York Hall of Science.** "The experiments we give kids—where the rules of engagement are not rules we made up but the rules of nature itself—are the ones they remember and learn from." Friedman began taking notes when he came across a "science playground" in Central India, on a 1980 trip to observe a solar eclipse. And as you watch kids learn about how water flows by tinkering with a series of locks that adjust rotating waterwheels, it's hard not to conclude that you're looking at the playground of the future.

The "spiderweb," as the children began calling a red tensile-rope structure, is clearly more fun than an ordinary climbing frame. Friedman explains that "the symphony of balancing forces" that causes the whole triangular web to readjust with each new kid who scrambles onto it takes place even within the molecules of a rigid structure. But here it's visible, part of the game, and a neat demonstration of Newton's third law—that for every action, there's an equal and opposite reaction.

But the children who tested the laws of physics at this playground on a recent chilly day and couldn't get enough of it were ingenious about finding ways to circumvent the didactic intent of its designers. An enormous seesaw set up to demonstrate how the weight of just one child can counterbalance a whole group of kids—if they all distance themselves properly from the central pivot—became the inspiration for much howling and running back and forth as the children pneumatically rose and sank en masse. Twin yellow tubular slides with different inclines and shapes were meant to demonstrate the principle that the shortest route of descent is not always the fastest. Instead, they became mountains the kids were determined to climb up. Which just goes to show that however shiny the future may look, things won't have changed that much.

Any visit to the **Liberty Science Center** entails a glorious medley of transportation experiences. You'll want to avoid tunnel traffic and take the New York Waterway ferry—which leaves from the foot of the World Trade Center. A short detour to the observation deck will give your kids a chance to try the simulated helicopter ride. While waiting for the boat, stop by the Hudson River Park (recently renamed for Nelson A. Rockefeller), which is located alongside the river between Vesey and Murray Streets, a stone's throw from the tented dock. This is, without question, the best playground in the city, with water-spouting hippos, climbing nets, and an endlessly revolving kid-powered tricycle carousel.

At the Liberty Science Center itself (reachable by shuttle bus from the ferry drop-off), the Cyber Playground exhibit (opening April 26) lets kids play their way to understanding computer and video games. Between 3-D-movie viewing and games of Virtual Hoops, be sure to visit the eccentric Swap Shop on the lower level. If you bring along a broken toaster, Tom Dowlings might let you trade it for a jammed CD player or maybe a vintage Pong cartridge—all according to a point system that weighs the intrinsic value of each object as well as how much your child knows about its inner workings. This place has a particularly strong pull for local 11-year-old technology buffs—the kind of kids who would have been ham-radio operators in another era—who bring in their relatives' broken answering machines to accumulate points for antiques like top-loading VCRs or Commodore 64 computers.

The sight of all these cranky gizmos gives rise more to convoluted inquiries than to tidy explanations. And parents who leave the house with children may as well resign themselves to a day-long chorus of questions wherever they go. Most of all, *Are we there yet?*

New York Hall of Science, 47-01 111th Street, Flushing Meadows–Corona Park (718-699-0005). Liberty Science Center, 251 Phillip Street, Jersey City, New Jersey (201-200-1000). ■

IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE: SEX, DRUGS, NIGHTCLUBS, HOUSE PARTIES. CAN KIDS EXPLORE IN THE CITY WITHOUT LOSING THEIR WAY? BY RALPH GARDNER JR.

babes in the w

oods

"WHEN YOU MEET UP, WHERE DO YOU GO?"

"We go to a friend's house," the teenager answered awkwardly.

"Rock concerts?"

"Yeah."

"Clubs? Help me out. Where are these clubs?"

Despite the inquisitional tone, the questioner wasn't the desk sergeant at the local station house and the suspect wasn't under arrest. This was "Teen Scene XI," an annual and peculiarly New York City ritual where teenagers from private schools such as Dalton, Spence, Collegiate, and Brearley are interrogated before an audience of mothers in cashmere sweaters and Searle coats, and a smattering of dads in pinstripes, about who they're dating, where they're going, and what they're smoking and sniffing when they slip out of their parents'

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE HARTLAND

apartments into the Manhattan night.

"When I think of substance abuse, I don't think of clubs, I think of people's homes," volunteered a pink-cheeked 14-year-old who was dressed for the occasion in a vampish off-the-shoulder outfit. "Kids know the sleeping habits of their parents and know they won't be coming down until the next morning."

Won't be coming down until the next morning? "We're safe," one West Side mom whispered to another facetiously. "We live in single-floor apartments!"

DRUGS AND SEX ARE NOTHING NEW. WHEN I was growing up in the city in the sixties and early seventies, an apartment left empty by parents off to the Hamptons for the weekend was seen as an engraved invitation to a house party where the Almaden flowed like water and couples vanished into bedrooms assigned by the host.

The difference today seems to be the precocity of the players who leapfrog from Big Bird to bellinis, hardly pausing at adolescence. "I'm not against sex," said a dad whose 10-year-old daughter recently attended a birthday party where the guests played spin-the-bottle for two hours. "I just think kids need a childhood."

Fifth-graders are dating. Oral sex is an issue in seventh grade. And some ninth-graders are already on the wagon. Among the revelations Teen Scene XI yielded are that anti-drug campaigns, which these days seem to start in nursery school, have probably produced more scorn than abstinence, and that 12-year-old nicotine fiends keep a change of clothes in their school lockers to outsmart smoke-sniffing parents. "All the drug-addicted people come in and tell us their sob stories," moaned one participant.

Drugs, the kids say, are as easy to score as takeout Chinese food and as quickly delivered to one's doorstep. And sex among teenagers often is a sign not of affection but of approaching unconsciousness. "I think it stems directly from the substance abuse," a teen in a backward baseball cap stated authoritatively. "Your inhibitions are lowered to the point where abstinence fades out of the picture."

A parent in the audience raised her hand. "Would it be inappropriate to know the schools?" she asked gingerly, perhaps thinking of transferring her child elsewhere if it turned out her son and the kid in the baseball cap attended the same institution. So that they'd speak freely, the panelists hadn't been identified by academic institution.

the city's private schools are a culture where some children have trouble holding their heads up if their parents don't own a Range Rover or a European luxury sedan.

Yes, it would, answered Lucy Martin-Gianino, the evening's moderator, firmly.

SAFETY UNDOUBTEDLY REMAINS THE PRImary concern of parents raising kids in the city. But values are running a close second, particularly in a culture where some children have trouble holding their heads up if their parents don't own a Range Rover or a European luxury sedan. "My son thinks everybody who drives a Mercedes is incredibly rich," said a St. David's School mother. "These kids take these externals to heart."

A fifth-grader came home from school one day and asked her mom why their family didn't have a helicopter. It seems another girl in her class was boasting about returning from the weekend at her grandparents' Connecticut estate in their chopper. "It's a struggle sometimes to help them understand what the limits of our budget are," confided a Spence School mother. "We take them away for a spring vacation we probably can't afford because everyone else does, too."

And for private-schoolers, the distinction between the haves and the have-nots seems to have become those who can afford to hire private ski instructors to cut the lift lines at Vail versus those who have to slum it in group classes.

And how can parents inoculate their offspring against envy when they can barely disguise their own susceptibility? Instead of dismissing a helicopter for weekend getaways as an absurd extravagance, the mother of that fifth-grader meekly pointed to their contemporary-art collection. "Different people have different priorities," she explained gently. "Some people have fancy cars and some people have paintings on their walls."

Teddy Gross, the founder of Common Cents, an organization that has raised more than $150,000 from penny harvests at public and private schools throughout the city, traces its success to parents' hunger to show their children there's life beyond F.A.O. Schwarz.

"For children, not having a role in society has incredibly significant consequences for the whole stability of society; it's like an enzyme missing," he asserts. "It has ramifications in the relationship between parents and children. Nowadays, the only role children have is as consumers, so they're a pain in the neck. If you can't provide them with money, you fail them—and they fail you."

Happiness and having seem to be so closely affiliated in many children's minds that Dr. Judith Stecher, the ethics teacher at the Ethical Culture School, had to rethink her practice of asking the third-graders to share their feelings at the start of class. "A lot of the sharing used to be vivid descriptions of weekends away, new computers, trips to Disneyland," she explains. "When some of the kids were sitting in box seats for all the World Series games, I could see the other kids turning green." So now, she says, "If that's the only thing that's making them happy, they pass."

ANNA AND TESS—THE NAMES HAVE BEEN changed to protect the jaded—are sitting in the window of Starbucks at 87th Street and Lexington Avenue, Upper East Side adolescent café society's watering hole, sipping their cappuccino. Tess is very smooth, pretty, impeccably dressed in a cashmere turtleneck sweater, and she could pass for 25 or 30. Anna has more of a grunge look and projects a certain sedated charm. Neither is in the top of her class. They have spent their teenage years honing their interpersonal skills as club promoters rather than plotting admission to the Ivy League. At 17, they appear existentially exhausted.

"I think the good nights are few and far between," Tess says. "Everyone tries to say it's a party 24-7, but it's really not."

Tess's parents are married. However, her father lives in Europe and she hasn't seen him since January. Anna's parents were separated when she was 4, and she hasn't seen her father in five years. She lives with her mother, a network-TV producer. One of the milestones of Anna's adolescence—and the reason she no longer does much entertaining at home—came in ninth grade when her mother was off on assignment. Without her permission, the teenager invited a few friends over to her house. But news of a parent-free apartment in New York City travels faster than e-mail, and by 3 A.M., despite the doorman's best efforts to keep teenagers out, the party had swelled to 70 people.

"I knew it was wrong," Anna remembers. "But it was past the point where I could do anything."

Her mother returned from her business trip the following week and discovered $50,000 worth of her jewelry missing. "I didn't know it was gone until she noticed," Anna says. "She woke me up at eight in the morning. I thought my life was over."

Tess and Anna have outgrown the club scene—though Tess stresses that as celebrities of the night, on the rare occasions when they condescend to visit a club, they don't have to pay. "The novelty wears out by the time you get to junior year," Tess explains. "It's mostly overrun with Long Island. It's not the scene we like to hang out in."

Instead, the ladies frequent such celebrity and model hangouts as Spy Bar and Lemon Bar. Both carry fake I.D., though neither has ever been carded. "They're very into looks," Anna explains. "If you dress the right way, they'll let you in."

Anna treated Tess and another girlfriend to dinner at Bowery Bar the previous weekend. She plays down the cost. "We all had something so small," she says.

"My salad was small?" Tess protests. "It was a chicken Caesar salad. It was huge."

They also had three drinks apiece. "Jack and Coke," Anna reports.

"I was drinking bellinis," Tess volunteers.

"That night, I didn't pay with money," says Anna, who collects between $150 and $200 a week from her mother. "It was on a credit card."

The girls also have a rather impressive clothes budget. "I spend a lot in one shot," Tess explains. "Before winter, I'll buy a jacket. That's an easy $1,000 right there." Anna estimates she spends between $3,000 and $4,000 "over a season."

These sums don't seem extravagant when you travel in a social circle where high-school friends spend $1,000 or more a night on dinner, drinks, drugs, and limos. "I don't put her on a pedestal because she spends an endless amount of money," Tess says, referring to a friend with an unlimited allowance. "She's the kind of person who'll say, 'Okay. Let me put down $200. If we spend more, we'll figure it out.' It's not like people abuse her money."

At the moment, neither of the teenagers is dating. "In December, I realized I liked this guy and he liked me," Tess explains. "But I wasn't ready for a relationship. I was having fun doing my own thing. I don't want to be in lockdown."

Apparently, the situation was slightly more complicated than that. The heartthrob in question, a college sophomore, was Anna's former boyfriend. "We were ready to shoot each other," Anna concedes.

"Everyone knows the same people in New York," Tess says with a shrug.

"I'm not against sex," said the father of a ten-year-old girl who'd recently played a two-hour game of spin-the-bottle at a birthday party. "I just think kids need a childhood."

SINCE I'M THE FATHER OF 8- AND 3-YEAR-old girls, Anna and Tess were of more than academic interest to me. Friendly and forthright as they are, they seem like a pretty good argument for moving to the suburbs, or Western Australia. They and some of the Teen Scene XI participants (still in ninth and tenth grades, a couple of the girls sounded like Kay Graham in her seventies) provoke the question: Is it possible to raise happy, healthy, unpretentious children in New York, or are the odds simply insurmountable?

"Bringing up well-adjusted kids is having a controlled amount of acquaintance with the outside world," says Nancy Doyne, a screenwriter and the mother of 13- and 10-year-old girls, only half joking.

The city is filled with parents who somehow navigate the whirlpools into which others get sucked and produce children who are polite without being meek or boring and self-possessed without having an overbearing sense of entitlement.

On the other hand, there are career-possessed parents, or ones whose social lives are so demanding that their kids' primary contact is with the nanny. Then there are those hands-on mothers and fathers who are victims of their child's every mood swing and whose goal seems less to raise functional adults than to make their kids best friends for life. Parent discussion groups, which are popular because they give busy city parents the all-too-rare opportunity to compare notes and trade parenting tips, are worth attending not just because of the bonhomie that invariably prevails but also because of the opportunity they offer to peek at other families' child-rearing practices. At a recent discussion among fifth-grade parents concerned that their children were starting to date, one dad stopped conversation when he announced there was a rule in his family: No kissing below the belt.

PARENTS WANT THEIR CHILDREN'S SCHOOLS, to which they're paying upwards of $15,000 a year in tuition, to step into the moral vacuum and teach them values. Unfortunately, the schools have their hands full just getting the kids into college. "So much of ethics and morality are tied up with religion that the schools don't dare touch it," says Guy Sainty, a Spence School father who wishes they would. "So the children don't get it at all. It's becoming more and more apparent."

The recent contretemps at Dalton, where headmaster Gardner Dunnan resigned in the wake of an affair he was having with a fellow faculty member, seemed fueled, at least in part, by some parents' belief that he was setting a bad example for their kids. "Don't you think the role of the headmaster in a school is one of moral leadership?" demands the mother of a Dalton lower-schooler, herself a Dalton graduate. "You can't fuck your subordinates and break up your happy home and stake a claim to morality."

"The guy put a sign on his butt that said FIRE ME," contends a fellow parent. "If a student is caught cheating, how does he deal with that? He's *really* a cheater."

Such a reaction might not be unexpected in, say, North Dakota. But at Dalton, the veritable birthplace of sixties progressiveness? "There's a new definition of liberal now," the Dalton mom and graduate explains sternly. "The moral structure has shifted from 'Express yourself,' to a family-values agenda."

Her objections to Dr. Dunnan started with his love life and proceeded to the school's policy of allowing Walkmans at school and cell phones in the cafeteria. "Some people felt the high school got too permissive," she says. "He's very self-indulgent of adolescent self-expression. There's a lack of comportment now."

The strong reaction doesn't come as a surprise to Jack Dexter, head of the Trevor Day School, a coed academic institution that shares Dalton's progressive, or once progressive, philosophy. "The school has become the center of the ethical community," he observes, particularly with families that aren't members of a church or synagogue. "There are some ways in which the headmaster has pastoral responsibilities, because it's the only ethical community families are part of."

AT 14, ADAM—THE NAME HAS BEEN changed to help him avoid a house call from the youth officer at the 19th Precinct—has found his own ethical community—not through sports or his school's drama club but through spray paint. He's a graffiti artist.

"He told me he had permission to graffiti a wall," recalls his long-suffering mother. "I thought that meant some kid had permission to graffiti his bedroom wall, and when he went off to college they'd repaint."

In fact, the wall in question was on the roof of a building in Peter Stuyvesant Town where Adam and several friends planned to paint an ambitious mural, colloquially known as a "burner," featuring their "tags," or names. "I sort of thought it was, like, semi-legal," Adam says feebly.

there seems to be a mistaken belief among many New York middle-schoolers that oral sex constitutes safe sex, and even that it hardly qualifies as sex at all.

The security force at Peter Stuyvesant Town begged to differ. They appeared just as the boys were about to get busy. "We were all sitting there with gas masks on," Adam recalls. The only previous time he'd been to a police station, if his memory serves him correctly, was when a friend celebrated his 7th birthday at one. "We went down to the 13th Precinct," Adam says, referring not to the birthday party but to his pending case. "It wasn't that big a deal."

Giving it further thought, he amends himself slightly. "For a while, I was afraid I was going to be in deep shit and that my name would be on record."

Luckily, the cops couldn't contact Adam's parents, who were out for the evening. So after holding him for a couple of hours and threatening to send him to Spofford, the juvenile-detention facility, they finally released him.

"We knew when he was little there was an edge to growing up in New York," explains Adam's mom, who on another occasion learned the full details of her son's breaking a lamp only after the story broke in a tabloid gossip column. It seems it was a priceless antique that was sitting in the foyer outside a media baron's Park Avenue apartment—until Adam tripped and sent it tumbling. "I think everything that happens here is a little bigger," she says. "It's a little bigger on the good side, too."

Any kid who was raised in the city and goes off to college can't help but notice that his new classmates from the suburbs are a bit bland, a little less eccentric, a step slower than he or she has come to take for granted. "My sister is at Yale," explains Rachel Brown, a Hunter High School sophomore. "She said to me, 'I really miss the people here. I really miss the fact that everybody is dressed totally differently.' "

Despite the city's opportunities for mischief, few parents seem to seriously consider moving to the suburbs, where they believe drunk teenage driving presents a greater peril than any Manhattan house party, where social life takes place at the mall, and where children aren't exposed in a year to the diversity of humanity the typical city kid sees walking to school every morning. So what if that's the sum total of their contact with the rest of the world. "I really don't know anyone who goes to a public school," confessed that pink-cheeked 14-year-old at Teen Scene XI.

The city also better prepares one for a career in the public eye. In the suburbs, when you perform, it's in your school gym. In the city, it may be on PBS. For example, there's Brandon Levy, the son of actress Tovah Feldshuh, who, as a member of the School for Strings, played Carnegie Hall three times before he turned 10, including at Isaac Stern's 70th-birthday party. "He was one of the 70 candles," Feldshuh explains. "They came in serenading Isaac. That means we're not in Poughkeepsie, where you have your recital at the Elks Club."

Then there's Ansel Butikofer, who won a scholarship to the School for American Ballet after his parents decided their budget wouldn't support after-school gymnastics classes for him. "Ansel was Fritz in the *Nutcracker,*" his mother, Cindy, says proudly. "He's not rich, he's not Russian, he's not related."

Even Adam recently burst upon the city's cultural stage. "He told me he was going to a museum for a conference," reports Adam's mom, with whom he apparently rarely shares his plans. "It turned out to be an all-day conference at the Museum of the City of New York for graffiti. He came home and said, 'It was awesome.' " Perrier was served, and a fellow artist sidled over and introduced herself. "She put her hand out and said, 'I'm Create,' " his mother reports. "That's an only-in-New York kind of thing."

HOWEVER, THERE ARE ONLY SO MANY FREE walls to anoint with your tag, particularly when the cops know your address, so Adam is sometimes forced to take a breather at one of the various house parties that materialize every weekend when unsuspecting parents blithely load up their Suburbans and head for the country, leaving their immovable teenagers behind. Adam attended one such fête the Friday spring break started. Typically, he didn't know who his host was when he arrived or by the time he left several hours later. "I think her parents were in Aspen and she was leaving for Aspen the next morning," he explains vaguely.

And what goes on at these unsupervised events? “There was a lot of drinking—vodka and stuff like that,” Adam says, adding that he no longer drinks. “If you’re throwing up, you look kind of stupid. It wasn’t worth it.”

Forty-ounce beers are the beverage of choice at these parties, particularly if parents swallowed the key to the liquor cabinet before heading off for the weekend. The drugs that are consumed may depend on the socioeconomic profile of the school. Coke and mushrooms are big among high rollers while cat tranquilizer is more popular among those with less disposable income, according to Adam. Marijuana is everywhere.

At a recent charity mixer (they take place at elegant clubs and hotels) some boys reportedly showed up so drunk that ambulances had to be summoned. However, that apparently didn’t make nearly the impression on their fellow partygoers that the two Collegiate boys who arrived in drag made. “The chaperons asked them to put their real clothes on, and they wouldn’t,” says a chaperon. “It was inciting a riot with the more macho boys, who started to fight with them. This was the first dance of the year.”

Charity dances and house parties are but two points on the early-adolescent social compass. Bar and bas mitzvahs are the third. In seventh grade, just as puberty strikes, kids find their social calendars as full as Brooke Astor’s, with a bar mitzvah every weekend. “He’s going on No. 22,” a Dalton dad says of his son. “One young man came to class and said he didn’t do too bad. It took him until Sunday to count [his checks]. He had about $50,000.”

Some are low-key affairs that stress religion and tradition. Others are about as subtle as Disney’s launch of *Pocahontas* in Central Park. “The kids wear major makeup,” says a party planner at Windows on the World, a popular bar mitzvah site where $100,000-plus parties aren’t out of the ordinary. “They spend a lot of time buying the dresses.”

The festivities include such attractions as model photo shoots for the girls with wind machines, and ballhandling displays for the boys by pro basketball players. A recent bar mitzvah featured a booth boys and girls could enter together and view a computer-generated image of what their offspring would look like. “It’s done very tastefully,” stresses a party planner.

The latest trend seems to be celebrating one’s roots. One family reportedly rented Ellis Island for their party; Tovah Feldshuh hired a yacht for Brandon’s bar mitzvah and took 180 guests for an

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"We take them away for a spring vacation we probably can't afford because everyone else does, too," a Spence mother says.

evening cruise along the Hudson that culminated at the Statue of Liberty, where she delivered an oration about her son's heritage. "I talked about Brandon's great-grandfather Gershan, who came to this country in steerage and designed men's suits," reports Feldshuh, who went on to quote Shaw on the importance of hard work. "He was the culmination of their dreams and as such had an obligation to the community."

ADAM DOWNPLAYS THE RUMORS THAT house parties turn into sexual free-for-alls. "I don't think it's that much different than 30 years ago," he comments maturely. "It's not that people are having sex with dogs now. There's not really, like, sex, but there's fooling around."

However, Adam's definition of what constitutes sex and the average baby-boomer parent's may be starkly different. In one recent incident, a bunch of young ladies at a first-tier girls' school supposedly promised to perform oral sex on the boys at an equally prestigious male academy if they'd invite them to a party they were having. "They said they'd give all the boys blow jobs if they let them come," says a schoolmate in whom they confided, but who adds that they were never required to perform the courtesy.

There seems to be a mistaken belief among middle-schoolers that oral sex constitutes safe sex or—and this is what their parents find unfathomable—hardly qualifies as sex at all. "It's what you do when you're fooling around," says a ninth-grader, trying to explain the phenomenon without endorsing it. "Blow jobs are not a serious deal."

"When I was that age, I didn't know what a blow job was," says a stunned mother whose fifth-grade daughter recently brought their popularity among slightly older girls to her attention. "This is what we discuss at dinner."

"Oral sex is the question everybody's freaking out about in parent-school groups," acknowledges a school guidance counselor.

There also seems to be a certain amount of controversy surrounding the question of which sex instigates such encounters. At that age, "girls are looking for affection," contends a guidance counselor at a girls' school. "Boys are looking for action."

The mother of a Collegiate seventh-grader disagrees. "The girls are very mature and pushy, and they're scaring our boys," she says.

Sending your child to a single-sex school may not protect him or her from promiscuity. "It's so counteractive," says Adam, who attends a coed institution but has many friends at single-sex schools. He claims that after a hard week of trying to crack advanced-placement chemistry, boys and girls who don't see the opposite sex all week gather at house parties and "mount each other."

On the other hand, apparently not all of the friendships at coed schools, even among fifth-graders, are entirely platonic. One family dubbed a 10-year-old, four-foot-five Casanova "the Grinder" for his habit of greeting the girls in their daughter's class by rubbing against them suggestively rather than offering the customary handshake or kiss on the cheek. "Amanda said he was always very nice to girls," her father says. "Now she thinks he's sleazy."

A BUNCH OF BREARLEY GIRLS WERE SITTING on a beach over spring break and musing about being an adolescent in Manhattan from the perspective another climate offers. "It's so much easier to grow up in New York City if you're pretty and easy-going and skinny," one of them observed.

"I want to raise my kids on a big farm and have a swing set," her friend said, laughing.

"And not have the same amazing education we had?" a third girl asked sincerely.

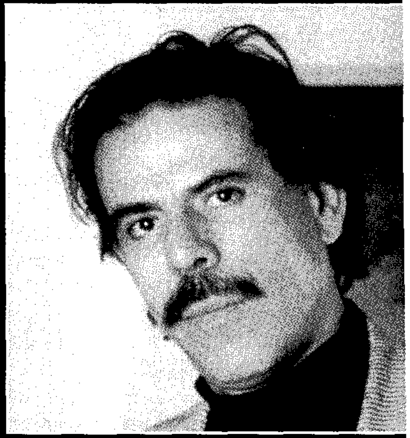
"Trick-or-treating in New York City is the bomb," the second girl conceded.

"Picnics in the park?" her friend persisted. "Going to a small jazz club?"

"Going to the mall, buying a pair of acid-washed jeans," the other girl chanted in reply, her grudge against the city starting to crumble.

"You have a lot of freedom in New York," her friend noted.

"That's also the problem," she answered. ▬



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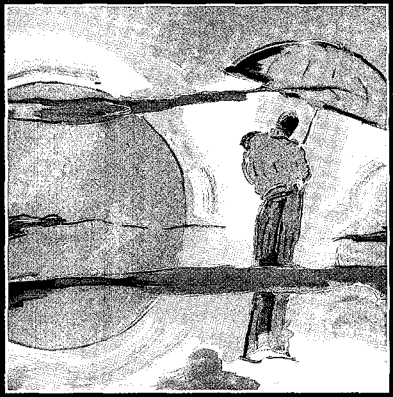
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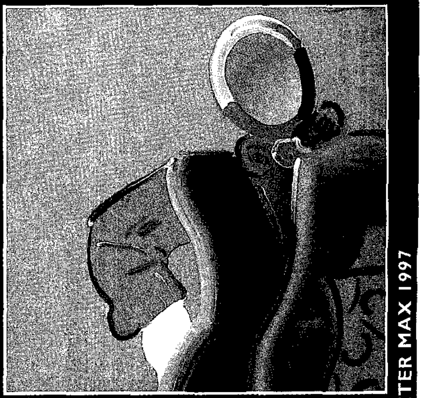
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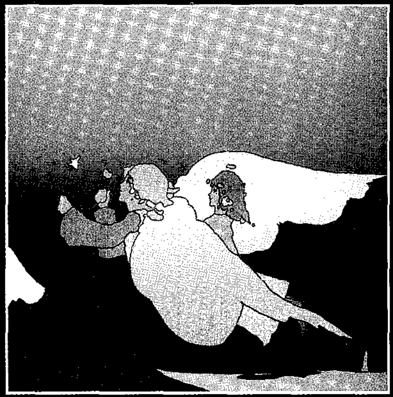
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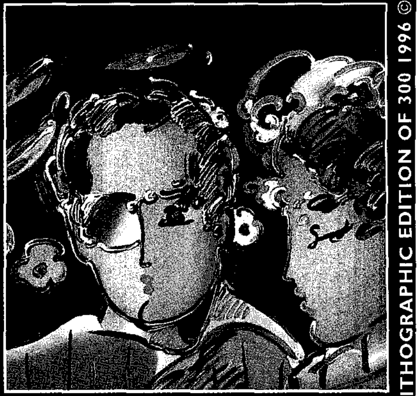
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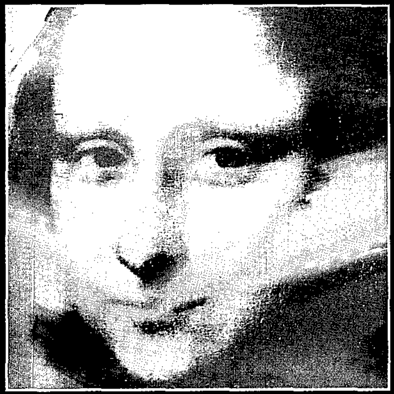
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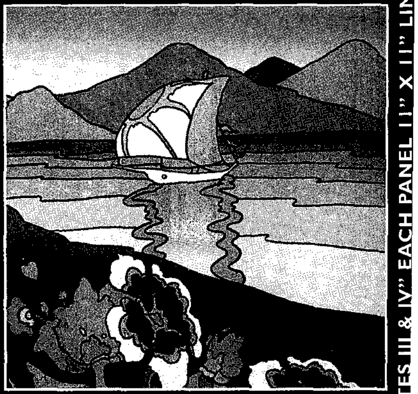
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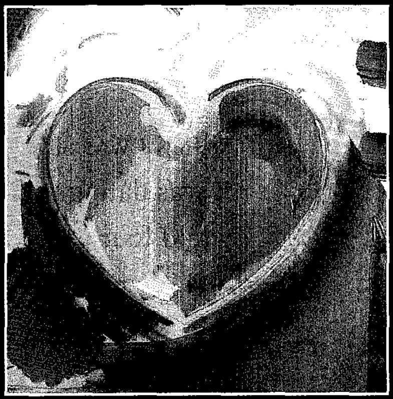
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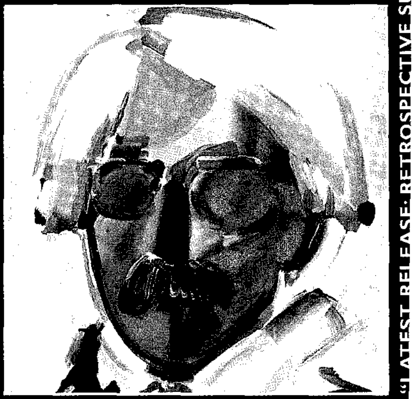
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THINK IT'S EASY TO STRIKE THE RIGHT BALANCE BETWEEN AUTHORITY AND FAMILIARITY WITH YOUR SITTER? DON'T KID YOURSELF.

BY EVA POMICE

WHEN I WAS SINGLE, I IDENTIFIED PERIODS OF MY LIFE BY WHOMEVER I was dating at the time. But ever since my husband and I had a child four years ago, I've viewed my life in terms of nannies. Alma, a domineering mother-in-law type who didn't believe in knocking, vacuumed at all hours and filled our apartment with the sounds of salsa. Karen constantly compared our way of life with that of her former, obviously wealthier employers and

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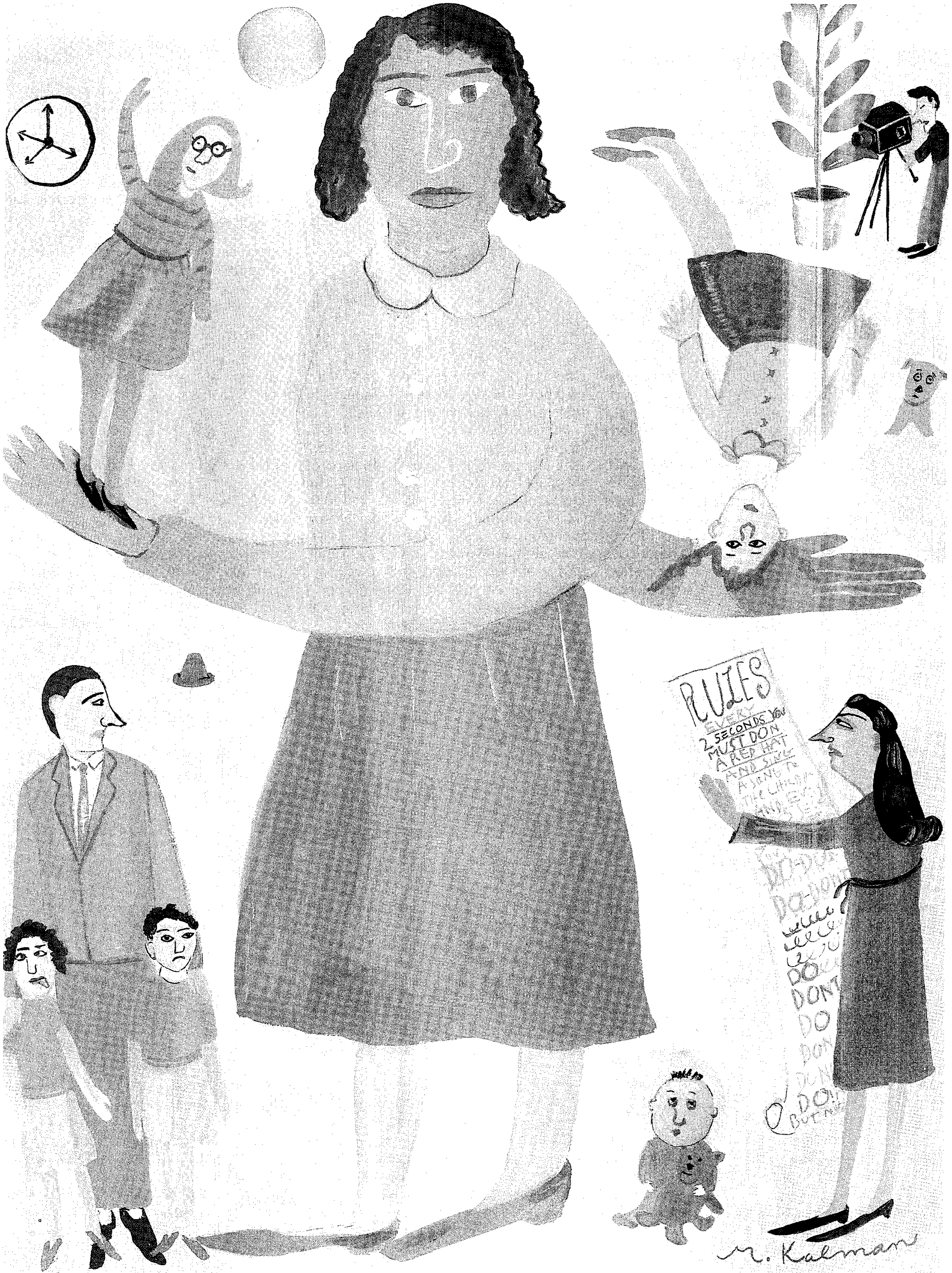
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frightened my daughter with her Teutonic disciplinary style. Amparro, a rescuing angel, brought order and tranquility to our lives, took wonderful care of my daughter—and vanished without warning in January, leaving us with $1,000 in phone bills and unmitigated domestic chaos. After hiring and firing two nannies in the past three months, I'm starting to feel like Elizabeth Taylor. Am I choosing poorly or expecting too much?

Like many parents, I have my fantasy of a perfect nanny: a kindly, devoted lady without a life who does everything well—and never eclipses me in the eyes of my child. "Most parents want a woman who stays in the family forever like Alice on *The Brady Bunch*," says Kathleen Lott, a nanny in Manhattan. "They want that type of devotion. She was always cheerful. She was part of the family, but she was the one who did all the work. I don't think she ever got a day off."

As anyone who has hired, fired, lived with, or been deserted by a nanny knows, the reality is quite different. Having a nanny is at best a Faustian bargain: You get the help and give away bits of your privacy, control over your children's lives, and no small portion of their affection. Even the best nanny-parent relationships (which, to be honest, most often means nanny-*mother* relationships) are built on compromise.

Maybe she's great taking the kids to the park but stuffs them with sweets and goes through cash like a money-laundering operation. Or she's unassailable from 8:30 to 6:30—but ask for an extra evening or her presence at a birthday party and you might as well be talking to her lawyer. And maybe you never dreamed when she first came into your life that someday she'd have a husband or a child of her own—with whom she actually might have to *stay home* on occasion.

So your nanny doesn't see your beautiful child as the be-all and end-all of *her* existence. You're probably not her idea of the perfect parent, either: Your children have a ridiculous number of toys, you don't command enough respect, you're not there when they really need you, and when you are you're too tired to pay attention to them. And, of course, there's the high-handed way you treat the hired help. . . .

THOUGH PARENT-NANNY RELATIONSHIPS—especially those that endure—inevitably get complicated, parents typically make them messier than they need to be. The trouble often starts when a nanny thinks the parents don't treat her as a professional, says Wendy Sachs, president of the International Nanny Association, a trade organization for the in-home child-

RULES
EVERY 2 SECONDS YOU MUST DON A RED HAT AND SING A SONG TO THE CHILDREN

care industry. Why can't parents—many of whom are professional managers in their work lives—handle this one?

"I think there's often an unconscious fantasy that a mother is being hired," says Ilene Sackler Lefcourt, director of the Sackler Lefcourt Center for Child Development. "And if we hire a mother for our children, what does that person become to us?"

Treating a nanny as part of the family or a friend who just happens to get paid for babysitting and cleaning bathrooms can be ruinous. "Domestic help was something the ultra-rich had," says Delia Marshall, a magazine editor. "Coming from an immigrant, liberal background, it was hard for me not to treat our first nanny as my peer, when in fact I was her employer. I didn't feel like I could tell her what to do, and sometimes she didn't take me seriously as boss."

Once a year we'd get up the courage to say, 'Please, could you stay an hour later?,' giving her three weeks' notice, and she'd say, 'Let me think about it.'

In a relationship as intimate as the one between a mother and a nanny, power struggles are inevitable. Yet most conflicts have to do with the same issues that affect other work situations: pay, vacation, and perks; job responsibilities and lines of authority. And above all, poor communication.

Nannies aren't mind readers, says Wendy Sachs of the INA. "Parents often hire a new employee and say, 'Here's day one, here's the schedule, I'm going to work.' And then they're devastated that she didn't do what they wanted her to." Nannies often end up quitting because they're working longer hours than they thought they would be, or doing work that wasn't in the original job description.

Pay ranges in New York vary widely, depending on experience, the employer's financial resources, and the neighborhood you live in; nannies talk and quickly find out the going rate in the neighborhood. There are families who pay newly arrived, non-English-speaking immigrants $250 for six days, and employers who pay $600 for five days, give the nanny an apartment, and pay for her graduate education. But the average is about $350 to $400 for five days. The pay for live-in and live-out nannies is basically the same—most nannies live in for their employer's convenience, not for their own—although the hours may differ slightly: Live-out nannies generally work ten-hour days, while live-ins work about twelve.

"The easiest thing to work on is money," says Clifford Greenhouse, an owner of the Pavillion Agency. "If a nanny is not happy with the salary and [is] satisfying you in every other way, let her take advantage of you."

Most nannies also expect a Christmas bonus, usually a week's pay. For both Christmas and the nanny's birthday, a small gift from the child is appropriate. In addition, nannies customarily get two weeks' paid vacation as well as pay for any time the employer is out of town.

Denyse Kapelus, the owner of Professional Nannies Institute, a placement agency, suggests giving nannies all major holidays, since it conveys the idea that they are professionals. If you really need coverage for a holiday, pay double or a get a backup person. Most employers are hesitant to give a nanny a fixed number of sick days for fear that she will take them whether she's sick or not; Kapelus suggests three to five days as reasonable.

Trusting a nanny with money is another important issue. "We were living on rice and beans but getting hundreds of dollars' worth of grocery bills," says Andrea (first names are used here to protect privacy), the mother of a 4-year-old girl. "After she quit, I figured out that she must have been taking a lot of food home." Such blatant abuse is unusual, however. Most parents find it practical to keep money in an envelope and allow the nanny to draw from it as needed, and don't expect a detailed accounting.

"You trust leaving your child with this person; why quibble about a few dollars here and there?" says Kapelus. "If her spending is consistent with your general idea of what things cost, it's a way of indicating that you trust her."

When you're hiring a nanny, it's a good idea to develop an informal contract that includes a job description spelling out child-care responsibilities and how much housekeeping is required, if any. The agreement may also refer to issues likely to become sticking points, such as raises, vacation, and bonuses.

Sandra Pinnavaia, a self-employed management consultant who spent eight years at McKenzie & Co., approached writing the agreement as if she were drafting a proposal for a client. The document includes job requirements like doing the kids' laundry and feeding them dinner, as well as "touchy-feely stuff" like the couple's preference that their 2- and 4-year-old daughters play with both boys' and girls' toys and be taught not to frequently interrupt adults. "I'm a big believer in being as explicit as you can be," says Pinnavaia.

Still, no guide will make the relationship perfect, and it's amazing how many parents tolerate major personality flaws in their nannies because the alternative—going through the whole process *again*—is so daunting (and odds are you won't do any better for the effort).

For eight years, Maggie, an art publicist and mother of two, had a nanny who was great with the kids but completely inflexible about hours. "She ruled us," says Maggie. "Once a year, we'd get up the courage to say, 'Please, could you stay an hour later?,' give her three weeks' notice, $100,000 extra, and pay her the Concorde home, and she'd say, 'Let me think about it.' She wouldn't even come to the children's birthday parties. I felt like I was working for her." The nanny also made it clear that she preferred that Maggie, who has a flexible schedule, be out of the house. "I look back now and say life is so much easier," Maggie says. "I wouldn't have her back for anything."

Given a little advance preparation, a nanny should be able to accommodate a certain amount of the change that goes with a growing family. "I hired my nanny when my child was 6 weeks old with the understanding that the job is constantly evolving," says Melody Goldberger, the mother of a 4½-year-old girl. "The summer before my daughter started to go to school, I prepared her by saying, 'I'll give up the housekeeper if you want to do housework, or we'll have to adjust your hours.' "

On the other hand, more drastic change on the employer's part is sometimes necessary. "My first nanny was a great infant nurse, but she has neither the energy nor the humor nor the interest to figure out how to keep an adventurous 3-year-old happy," says Cathy. "What I'm looking for now is totally different from what I was looking for when my daughter was 4 months old. She's constantly holding my daughter back."

PARENTS OFTEN HAVE THE TOUGHEST TIME figuring out how to draw lines of authority. Greenhouse, of the Pavillion Agency, suggests making it a gradual process. "You have to give the nanny a chance to strut her stuff," he says. "Start by letting her decide what your child has for lunch, and once you see that she's competent, give her more and more responsibility." Many parents allow nannies to make playdates, for example, but insist on meeting the parents first. Finding the balance of

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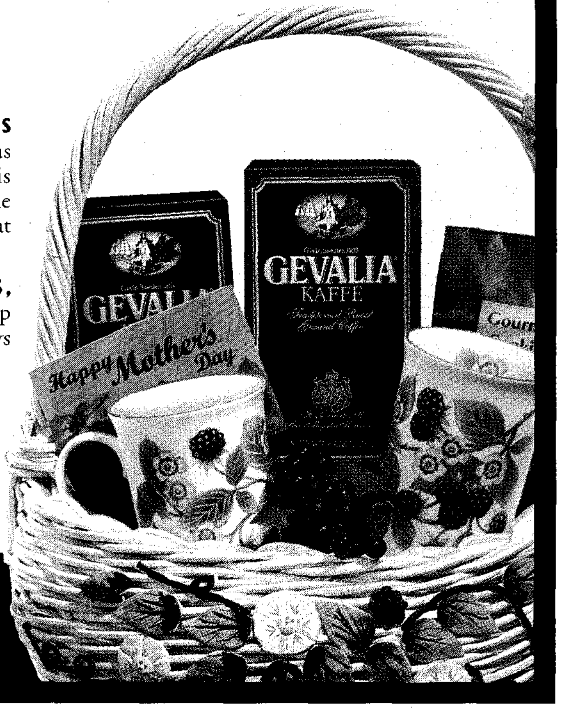

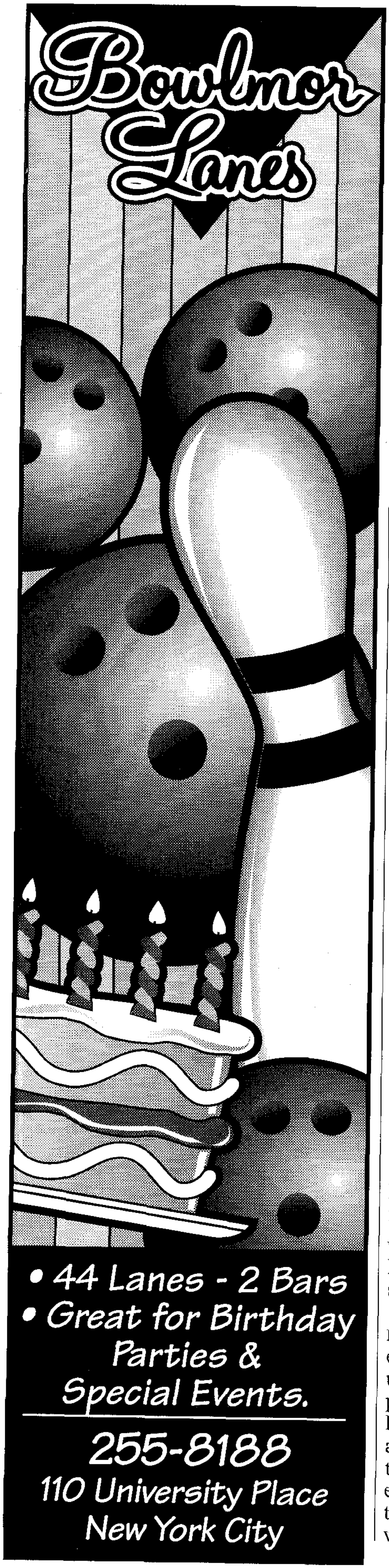
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power that works in your family can be an ongoing struggle, and one you won't always win. When Sarah hired Erica, a former Montessori teacher, she thought her prayers had been answered. "She could keep all three kids entertained," Sarah says. "If I had ten children, I could leave and she could handle it." But before long, Erica became the enemy within. "If I would say the kids couldn't have something, she would say they could. If one of the children would have a tantrum, she would dive in and say, 'Oh, honey, come to me.' I wanted to slap her. It's like, 'I'm handling this now.' We couldn't both be with the kids at the same time."

Like mothers and fathers, nannies and the parents who employ them should at least be on the same wavelength when it comes to discipline. You should make clear what is unacceptable—hitting a child, for example, or locking him in his room. "You can't ask the nanny to be you," says Betsy Schur Levy, the psychologist of the 92nd Street Y Nursery School. "But you can ask her to give discipline and praise and reinforcement in a way that you're comfortable with."

Cultural differences are among the hardest to resolve. Beth Caunitz, a dentist, agrees with her nanny of eight years on most issues but feels she spoils her two sons. "She thinks boys shouldn't have to learn to do *anything* for themselves, that their wives will do it for them one day," says Caunitz. "When I tell my kids to bring their plates inside, *she* says, 'No, no, no, he's a boy,' and she looks at me. When we talk about our philosophies on how to raise kids, she takes the criticism personally, because we're not talking about how she folds the laundry but about who she is and what she believes in."

IF A NANNY DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HER JOB ends and the parents' begins, fault can usually be traced to the parents' misplaced and sometimes excessive demands. Parents, say child-care experts, need to ask themselves: Does the nanny sleep in the room with the child and give him every bath and meal? Does the nanny put the child to sleep every night? And if so, what's the message being sent?

Geri Rosenberger and her husband, Steve Loeshelle, both lawyers, work full-time but consciously limit the hours their son spends with his nanny. "When I walk in, she goes home," says Rosenberger, who gets home at about six. "We have dinner together, we bathe him, we play until bedtime, and my husband wakes up early and plays with him again in the morning."

Parents have to guard against resenting the nanny for doing her job. I've heard more than one mother say she intentionally changes nannies every year so her children don't become too attached. Such overt rivalry takes a toll on children. "You don't want your child to ever be in a situation in which they feel torn in loyalties," says Levy. "Your child should feel free to develop a relationship with that person."

When parents hire, they take a leap of faith, and it's more than a little scary. "You want to believe they're great," says Michelle, a doctor and the mother of a 1-year-old, who fired a nanny after secretly videotaping her for two days. She saw the nanny ignoring her son for hours on end, lifting him by his hands out of the high chair and by his feet out of the stroller, and letting him wander, unsupervised, from room to room.

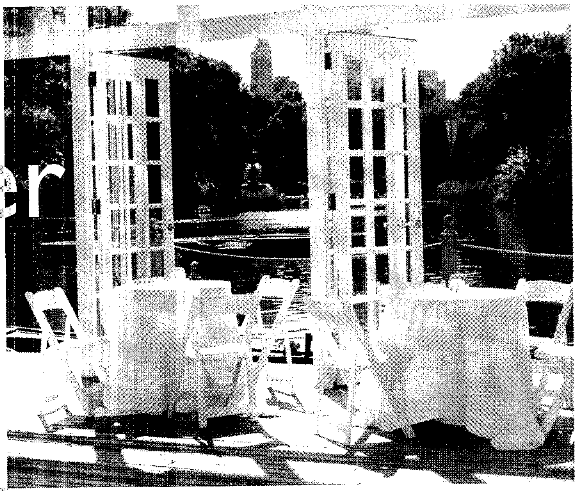
She also learned that the nanny was rifling though the family's file cabinet. "It opened my eyes to the fact that for her, a job was a job," Michelle says, "and not necessarily a job she wanted."

Kid-view, a Long Island company that rents equipment for videotaping nannies, reports that 70 percent of their clients fire nannies after videotaping them. Even if videotaping makes you uncomfortable, you should actively monitor the relationship between your nanny and your child, no matter how ideal it seems.

"There's thinking out there that you can pay a literal stranger to love your child," says Judith Abranovich, co-president of the National Association of Nannies, a support group, and a nanny for the past eighteen years. "Parents are coming from 'Here's my joy in life, something coveted and precious.'

"Not to say their children aren't precious," Abranovich adds, "but they're *not* ours." ■

1997summer
entertainingfair



fair weather

New York Magazine's *Summer Entertaining Fair* will present innovative ideas — for outdoor weddings, graduation celebrations, backyard barbecues, and elegant evenings on the terrace. Attracting the city's culinary experts, the Fair will offer advice, sampling and demonstrations from renowned restaurateurs, professional event organizers, and New York's food and beverage editors. This is the ultimate environment to taste, mingle, discover, and gain inspiration for warm-weather fun.

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BOATHOUSE
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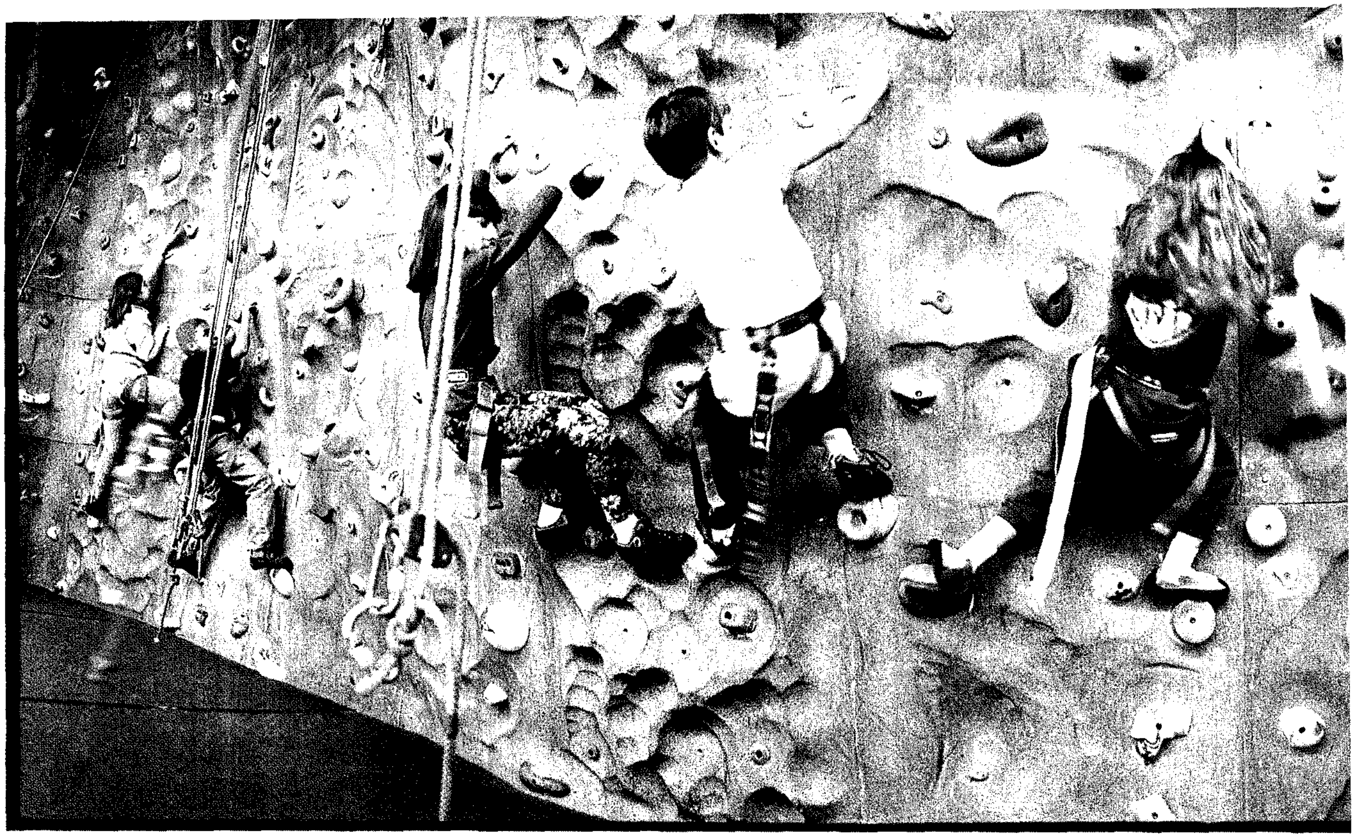
let them eat cake

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARRY MUNGER

THE WHEEL DEAL: JOEL RAPPELFELD GETS KIDS UP AND BLADING.

. . . OR ROCK-CLIMB, OR ROLLERBLADE. A DIZZYING ASSORTMENT OF PARTY PROFESSIONALS MAKES NEW YORK BIRTHDAY BLISS FOR KIDS. HERE, A GUIDE TO THE TOT SPOTS. BY BARBARA ENSOR

"DAD, LOOK AT ME!" JORDAN SLAVIN CALLS OUT triumphantly. He is 30 feet up, at the summit of Chelsea Piers' fiberglass wall of *faux* rock. Four-year-old Slavin is tethered by a turquoise umbilical cord to a handsome, army-trained mountaineering instructor. "Way to go!" Jordan's father calls out, trying not to jiggle the camcorder. One eye is fixed on the image of his child on the four-inch monitor; the other takes in the bigger picture of his son, not long out of diapers, looming high above him on the wall. A girl dressed in a pink gossamer outfit—who has asked to be addressed only as Tinker Bell—stares up in open-mouthed disbelief. Moments later, Jordan is slowly lowered back to the ground in his bright-orange harness, amid scattered applause from a handful of fellow 4-year-olds. Though he is too young to realize it, Jordan has landed at the Manhattan epicenter of children's-birthday-party hoopla—the place where Andrew Giuliani celebrated his birthday a month earlier—the basketball court of the Chelsea Piers Field House. Children's birthday parties used to be casual, not necessarily annual affairs, with games nobody could quite remember the rules to.



The singing of "Happy Birthday" to dimmed lights and the arrival of the cake was the climactic moment. These days, expectations are much higher. At stake here is not only the child's happiness but the parents' assessment of themselves as parents—which may need some bolstering after all those late nights at the office. For New York parents, hosting a birthday party is as close as it gets to taking a final exam. "As a full-time working parent," an East Side mom whose daughter is in public school confides, "you never feel like you spend enough quality time with your child—so you feel you ought to go all-out for something like a birthday party." Regardless of whether they can afford summers in the Hamptons, or even separate bedrooms for the kids, many parents find themselves the hosts of lavish birthday parties—events too important to be left to amateurs like themselves to pull off.

The social pendulum is clearly swinging in favor of bigger parties, perhaps thanks to years of therapy that have put this generation of parents in closer touch with the slights they suffered in the schoolyard. That means parties these days often include everyone in the class, or at least all the boys or all the girls. Many schools have rules that kids are not to discuss parties in school; some, Friends Seminary and Brearley among them, have explicit policies that encourage families to limit their children's parties to a small handful of friends if they aren't going to invite the entire class. The result of all this sensitivity is larger gatherings and a couple of invitations—and trips to the toy store to buy presents—every month.

Over the years, an army of resources has gathered to service the kids'-party circuit, forming a junior version of the wedding industry. Parents in the suburbs can call upon clowns and Discovery Zones to host their parties, but in New York, sophisticated kids' thrill thresholds are higher, and the prospect of pulling something off in a cramped apartment more appalling. Somewhere along the way, nearly every restaurant and tourist attraction in the city has joined the fray: The Empire State Building, Sony Imax, the Knitting Factory—even your local beauty parlor will do mass junior manicures and hairstyling for a price. Peruse the fine print on restaurant menus, museum brochures, and condominium ads, and you begin to see that the entire city is obsessed with the lucrative and imaginative possibilities of children's-birthday-party space.

GETTING PHYSICAL

THE OPPORTUNITY TO RUN AROUND WITH friends on a regular basis is one tangible advantage to the weekend-consuming round of children's parties. Michael and Karen Leder, parents of 5-year-old twin boys, see their sons' busy party schedule as a kind of roving amusement park. "Nobody has enough room in their apartments," Karen points out. "This way, the twins get a chance to socialize and blow off steam"—somewhere other than the living room. **Chelsea Piers** is one of the more luxe alternatives on the circuit, particularly if you buy into the packaged parties in the Field House, where kids adjourn from a variety of athletic activities—rock climbing, bouncing on a trampoline, gymnastics, soccer, or basketball—to cake and merriment in a private party room. (Less costly alternatives without staff to help can be improvised at the Piers' ice or roller rink.) Field House instructors—all U.S. Gymnastic-certified for safety—are extraordinarily adept at humoring children without ever compromising on caution. "She can't come on, she's just a baby," one muscular gymnastic instructor was told by a 4-year-old older brother. "I'm a baby too!" replied the instructor deftly, welcoming both into a gently bouncing circle on the trampoline. "Now let's sing our ABCs," continued the instructor. "How does that song start? I can never remember. . . ." One mother was impressed by the sense of community that "doing something physical together" seemed to foster in a group of 10- and 11-year-olds at the Piers. "They were all cheering one another on—and I loved it that things never once divided along gender lines," she recalls.

Chelsea Piers, Pier 62 (336-6500); $350 for ten kids. Each additional child costs an extra $15. Scheduling is flexible.

"A REALLY FUN GAME CALLED 'DODGEBALL on Rollerblades' " was for Ivey Rothenberg the highlight of her 7th birthday, which was hosted in John Jay Park by Joel Rappelfeld, founder of **Roll America**. Her

traffic and more traffic—with a few tourist attractions thrown in—was what one boy wanted most to share with his friends on the occasion of turning 6.

SOCIAL CLIMBERS: AT THE CHELSEA PIERS, KIDS DIG THEIR TOES IN AND MOVE ON UP.

mother, Norma, a freelance writer, recalls: "It was a wonderful thing to watch—several of the kids had never been on skates before, and within five or ten minutes Joel had them completely relaxed and playing." Rappelfeld, a wiry, puckish character—who for seven years has run an organization called Kids on Wheels that teaches in-line skating to hundreds of children in after-school programs around the city—has an extraordinary ability to relate to kids. "He's the kind of guy who can squirt a water bottle and get everyone giggling. They know they are safe with him," Norma Rothenberg observes. Equipment is brought along for any children who need it, and a couple of assistants come to help put on skates and safety gear.

A passionate in-line skater who came to the sport via figure and speed skating, Rappelfeld tinkers incessantly with the party format. Lately, he has figured out how to make himself into a rolling human boom box with four speakers embedded in his jacket. To classics like duck-duck-goose, and the dodge-Nerf ball the kids played at Ivey's party, he has recently added rolling musical chairs and soccer on wheels. "People often complain," says Rappelfeld "that their kids had such a good time they'll have to buy them skates, which, of course, I take as a compliment." His parties are given outside at little-trafficked outdoor areas or in various indoor rinks around the city. Ivey Rothenberg began planning next year's party the day after this one. She is thinking about having a swimming party (at Asphalt Green) or maybe a big sleepover. "You can guess where that would be, and I'm not crazy about the idea," Ivey's mother adds. "She's learning at a young age to negotiate."

Roll America (744-4444); $250 for ten children; each additional kid costs an extra $10. (Rental skates costs an additional $5.) Scheduling is flexible.

PLAY DATES

WITH MEMORIES OF LAST YEAR'S "BORING pink Power Ranger who did a bunch of karate chops with the kids" dancing in her head, Giselle Miller was anxious to do her homework this time around for her daughter Liseanne's 6th birthday. A sense of panic developed as she learned about parties at the American Museum of Natural History and the New York City Fire Museum "that sounded fantastic, but at prices that were way out of our range." A play-making party at **Center Stage** in Chelsea—a bargain at $250—drew Liseanne's friends into an impromptu performance of *Snow White* and turned out to be, says Miller, a "roaring success." Scampering after each other in warm-up theater games of cat-and-mouse, the children were excited by rumors that they were going to put on a real play. Parts were handed out to all twenty kids—"many of them roles you might not remember from the original story," says David West of Center Stage. "It's always mayhem backstage," he laughs. "The kids all want to peek out at the audience." His partner, Karen Maucher, narrates the story, intermittently whispering cues from the sidelines to prompt the kids to say their big lines. West and Maucher pride themselves in presenting a polished, costumed performance that still has plenty of room for the kids' original thespian impulses. "When someone's little sister wandered up onto the stage recently," West recalls "we just incorporated her into the play right then and there."

Center Stage, 48 West 21st Street (929-

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

JUST DESSERT: AT JEREMY'S PLACE, KOOKY MAGIC, QUIRKY JOKES, AND, OH, YEAH, CAKE.

2228); $250 for up to twenty kids. Book at least two weeks in advance.

LENA SELTZER'S 6TH-BIRTHDAY PARTY AT **TADA!**, a children's theater in Chelsea, gave her mother, Kathleen, a chance to take a bow, too. "Every single parent at that party came over afterwards to me and told me what a great time their kids had had," she says proudly. "They thought the party was so original." Each party rehearses a scene built around a signature song from TADA's repertoire. For Lena's event, the children acted out a slumber party (complete with pillow fight), stayed on the lookout for the character Mom (played by a family friend), and learned a song called "We Refuse to Fall Asleep." In the space of two hours, the children had the words memorized, their hand motions down, and performed the mini-musical in nighties (provided by Lena's mom).

TADA!, 120 West 28th Street (627-1732); $250 for up to twenty kids. Book at least a month in advance.

STARS ARE BORN: CENTER STAGE'S PLAYS GIVE KIDS A CHANCE TO SPEAK UP AND ACT OUT.

THE ARTY PARTY

PARTIES ARE WORK FOR BARBARA MINDEL, who opened **The Craft Studio**, a make-it-and-take-it storefront craft center on the Upper East Side, a year and a half ago. Mindel's own children have sometimes felt resentful about the hours she spends here. So her 10-year-old daughter, Lisa, had doubts about whether she wanted to celebrate her own birthday at Mom's business. But the wonderfully sticky event she did host, where melted chocolate was molded into wheelbarrows that were then stuffed with candy flowers, was enough to persuade her she'd done the right thing.

On a Friday afternoon a group of 30 Spence second-grade girls—assisted by six patient adults—put aside the flowerpots they had been painting with glittery paints at The Craft Studio to get a little silly before cake and juice. "I love it when we do this," one repeat customer in patent-leather Mary Janes and white tights whispered to her friend. Forming a circle, putting their thumbs firmly under their arms, and flapping their wings, they sang along with the words on the CD—"I don't want to be a chicken, I don't want to be a duck, so I'll shake my butt!"—over and over with the refrain of the song. The girls would take home their decorated pots, with the plants they repotted into them, and spunky bright-red-plastic watering cans as party favors. Mindel says it's "the pride they take in making something really beautiful that they can keep" that has made her parties so popular. Clearly they also get a lot of satisfaction from swishing that paint-laden brush and deciding which color goes where and with how much glitter. But Mindel is restless for new ideas, and as a mother she is especially attuned to the fickleness of children's tastes. "I'm thinking maybe we could have parties for the older girls where they decorate boxer shorts and camisoles with puffy markers to make pajamas," she says slowly. "We'll have to test that. Or maybe something that plays off the Beanie Baby fad . . . beanbag hearts might work. . . ."

The Craft Studio, 1657 Third Avenue, between 92nd and 93rd Streets (831-6626); parties for twelve children range in price from $315 to $575. Scheduling is flexible.

LORRIE VEASEY GREW UP IN A HOUSE THAT was a neighborhood hangout because her mother, a potter, was comfortable helping kids fashion piggy banks, cereal bowls, superheroes, or whatever else they wanted to make out of clay. "I thought that was what all kids did for fun," she says. History has a way of repeating itself: Two weeks after installing a potter's wheel at Mud, Sweat & Tears East—where she planned to produce and sell her own pottery—Veasey, now 33, says she found "I had every kid in the neighborhood sitting on my lap making pots with me." Veasey, who had taught kindergarten for ten years, began offering classes (for adults and children) and birthday parties. Renaming the outfit **Our Name Is Mud**, she added a West Side branch last October. The two basic birthday-party alternatives are the mud-pie party, where kids make painted pinch pots and animals from scratch, and the paint-a-pot party, where everyone paints existing bisqueware, choosing from the store's selection of mugs, teacups, picture frames, and other bric-a-brac. The works of art are fired and distributed a week later.

Our Name Is Mud (570-6868), 1566 Second Avenue, between 81st and 82nd Streets, and 506 Amsterdam Avenue, between 84th and 85th. Parties range from $23 to $40 per head (ten-child minimum). Book at least three weeks in advance.

CROWD PLEASERS

"ARE YOU THE BIRTHDAY GIRL?" JEREMY Sage, the star behind **Jeremy's Place**, asks Floy, kneeling down to her level as she arrives to celebrate her 6th birthday, a big pink gingham bow in her hair. “Are you the one who'll help me with my magic tricks? The one who will blow out the candles on the cake? The one who gets to keep all the presents? The one who cleans my bathroom after?” Floy giggles, covering her mouth coquettishly, at the trick question. Sage, an older, warmer Pee-Wee Herman–David Copperfield hybrid, has built his 32-year party career by putting the birthday child squarely under the spotlight. A magic show, performed in his ground-floor brownstone party space, decked out in toys and glow-in-the-dark special effects, is an excuse for comic asides, slightly rude balloon noises, or jokes about the demands that mommies make that key right into children's psyches. “Is Jeremy a tuna-fish brain?” he's likely to ask with perfect kid-pitch. One parent marveled that in viewing six consecutive videotapes of her child's parties—“through three husbands and two schools,” as she put it—“the cadence of Sage's voice changes with each year as my child has grown up.” “Sometimes kids ask me to repeat a joke they liked, but I don't have a set patter that I can remember and repeat,” Sage explains. “I just get out there and do what comes naturally.” Parties at Jeremy's Place are expensive, “the gold standard,” as they're sometimes referred to on the circuit. Floy's two hours of glory with 29 kids (more than Sage normally takes on), complete with party favors and a professionally shot videotape, ran to just under $1,000.

Jeremy's Place, 322 East 81st Street, between First and Second Avenues (628-1414); $599 for ten children; each additional kid costs $10. Book at least two months in advance.

LINDA KAYE, OWNER AND PROPRIETOR OF **Linda Kaye's Birthdaybakers, Partymakers, Inc.**, still offers the party she developed at her kitchen table back in 1976, when her own two children were in elementary school. In that party, still one of the most popular from a long list of alternatives, the children actually make the birthday cake that is served. Nowadays, a chef and two assistants arrive at the site of the party. “The kids work with real pastry tools, and a fairy-tale theme can be woven into the party,” Kaye explains. “All the parent needs to provide are eggs and an oven.” Ms. Kaye also advises organizations on how to put together parties for children and gives party referrals for families seeking, say, a national yo-yo champion, or a team who will come in and help kids put together a murder-mystery video. In May, Kaye will launch a Website (www.partymakers.com) to dispense advice to anxiety-ridden parents nationwide on everything from how many paper plates to buy before a party to which magicians live in a given locale. Parents simply punch in their child's age, interests, and area code.

Linda Kaye's Birthdaybakers, Partymakers, Inc., 195 East 76th Street (288-7112); parties start at $450. Schedule at least six weeks in advance.

At Linda Kaye's Birthdaybakers, Partymakers, kids work with pastry tools and a real chef. All that, plus a fairy-tale theme if you want it.

SELF-STYLED

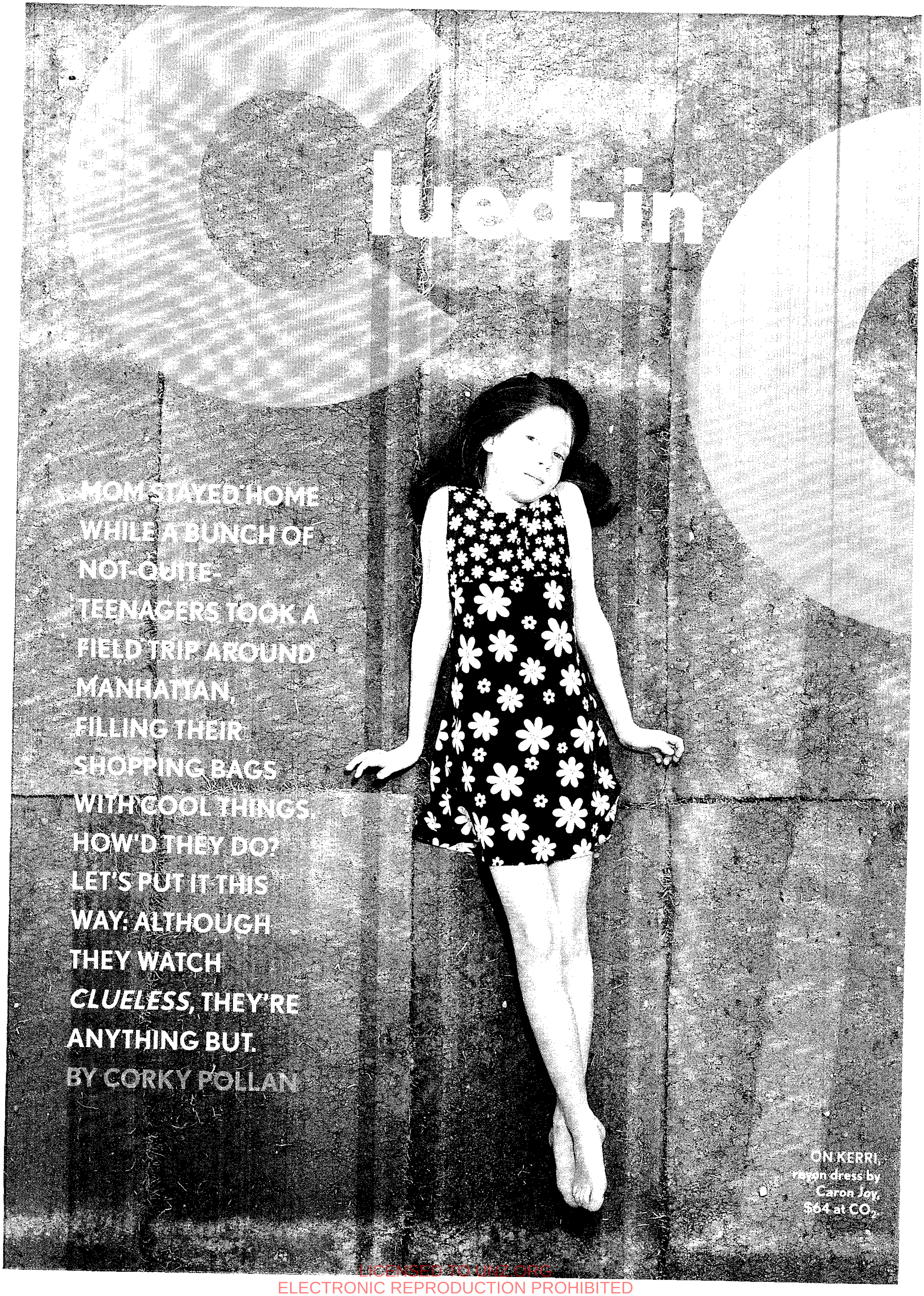
TAKING THEIR CUE FROM THEIR CHILD'S fantasy life, parents can use what the city has to offer without relying on prepackaged solutions. Traffic and more traffic—with a few tourist attractions thrown in—was what Asa Ivry-Block wanted most to share with his friends on the occasion of turning 6. He and his parents met party guests at a bus stop beside the Empire State Building, where everyone boarded a double-decker tourist coach on its regular rounds. The top of the bus had been cordoned off with crêpe-paper decorations (hung by the bus company at the request of Asa's parents). Much to the child's delight, the bus route (or the half of it they actually traveled on) was especially gridlocked that day. His parents quizzed the guests with improvised questions about the people and places they happened to see out the window and, by pre-arrangement, the driver veered slightly off his customary route to drop party guests at Two Boots to Go, where the automotively fulfilled group wolfed down the traditional pizza and birthday cake in a party room booked for the occasion.

The Romano family invited guests for a game of softball in Prospect Park to celebrate their son Tomás's 10th birthday—a party that she says “will probably go down in history as the best we ever gave.” To celebrate the 7th birthday of her daughter—an enthusiastic prima ballerina—local TV reporter Magee Hickey rented a neighborhood dance studio, where her sister, “Aunt Jane,” taught a ballet class in a tutu commandeered for the occasion. The lesson, the tutu, and everything else about the party were discussed in minute detail for months afterward.

Amy Bittinger took her 11-year-old daughter, Lauren, and three friends out of the city to escape the typical party drill. The entourage spent a close-to-sleepless night at the Woodcliff Lakes Hilton in New Jersey, which runs a weekend special. The girls took late-night swims and ordered room service. “The uniforms were very important,” notes Bittinger. “They could not get over all these people who worked at the hotel wearing uniforms.”

Parents do give parties at home too, and even live to cherish the memories. The best birthday party Audra Herman—director of events at the Children's Museum of Manhattan—recalls having at home for her own children involved taping rolls of paper to the floor and letting the kids draw around each other with markers and crayons. “We used a similar idea at the museum for our Spring Benefit,” she recalls, “and the kids loved it.” Frank Riina cut up a couple of refrigerator boxes to make a castle with a jousting area, where his 5-year-old son and guests excitedly imagined themselves knights.

THE EFFORT THAT GOES INTO IMPROVISING A party may mean more to children than parents realize. My own mother grew up, a middle child among four, in a household where her parents, both real-estate agents, “always seemed too busy to notice much about what was going on in my life.” Before her 5th-birthday party, she was sent to the neighbors' for a few hours while preparations were made for a party. “Coming back, I still remember that feeling of complete awe on discovering that my mother had woven an elaborate treasure hunt out of string.” The front door of the house, the front hall, the whole living room, dining room, and part of the way up the stairs were like a huge spider web. “The idea,” she says, “was that my friends and I were given something to wind our string on—maybe a little stick—and you wound and wound and followed the string wherever it took you until you reached a little prize.” The prize itself has been long forgotten. “After more than six decades, what I remember most about that day,” my mother says “is that I was so touched and surprised that my mother had gone to so much trouble.” ▬



lued-in

MOM STAYED HOME WHILE A BUNCH OF NOT-QUITE-TEENAGERS TOOK A FIELD TRIP AROUND MANHATTAN, FILLING THEIR SHOPPING BAGS WITH COOL THINGS. HOW'D THEY DO? LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY: ALTHOUGH THEY WATCH *CLUELESS*, THEY'RE ANYTHING BUT.

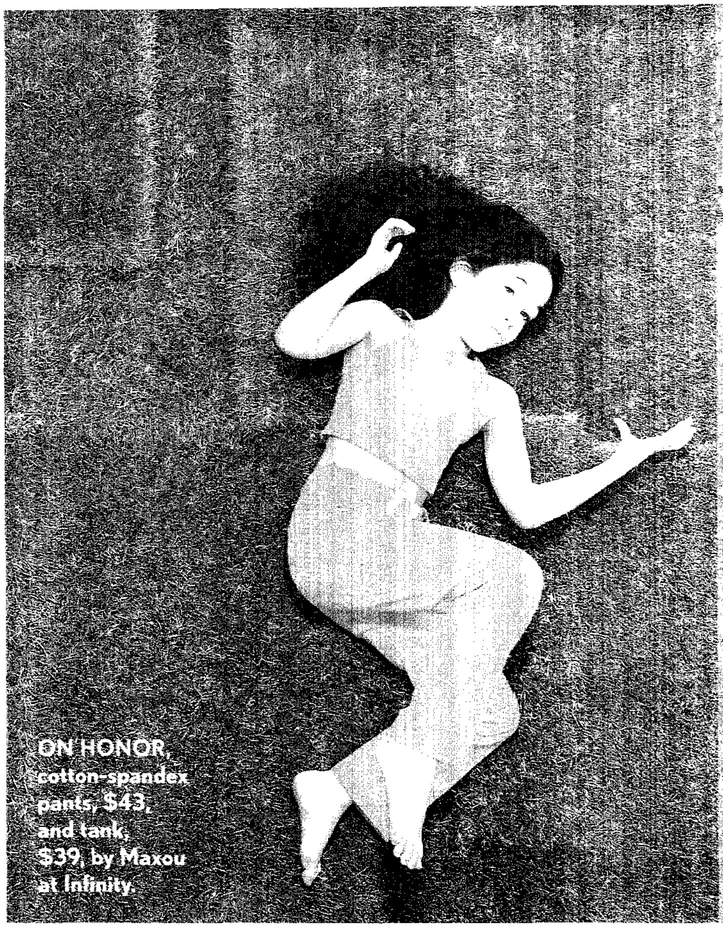
BY CORKY POLLAN

ON KERRI, rayon dress by *Caron Joy*, $64 at CO$_2$.

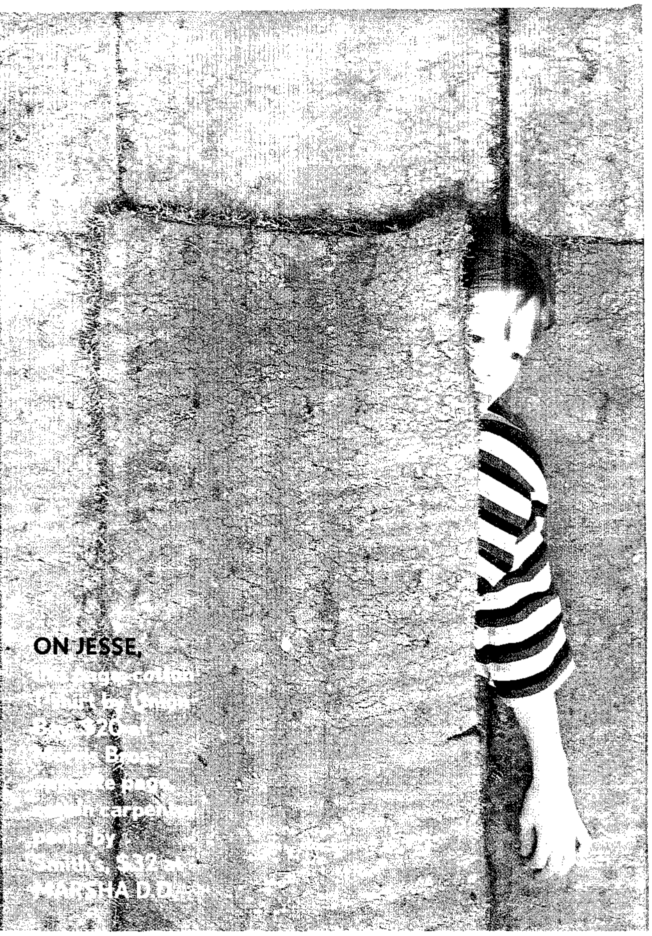
Clothes

ON VANESSA, polyester-cotton pants by Les Tout Petits, $54 at Infinity, and cotton tank by project e, $20 at CO_2.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRIS BUCK



ON HONOR, cotton-spandex pants, $43, and tank, $39, by Maxou at Infinity.



ON JESSE, [illegible] cotton T-shirt by Union Bay, $20 at [illegible] Bros.; opposite page, [illegible] carpenter pants by Smith's, $32 at MARSHA D.D.

"SHE'LL SPEND HOURS PUTTING TOGETHER ONE OUTFIT. IF IT WASN'T FOR the uniform, she'd never get to school on time," sighs one mother. "We have a pact," says a second. "One day, she gets to wear what *she* likes; another day, she wears what *I* like." Others just throw up their hands: "I've learned to keep my mouth shut—I just don't get the styles." ▪ These mothers aren't comparing notes on teenagers stretched out on the modular in shredded jeans, watching Beavis toss a poodle in a washing machine when they should be finishing their algebra. Today the battle over what may enter the closet starts as early as 7 or 8. These kids are too young to go shopping by themselves but too old to blithely defer to Mom. As one shopkeeper puts it, "It seems to be a shopping truism: Whatever a mom likes, her 10-year-old is sure not to."

This is hardly news to family therapist Barbara Kanal. "Kids are exposed to so much at a young age, thanks in part to TV," she says. "They're already asserting their independence and searching for identity."

Moms, meanwhile, are searching for fond but fast-vanishing memories of calico, velvet, and lace—smocked frocks and Peter Pan collars. Now their preternaturally fashion-conscious 8-year-olds are demanding outfits many parents consider too funky, sophisticated, or even sexy. Girls who've barely said good-bye to *Sesame Street* seem to have moved into MTV's *Real World.* Struggles between boys and parents are less fraught with angst. "As long as the language on the T-shirt isn't offensive and he doesn't trip over his baggy jeans, it's fine with me," asserts one mom who's learned the wisdom of compromise.

Though there are scores of shops catering to kids, once they outgrow 6X, it's as if they'd been evicted from paradise. Many store owners find preteens too picky and hard to please. "A mom will come and ask us to put aside fifteen things for her daughter," one shopkeeper tells us. "She'll return with her 9-year-old, who'll reject all fifteen." Many of the stores have stopped stocking clothes for this age group; others have simply closed.

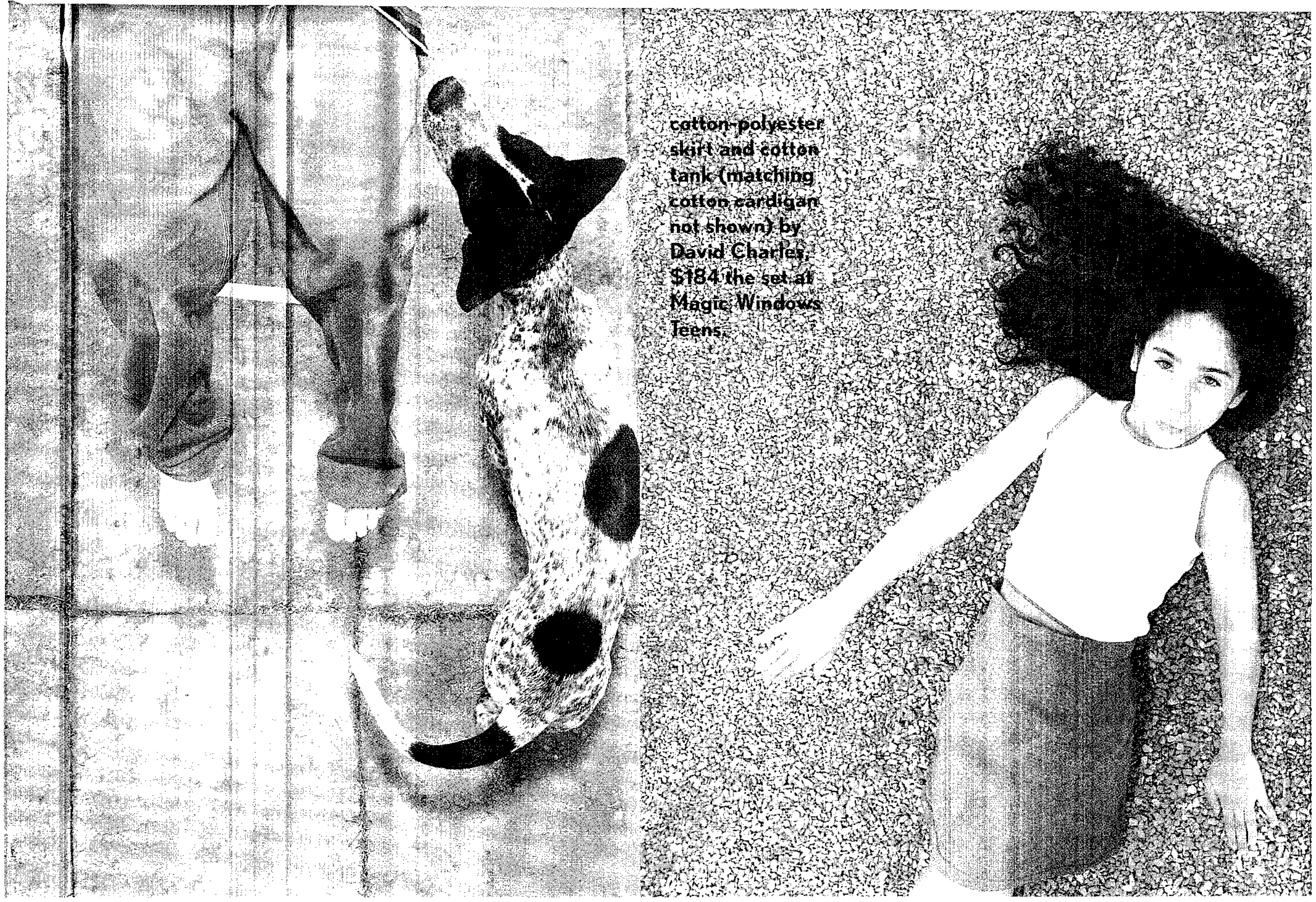
To find out what preteens really think is cool—and what's terminally dweeby—*New York* tailed three girls on a shopping spree: Vanessa Fine, 11, an Ethical Culture School fifth-grader; Kerri Bernstein, 10, a fourth-grader at P.S. 6; and Honor McGee, 8, a Brearley third-grader. The next week, it was the boys' turn: Jesse Bloch, 11, an Ethical Culture fifth-grader; Anthony Gentile, 10, a fifth-grader at P.S. 87; and Sam Haavisto, 9, a fourth-grader at P.S. 41.

Our three girls had a highly developed sense of style, fueled by *Clueless,* MTV, and teen magazines. They spied what they liked from store windows even before we'd parked our van. They pulled together outfits like pros, finding a top at one end of a store, pants at the other. Since two of the girls wear jeans and sneakers to school just about every day (Honor wears a school uniform), they zeroed in on trendy jeans like low-rider boot-legs by Smith's or Stevenson, and groovy, dash-of-natural-fiber tops. The boys were slower and more deliberate in their selections, most excited about baggy jeans and T-shirts with sports logos—a skateboarder's floppiness coupled with basketball-team spirit.

WHAT GIRLS LIKE

GIRLS ARE CRAZY ABOUT **Infinity** (1116 Madison Avenue, at 83rd Street; 517-4232) for exactly the reasons most moms hate it: The fashions are pretty funky. It's as messy as a kid's room here: clothing jammed into every corner, even on the

Styling by Leah Levin. Hair and makeup by Assumpta for Price, Inc.



cotton-polyester skirt and cotton tank (matching cotton cardigan not shown) by David Charles, $184 the set at Magic Windows Teens.

floor (though things are a bit more organized now that the store has annexed the space next door). Owner Liza Finkelstein, who just turned 30, avidly skims *Seventeen* and *YM*, and really listens to her young customers. Knowing that preteens can be plumpish, she finds forgiving styles that will afford them a little Kate Moss sleekness. Party dresses you won't find elsewhere are stitched up by her dressmaker: Snappy little Prada and Gucci knockoffs are the most-begged-for right now. *(Expect to pay $25 for a tie-dyed tank top, $35 for fringed Stevenson jeans, $196 for a stretchy sleeveless dress.)*

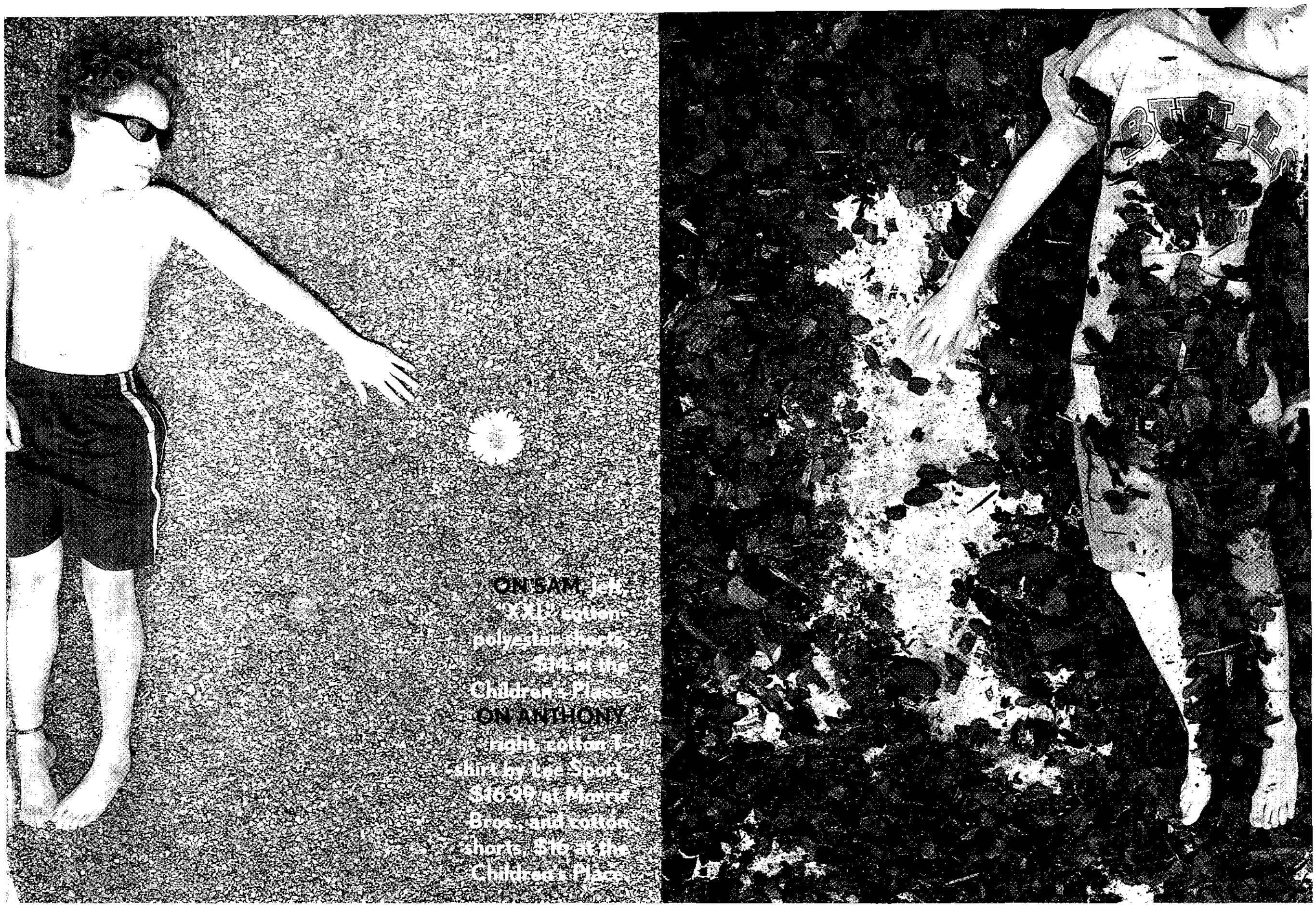
It may be the outpost of a national chain, but **The Children's Place** (901 Sixth Avenue, at 33rd Street, 268-7696, and 173 East 86th Street, 831-5100) is definitely clued in. Colors and styling are up-to-the-minute, and the selection for preteen girls is impressive (even if the range for boys is somewhat limited). All three of our girls were enthusiastic about tops: the loopy cardigans in popsicle colors, mod T-shirts, and flowery rayon blouses. And Vanessa liked the hibiscus-printed ankle-brushing skirt. Though the boys complained there wasn't much in their sizes, they managed to find retro-look polo shirts, zippered plaid "shirt-jacs," wide-legged chinos, five-pocket twill pants, and nylon jackets. *(Expect to spend $5 to $12 for a T-shirt, $16 to $19 for khakis, $18 to $28 for a jacket.)*

"A few years ago, a mother would come in and buy her 10-year-old a season's worth of classic smocked dresses. But not anymore," says Carole French, owner of **Magic Windows Teens** (1186 Madison Avenue, at 87th Street; 289-0181). An annex of Magic Windows (the infant-and-kiddie shop), Magic Windows Teens concentrates on party, bas mitzvah, and sweet-16 dresses. Though most of the stock is geared to teenagers, there are plenty of acceptable things for those preteens keenly attuned to what looks loserish and what doesn't: Zoe Ltd., Monkey Wear, and Nicole Miller are the bolder names here. Some of the styles are a bit frilly—borderline mainstream, actually—but two of our rather hip testers liked this store for "dress up" and coveted the pale printed-chiffon sleeveless gown by Barbara Perlin for Monkey Wear with its shimmery rayon jacket. A Zoe two-piece outfit also won raves. *(Expect to spend $44 for a Monkey Wear shirt, $120 to $500 for a party dress.)*

Deborah Chu and Bill Rosson have bucked the trend, opening a shop in prime Upper West Side territory for girls 8 to teenage. **CO_2** (284 Columbus Avenue, near 73rd Street; 721-4966) is closet-size, yet all the hot designers have managed to crowd in: Maxou, Full Circle, dollhouse, Les Tout Petits, Soleil Soleil, and Tripp NYC. Scaled-down Gucci and Prada looks, East Villagey threads, and kooky T-shirts appealed to all three of our testers. And hipster pants by such important low-rider designers as Smith's, Stevenson, Diesel, and Paris Blues got gold stars. *(Expect to spend $20 for a Smelly's Scratch n' Sniff T-shirt, $54 for Les Tout Petits low-rise boot-leg pants, $98 for a Soleil Soleil tank dress.)*

An eye-numbing profusion of candy stripes, scatty plaids, and combustible florals adorns everything from hats to shoes to dresses to jackets at **Oilily** (870 Madison Avenue, near 70th Street; 628-0100). Designs are meant to be layered, and the clothing is cut wide and oversize so it can be worn for more than one season—which may make the ambitious

preternaturally fashion-conscious 8-year-olds are demanding outfits many parents consider too funky, sophisticated, or even sexy.



ON SAM, left, "XXL" cotton-polyester shorts, $14 at the Children's Place. **ON ANTHONY,** right, cotton T-shirt by Lee Sport, $16.99 at Morris Bros., and cotton shorts, $16 at the Children's Place.

prices look almost rational. Dresses are European-long (Oilily is a Dutch company), and the styling is pleasantly childlike, so this store is popular with moms. But it didn't rate high with our gang: They found the skirts too long, the styling too basic and one-note (the only differences among the blouses, for instance, were the colors and prints). Kerri, however, liked a few of the sweaters to wear with jeans. *(Expect to spend $36 for a shirt, $122 for a sweater, $120 to $170 for a cotton dress.)*

Parents who routinely blow $3,000 on an Armani suit may think nothing of handing over $800 for a leather bomber jacket sized for an 8-year-old. But prices at **Bonpoint** (811 Madison Avenue, at 68th Street, 879-0900, and 1269 Madison Avenue, at 91st Street, 722-7720) would give most parents palpitations. The boutique on 91st Street carries preteen clothing and classic hand-smocked dresses (too babyish for many 8-to-12-year-olds), but mostly the fashions are simple and rather elegant. And it's hard to fault the fabrics or the very girly styling. Our crew, however, rated the garb "too prissy." *(Expect to spend $60 for a T-shirt, $118 for a skirt, $193 for a print dress.)*

WHAT BOYS LIKE

"IF IT'S NOT *REALLY* BAGGY OR SPORTS-related, the boys won't wear it," says Philip Krumholtz of **Morris Bros.** (2322 Broadway, at 84th Street; 724-9000). So this cluttered emporium (No. 1 with all three of our guys) carries all the baggy, baggier, and baggiest duds and all the superhot athletic labels. The store, launched as a pushcart business by Morris Krumholtz in 1939, is now an Upper West Side institution run by the founder and his sons, Philip and Barry. Though there's plenty of clothing for infants and girls, the store's boys' and young men's departments are the true standouts. There are racks and racks of jeans (Levis, Ralph Lauren, CK, Mudd, Billy Big, JNCO, Sutters, Menace) and athletic T-shirts (Adidas, Nike, Lee Sport, Quick Silver, AND 1, Hank Player) to rummage through. The pickings for preteen girls include everything from the basics to party dresses, but it's all fairly typical stuff, except for ultrahip Stevenson jeans, Adidas satin shorts, and Attitude dresses. *(Expect to spend $15 for a Nike T-shirt, $22 for Adidas shorts, $48 for JNCO jeans.)*

"I have a feeling there's a lot of stuff I'll like," said Sam as we wandered into the boys' department at **Polo/Ralph Lauren** (867 Madison Avenue, at 72nd Street; 606-2100). Surprisingly, the Anglified emporium was a hit with all three of the boys, though the styles were a far cry from those at Morris Bros. Most of the sweatshirts, T's, and windbreakers they selected did say SPORT, but it was the colors and the simple designs that appealed to them as much as the lettering. They rejected the cotton and linen blazers so dear to a mother's heart but liked the classic, "unbaggy" chinos. And they were really rather taken with how "fancy" the store was. *(Expect to spend $25 for a T-shirt, $62 for a cotton sweater, $98.50 for a nylon windbreaker.)*

"It's the Gap for every day, Bonpoint or M.W. Teens for dressing up," says one mom. The styles aren't funky or cutting-edge, yet **Gap Kids** was high on both the boys' and the girls' lists of favorite stores. Though there wasn't enough time to actually shop the Gap with the girls (too many other places to cover), we stopped by the branch on Madison Avenue and 55th Street with the boys. They beelined over to the basics, selecting baggy, easy-fit jeans, shorts, and khakis. But they also liked the retro-look polo shirts and sports-logo T-shirts. *(Expect to spend $12.50 for a T-shirt, $24 for khakis, $58 for a cotton dress.)*

Unlike most other shopkeepers, Marsha Drogin Dayan finds preteen boys and girls fun and not at all difficult. "They know exactly what they want," she says, "and I never try to steer them to something else." **MARSHA D.D.** (1324 Lexington Avenue, near 88th Street; 534-8700) is shoe-box-size but crammed with all the stuff these kids like: Smith's bell-bottom jeans, scads of supercool T-

ON VANESSA, left, stretch ottoman dress by Chelsey Blake, $198 at Infinity. ON KERRI, right, polyester-Lycra pants, $54, and nylon top, $28, by Les Tout Petits, at CO_2.

shirts for girls, painter pants and sports-team T-shirts for the boys, and names such as Hank Player, Paris Blue, and Diesel. Though Dayan keeps her threads sporty and casual, she does carry a few nifty Naf Naf and Lilly Pulitzer dresses. *(Expect to spend $22 for a Hank Player tank top, $32 to $38 for Smith's jeans, $70 for a Replay sweatshirt.)*

HONORABLE MENTIONS

"THEY'RE OPINIONATED, MERCURIAL, AND hard to please," says Yasmine Guenancia, who takes her 11-year-old daughter along when she visits showrooms. Though the name of her shop is **Bébé Thompson** (1216 Lexington Avenue, near 82nd Street; 249-4740), half the stock is clearly meant for fashion-forward preteen girls. Guenancia has a background in fashion (she's a model whose face has appeared on the pages of *Vogue, Harper's Bazaar,* et al.). Here, she's amassed a knowing and neat collection of top designers from Europe, California, and New York. Many of these labels are not available anywhere else in New York, like Kenzo's skinny boot-leg pants, Little Rona stretchy velvet tops, and Floriane's ever-so-simple white-on-white dresses. The selection for older boys is limited to "cyber" T-shirts, khaki pants, Claude Vell soft linen shirts, and Dior blazers. *(Expect to spend $18 for a T-shirt, $85 for a linen shirt, $125 for a dress.)*

Space Kiddets (46 East 21st Street; 420-9878) has always been a funky species of kids' store, heavy on the retro and the edgy. Though much of the stock is for the under-8 bunch, owner Cynthia Radocy (a Flatiron-district homesteader) has some sharp stuff with strong appeal for the finicky preteen girl. One of the very few downtown stores that appreciates this age group, Space Kiddets stocks all the happening names and styles: Smith's boot-leg jeans, Les Tout Petits long skirts, all the most salivated-over T-shirts, and vintage low-rise pants. *(Expect to spend $20 for an In Vitro T-shirt, $37 for Smith's jeans, $49 for a long skirt.)*

If it's not *really* baggy or sports-related, the boys won't wear it," says Philip Krumholtz of the Upper West Side institution Morris Bros., who makes it his business to know.

THE DEPARTMENT STORES

Bloomingdale's has plunged into preteen clothing in a big way. Dress styles range from first-communion confections to slick, sophisticated numbers to sixties-inspired shifts. The well-stocked boys' department is best for sporty looks, but there are also the obligatory blue blazers, most bearing the Ralph Lauren label.

A well-kept **Lord & Taylor** secret is its preteen boys' department, teeming with all the popular names—CK, Izod, Polo, Hilfiger, Nautica, Reebok, Nike, Dockers, and Speedo. The selection for preteen girls is rather patchy and mainstream: The word *frocks* pretty much sums it up.

Like everything else at **Macy's,** the preteen-girls' department (sizes 7 to 16) goes on and on. Peppering the racks of traditional dresses are some with-it things from Rampage, Speechless, XOXO, and Too Cool. Among the casual separates are sixties-inspired skirts, pants, and fun tops. An acre of navy-blue blazers announces the boys' department; wade through that to find Macy's full complement of casualwear.

Saks Fifth Avenue's preteen section inside the girls' department is small but well edited. Party dresses and suity looks have a strong showing here, and even the smocked dresses look fresh and pretty (as opposed to merely inoffensive). Saks does not have a preteen-boys' department. ■

Cheap and cheaper

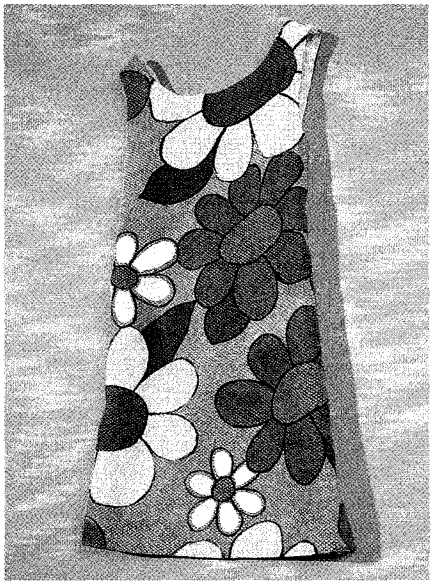
WHY SHELL OUT BIG BUCKS ON LITTLE GARMENTS? BARGAINEERING IN THIS TOWN HAS NEVER BEEN BETTER.

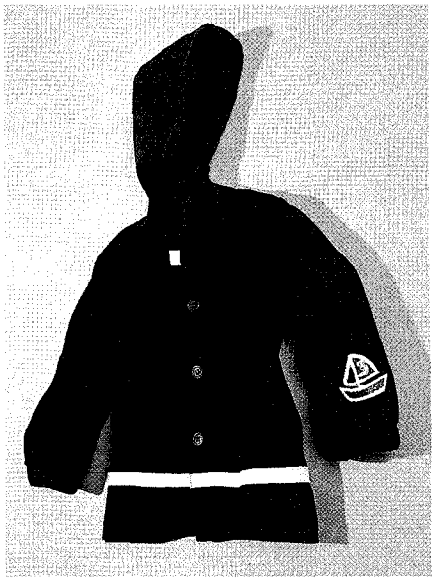
BY CORKY POLLAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANCESCO MOSTO

THE MEGA–DISCOUNT STORES SHOOTING UP AROUND TOWN HAVE INSPIRED some ambivalence among purists, but not parents. Never in New York have there been more opportunities to pay peanuts for soon-to-be-outgrown kids' clothing. No more warehousing out-of-season stuff—like a snowsuit bought on sale in April to fit Willie in December (fingers crossed). No more semi-annual road trips out to New Jersey or upstate's Woodbury Common with the kids squabbling over Tickle Me Elmo in the backseat. Some discounters, like Century 21 and Kidstown, have been around for more than a quarter-century. They're the worthy old-timers. Others—T.J. Maxx, Kmart, and Daffy's on 57th Street—are audacious newcomers, all opening for business in the past two years.

CENTURY 21: COTTON DRESS WITH PSYCHEDELIC DAISY PRINT BY SOLEIL SOLEIL, $14.97.





CONWAY: COTTON JACKET (COTTON ROMPER NOT SHOWN) BY PLAYSKOOL, $11.99 THE SET.

Though the new breed of discount store is generally charm-free and vast enough to house a fleet of Cessnas, there's usually a logic to the way the clothing is organized—i.e., no bins to rummage through or tangle of racks to negotiate. Newly minted salespersons tend to be indifferent (when you can find one). Amenities—like boxes, delivery, and return policies—also leave something to be desired. Though most stores are quick to claim they don't sell damaged or irregular merchandise that isn't marked, one should shop with an eagle eye. And the biggest names (say, Ralph Lauren and Tommy Hilfiger) may not be available in current styles; discounters often buy these labels on the condition that they not unload the merchandise until the following year. This year's hip-huggers won't turn up till next year, by which time your 8-year-old's passion for a pair may have waned.

Buyers for **Daffy's** kids' department do a good bit of scouting in Europe, so in addition to all the high-end American labels, the New Jersey–based company has cornered the market on the coveted European names that usually surface only in the kids' boutiques dotting upper Madison Avenue. Impossibly chic clothing for your youngest dependents may be found in the infant and toddler departments. There's an abundance of stylish girls' casualwear, a well-stocked boys' department (Trussardi jeans, Barking Fish T's, Dak-Ta jeans, Joe Boxer), and a dizzying array of party and communion dresses (Isabella, Kate Greenaway, Piccolo)—a Daffy's specialty. Discounts range from 40 to 80 percent, and except for the fancy dresses, most of the kids' stuff tops out at $30. Since there are four Manhattan locations (335 Madison Avenue, at 44th Street, 557-4422; 111 Fifth Avenue, at 18th Street, 529-4477; 1311 Broadway, at 34th Street, 736-4477; and 125 East

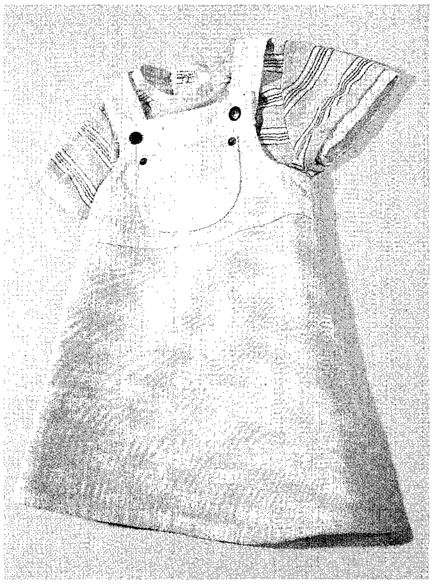
Styling by Denise Canter.

57th Street, 376-4477), most parents can make a lunch-break run, but the 34th Street store is the most stroller-friendly: bright, spacious, and super-organized.

Fairway, Zabar's, then **Kids Are Magic:** That's the weekly itinerary for many a label-worshiping Upper West Side parent. The inventory at Kids Are Magic (2293 Broadway, near 83rd Street; 875-9240) is always in flux since owner Zachary Gindi and buyer Chris Barranca (both Century 21 alumni) are in the market every day aggressively chasing name brands. The store is heavily weighted toward infantwear and girls' dresses, located on the sunny main floor. The selection swings from low-end (French Toast and Sahara Club) to middling (Rachel's Kids, Osh Kosh, and Guess) to righteously upmarket (Flapdoodles and Calvin Klein): All have been marked down 40 to 70 percent. Many of these same names turn up in the dark and jumbled boys' department on the mezzanine; though it's dense with stuff, there are few surprises, mostly jeans, sweats, T-shirts, windbreakers, and a small stash of designer blazers and sport jackets.

A spokesperson for the Massachusetts-based store **T.J. Maxx** takes great pains to point out that it's not a discounter but an off-price store. (Whatever.) The country's largest off-price retailer does offer huge markdowns: up to 60 percent off list. The New York outpost (620 Sixth Avenue, at 18th Street; 229-0875) is in the restarted heart of Ladies Mile, in a fabulous old building with super-high ceilings, vaulted windows, and a loft-size spaciousness (even if you'd never know that from the inside). A healthy selection of infant- and toddlerwear makes up for the aesthetics, as does a trove of girls' dresses both classic and modish (Youngland, Rare Edition, L.A. Girl, Rachel's Kids, and CSK), and a boys' department swimming with jeans, sweat pants, sports-logo T-shirts, and nylon windbreakers. Except for the occasional Ralph Lauren or Tommy Hilfiger, it's hard to pay more than $20 for any piece of kids' clothing at T.J. Maxx.

KIDSTOWN: PASTEL COTTON-DENIM OVERALL DRESS, $27.99, AND T-SHIRT, $16.99, BY GUESS.



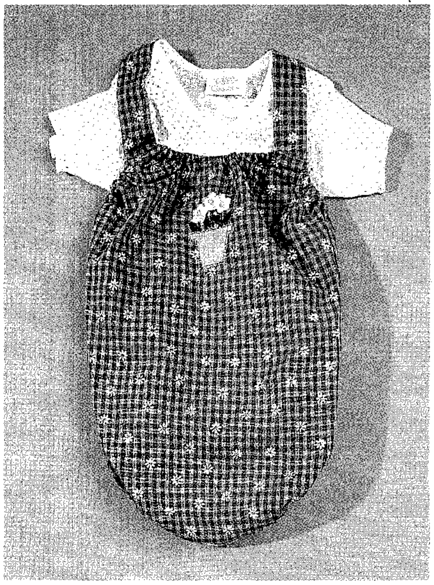
KIDS ARE MAGIC: RAMIE-AND-COTTON DRESS WITH A SAILOR RIFF BY RARE EDITION, $18.97.

The schlep factor doesn't seem to deter those in search of bargains from traveling all the way down to Cortlandt Street. **Century 21** (22 Cortlandt Street; 227-9092) is a full-blown, 95,000-square-foot department store that's been around for 35 years. This off-price mecca is the place to troll the aisles for a season's worth of name-brand basics—underwear, sleepwear, T-shirts, jeans, tights, and leggings. Cotton T-shirts are $2.97, top-of-the-line onesies $6.97; tights go for $3.97 and Adidas athletic T's for $4.79. The rest of the stock can be iffy, though there's often something spiffy in little girls' dresses—My Michelle, Rachel's Kids, Who's That Girl. And who knew Moschino and Nicole Miller had a kids' line? Boys' Reebok and Adidas T-shirts, swimwear, and jeans are all marked down 30 to 40 percent. Carter, Osh Kosh, Zutano, and Baby Guess all hold forth in the infants' department.

Say the name **Conway** to many New Yorkers and they draw a blank. Few seem to know it's a discount store, and fewer still have set foot in any of the nine locations that have sprouted in midtown and lower Manhattan. Though almost all have kids' departments, the largest and most fully stocked is at 225 West 34th Street (967-7390). It has lackluster looks, but it's neatly organized and all the usually discounted names are here for less: French Toast, Sahara Club, CSK, French Toast Sports, Petit Fours, Who's That Girl, Rachel's Kids. There are a handful of surprises, too, like Gitano, Jordache, and Guess jeans; Playskool infantwear; and Looney Tunes overalls and tops. Girls' stretchy tops and leggings dangle $3.99 price tags, cotton and rayon dresses are rarely more than $10, and designer jeans go for less than $17.

Kidstown (10 East 14th Street; 243-1301) definitely has a cheese component, with its sidewalk racks of $1 dresses and T-shirts and the undeniably tacky-looking communion and party dresses slapped up on the walls inside. (Though these do make great, cheap Halloween costumes: Think *princess.*) Head straight for girls' casualwear or the downstairs boys' department; owners Marc Sutton and his brother Joseph have been in the business for more than 27 years, and by now they carry most of the major kids' labels at 20 to 40 percent off list. This discount depot is rife with girls' clothing from CSK, Melissa and Me, Star Ride, and Who's That Girl. There are cute striped cotton panty-and-camisole sets for $1, Keds knock-offs for $2.99, leggings for $4.99, and cotton and rayon dresses that rarely top $10. The boys' department is also commendable, featuring Wrangler, French Toast Sports, and Paco (along with Guess and CK at less-deep discounts). Other names worth dropping: French Toast school uniforms and Fruit of the Loom boxers and briefs. The infants' department, on the other hand, is just so-so—Carter, Weebok, and Baby Guess basics are the only things worth checking out. ▬

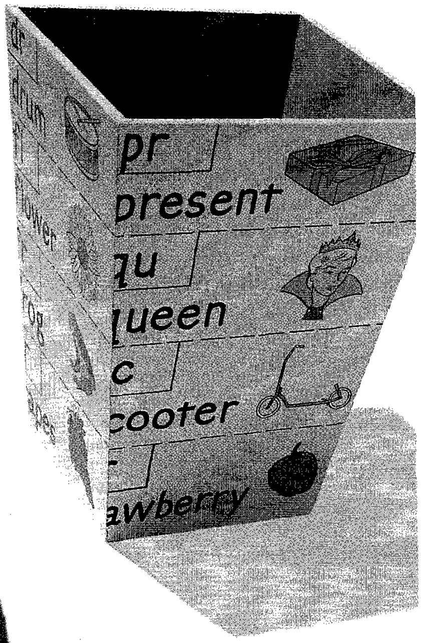
DAFFY'S AND CENTURY 21: COTTON SWIMSUIT BY MAFRAI, $14.99 AT DAFFY'S. ONESIE BY CARTER'S CLASSICS, $6.97 AT CENTURY 21.



best bets

NEON ARMCHAIRS, A SOLDIER ARMOIRE—STYLISH TRAPPINGS BOTH FUNCTIONAL AND FUN FOR OUTFITTING A KID'S ROOM. BY CORKY POLLAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOSHUA McHUGH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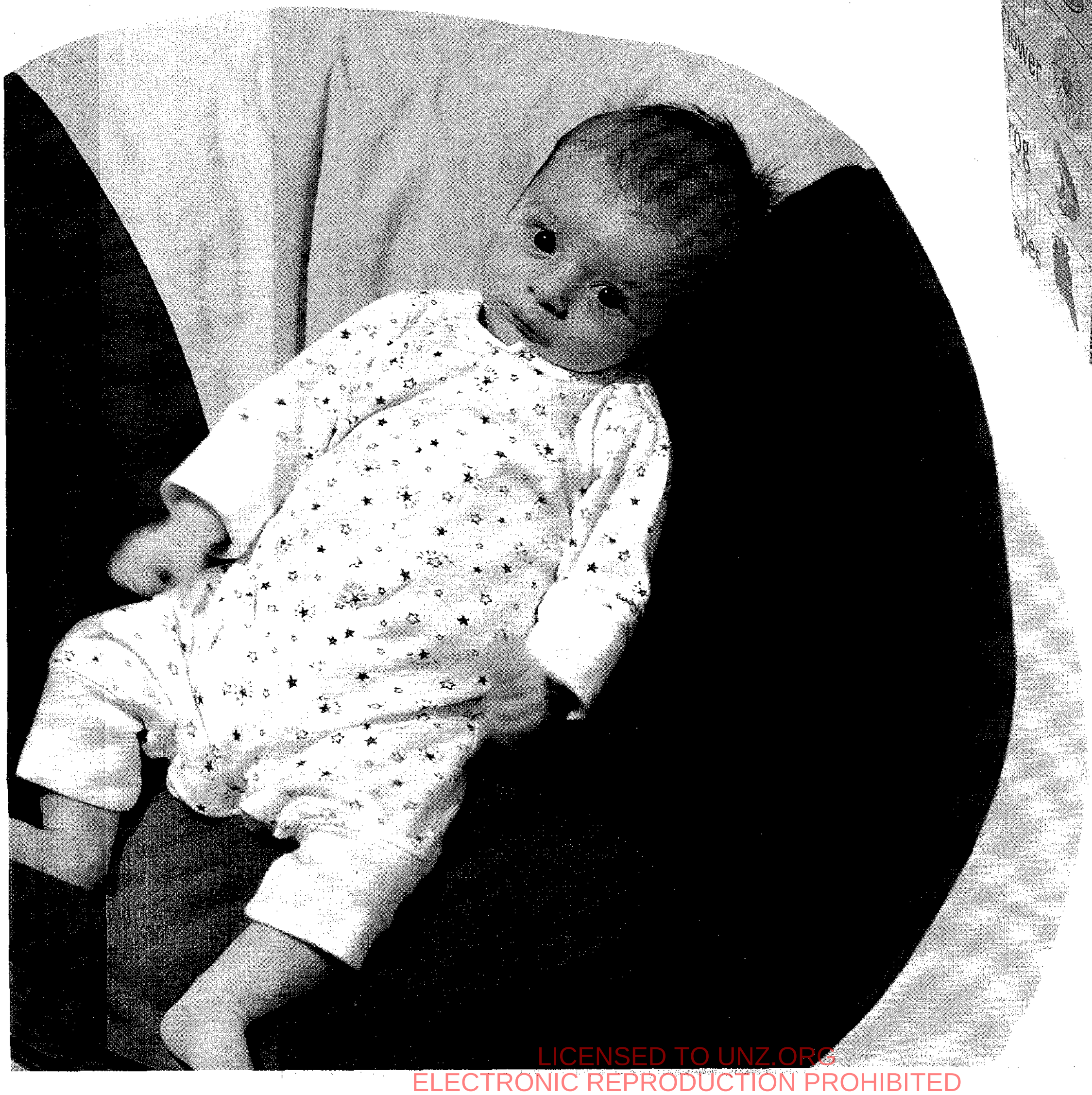
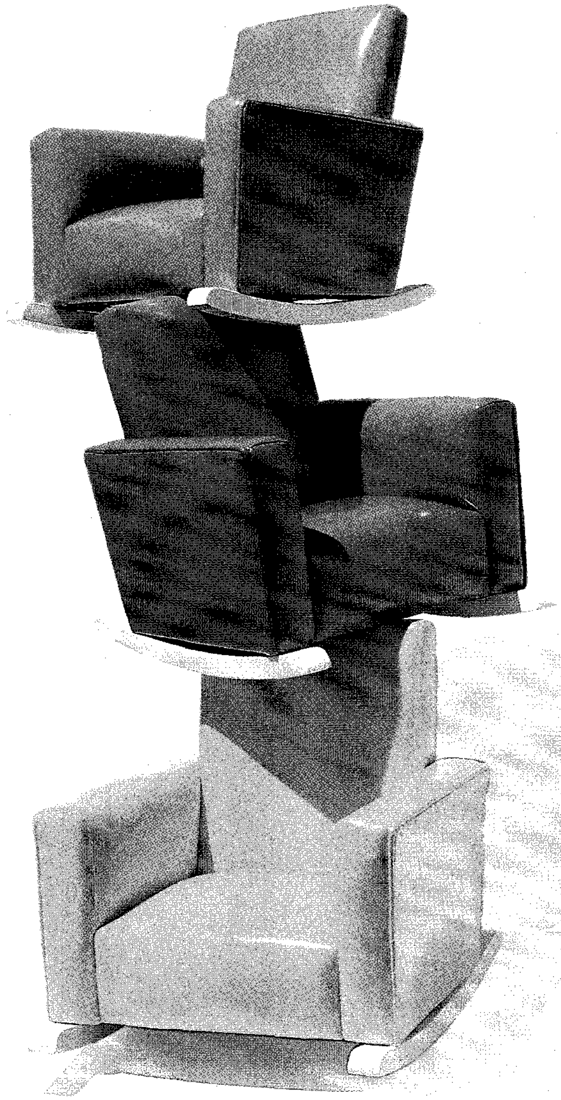
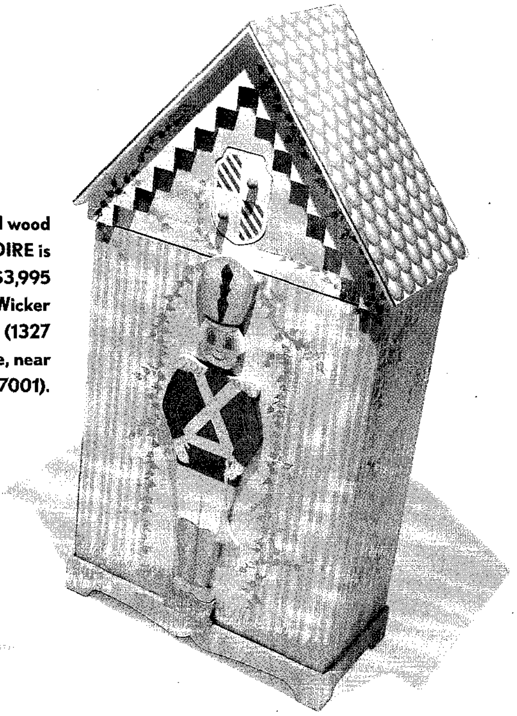
Fiberboard WASTEBASKET covered with a reproduction of a fifties school poster is $50 at ABC Carpet & Home (888 Broadway, at 19th Street; 473-3000).



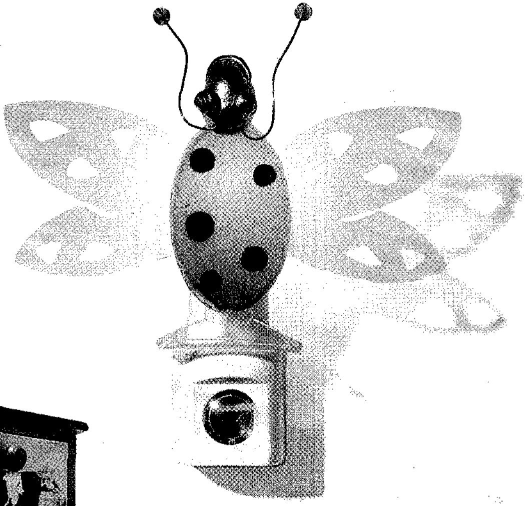
Beach ball poly-cotton BEANBAG CHAIR is $79 at A Bear's Place (789 Lexington Avenue, near 61st Street; 826-6465).



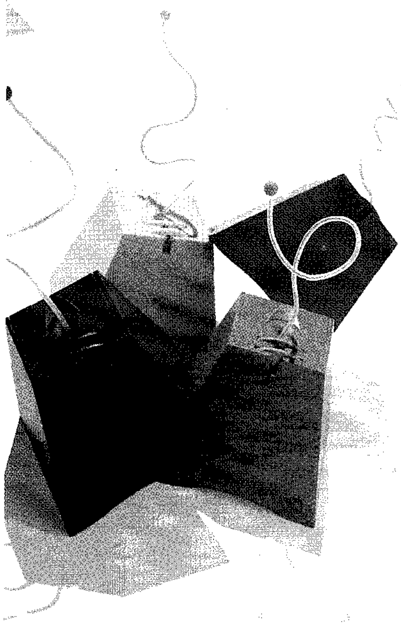
Baby X acid-bright **VINYL ROCKERS** are $265 at *Barneys New York (both locations);* green and white only at Wolfman-Gold & Good Company (117 Mercer Street; 431-1888).



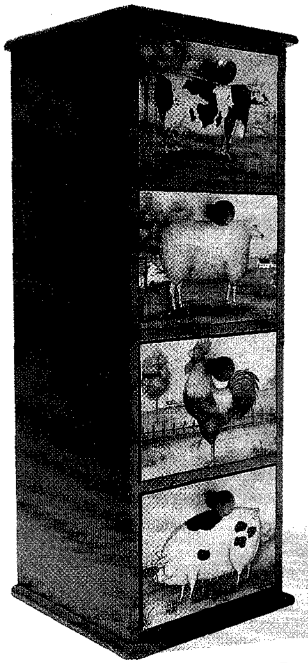
Hand-painted wood "**SOLDIER" ARMOIRE** is 80 inches high and $3,995 at Pamela Scurry's Wicker Garden Baby (1327 Madison Avenue, near 93rd Street; 410-7001).



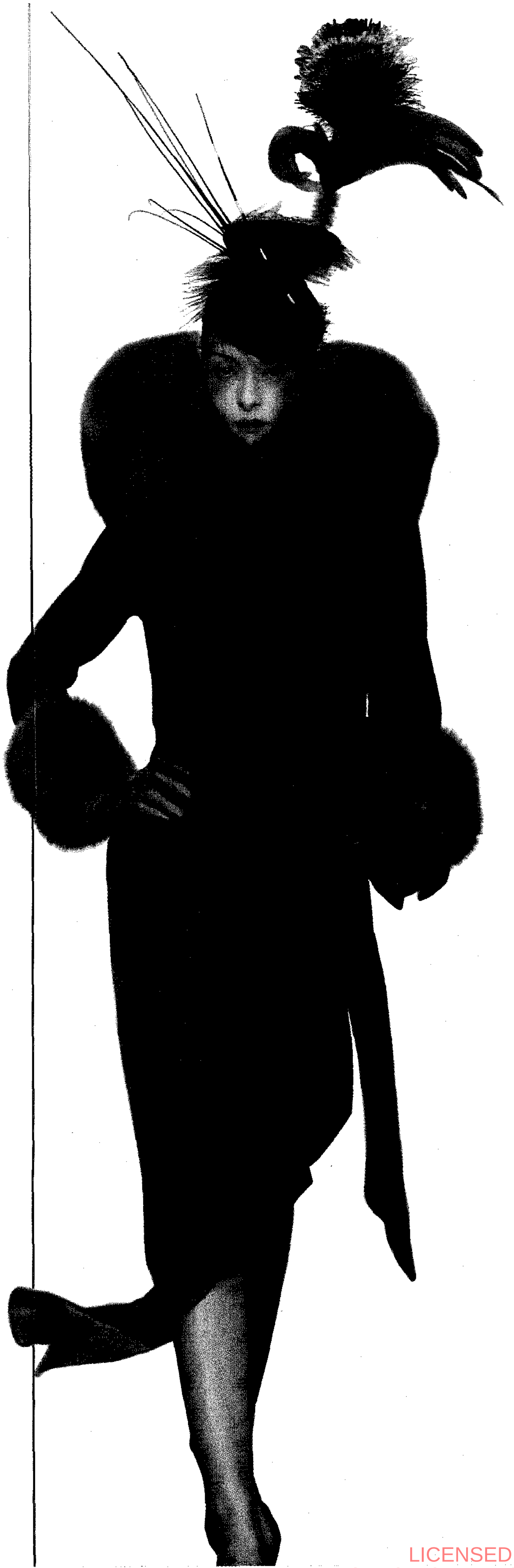
Expo plastic bee **NIGHT-LIGHT** is $30 at Barneys New York (both locations).



Lexon plastic-cube **FM RADIOS** are $32 at Mxyplyzyk (125 Greenwich Avenue, at 13th Street; 989-4300).



Primitive Artisan hand-painted wood **CHEST OF DRAWERS** is $145 at E.A.T. Gifts (1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street; 861-2544).



UP FROM MINI

BY JADE HOBSON CHARNIN

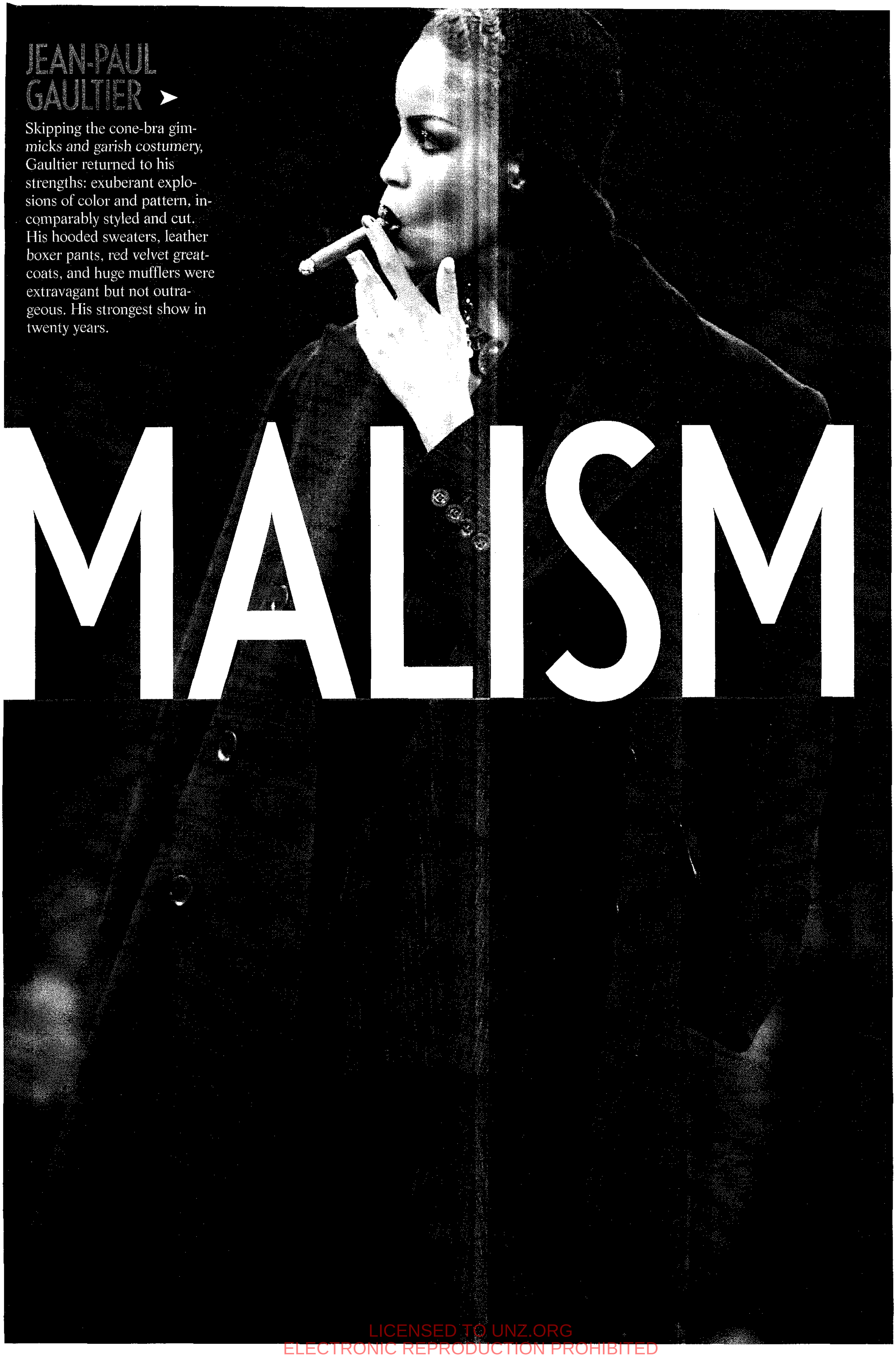
At the fall collections, the strict fashion regime of recent seasons was replaced by a new, imaginative openness—from hard-edged, man-tailored suits to hipper, more relaxed sportswear, to elegant ornamentation and ultrafeminine accessories. Body-conscious silhouettes got looser, sharply accented by stilettos and shoulder pads, and black leather replaced those once-obligatory sheers. Through it all, the emphasis was on sophisticated luxury—from precision cutting and draping to the extravagant heights of decoration, with beads and feathers and fur.

PHILIP TREACY ◄

Stretching the very definition of hats, Treacy's creations are really sculptures for the face—fantastical confections of feather and felt that sometimes barely graze the head at all, other times encase it in an insectlike egg or a vast cloud of shimmering netting. Already *the* show to see in London, his collection got a standing ovation in New York.

ASSOCIATE FASHION EDITOR: BETH SHEPHERD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN AND CORINA LECCA

MALISM



JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER ➤

Skipping the cone-bra gimmicks and garish costumery, Gaultier returned to his strengths: exuberant explosions of color and pattern, incomparably styled and cut. His hooded sweaters, leather boxer pants, red velvet greatcoats, and huge mufflers were extravagant but not outrageous. His strongest show in twenty years.

hang loose

Calvin Klein Heavily influenced by European modernists, Klein moved away from tight body-conscious clothes toward looser silhouettes, heavier fabrics, and a more origami-like construction—such as slit wrap skirts with asymmetrical side closures, or seemingly simple shifts built on diagonals and cut on the bias.

TSE Continuing this sweater company's evolution into a full ready-to-wear house, Victor Alfaro (like Marc Jacobs) went for relaxed, unstructured elegance but, using luxe touches such as mink belts, sent it way uptown.

Donna Karan Her first fall collection since taking the company public marked a return to practical but sophisticated clothes for working women. Gone are her more extreme experiments in luxury; in their place are suits and separates—sexier this time around, thanks to sheer panels and rich fabrics.

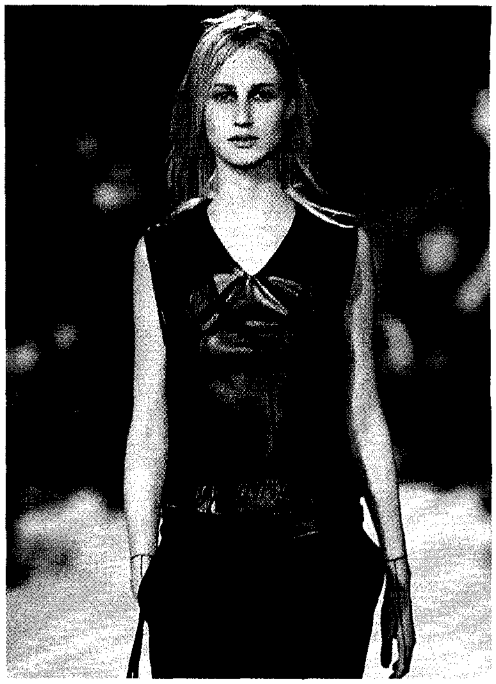
Marc Jacobs Designing for the fashion cognoscenti, Jacobs continues to create simple, luxurious clothes in muted earth tones that are so coolly understated they could almost seem plain. But the line of all those basic sweaters and pants has been perfected by a master—and that black hooded sweatshirt's made of the thickest cashmere.

MICHAEL KORS ◄

After years of beautiful but safe collections, Kors broke out again with a new edginess inspired by rock-and-roll style. The old classics were still there (turtleneck sweaters and pleated pants), but so were big blazers with leather micro-minis, black leggings, and stilettos.

HELMUT LANG ►

The countless knockoffs of his banded waists, layered shirts, and low-slung pants prove Lang one of fashion's biggest trendsetters. This season, he recast his lean, vertical silhouette in luxury fabrics with occasional ruffles. And after years of stark black, he stunned his audience with a blizzard of white.



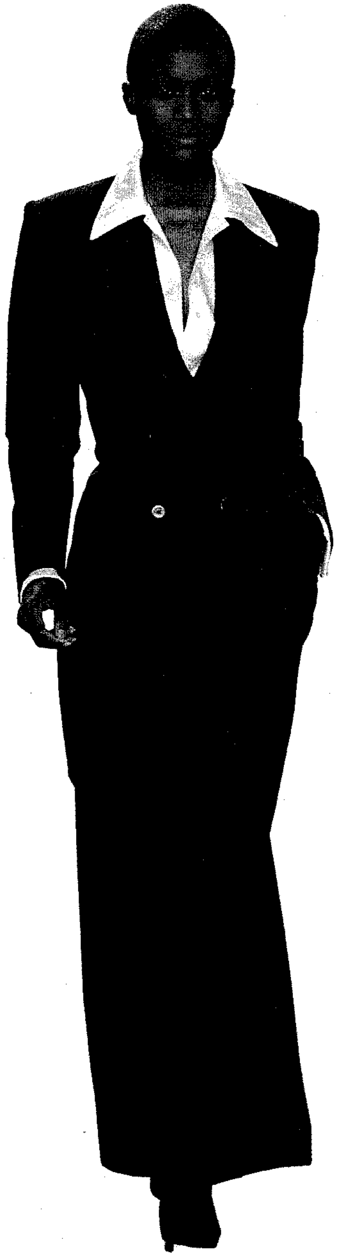
ANN DEMEULEMEESTER ▲

Despite her intellectual, quasi-architectural approach, Demeulemeester's influence has become sweeping. Last year, her one-sleeve tops were ubiquitous; this year, everyone's doing her men's suit. Her show was still overwhelmingly black, but her forays into eveningwear—lace overlays strung with jet beads—showed a new interest in decoration.

suitable attire

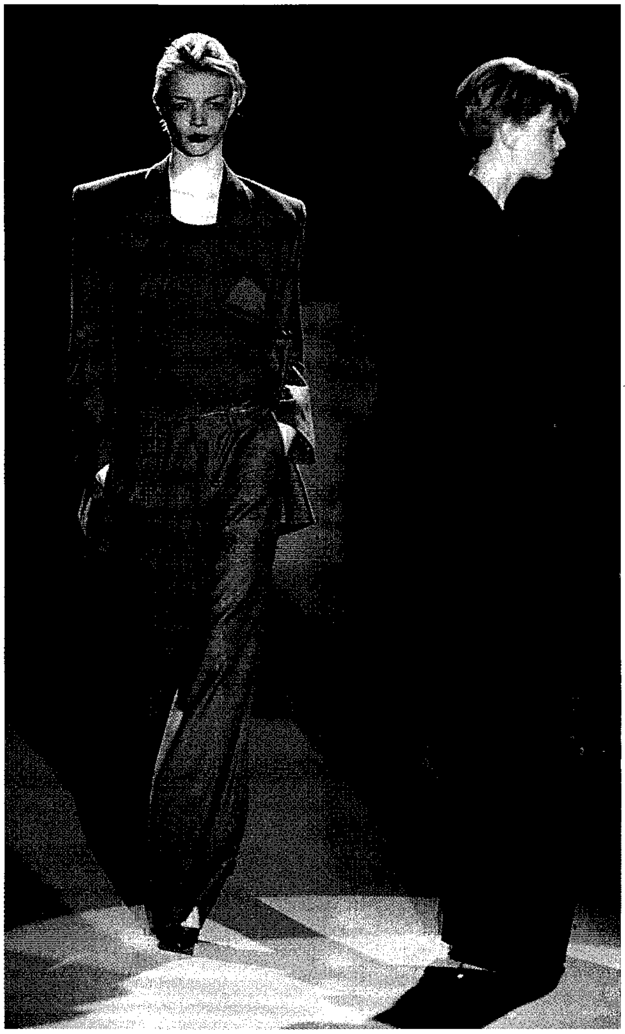
RALPH LAUREN ▾

In his new fall collection, Lauren (whose early women's lines subtly adapted his men's-wear designs) updated some of his classics, such as the pinstripe suit, which this season fell squarely in the middle of the fashion spotlight. Balancing these hard, masculine looks were ultrafeminine accessories such as silver belts or spike heels.



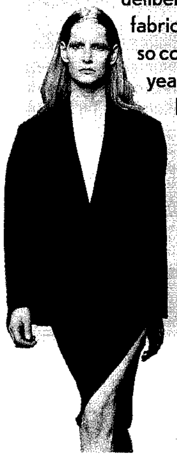
ISAAC MIZRAHI ◂

The real stars of his highly diffuse show—which as usual found its muse in the most unlikely sources—were his men's-wear-inspired looks and customized fabrics. Beautiful tailoring set his double-breasted suits apart, and the antiqued textiles, such as faded flannel, patina-tinted wool, tarnished velvet, and "recycled" fur, gave it all a feeling of vintage glamour.



GUCCI ▴

Having delivered some of the past few years' most potent images (the white jersey dress, the patent boot), Tom Ford faced daunting expectations this time. With dark, severe suits juiced up with the highest red stilettos and stacked shoulder pads, he continued to walk the line between innovation and commercial viability.



Chanel Continuing in the masculine-feminine contrast so popular this season, Chanel showed a big, slightly softened men's suit alongside tiny suits and dresses for ladies who lunch. That trademark knitwear was present, too, this time with odd Alpine accents.

Giorgio Armani Having tamed the mighty beast of Los Angeles, Armani—who's become known for dressing celebrities on Oscar night—devoted the majority of his show to beautiful eveningwear. Is he losing sight of those great, relaxed suits that his customers still crave?

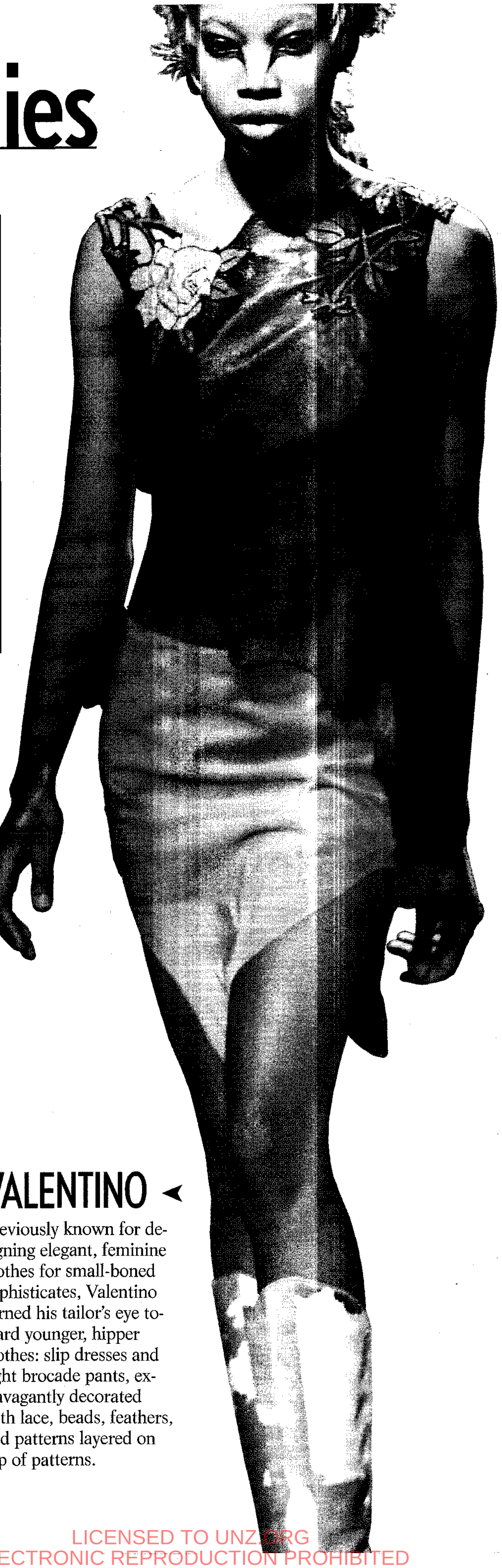
Oscar de la Renta Usually designing for a slightly older, more conservative clientele, he's begun to work with younger trends: He lost a bit of that old-fashioned ornamentation in favor of some black leather, and broke up the uniformity of his suits—a satin double-breasted jacket paired with a side-slit wool mini. He's unlikely to lose his previous customers, but he might pick up a few of their daughters.

Prada Moving way beyond those polyester prints whose deliberate ugliness and fabric made them so controversial last year, Prada went for beautiful velvet dresses with subtle beading and for suits straight out of the company's men's-wear line, paired with sky-high heels.

gilded lilies

DRIES VAN NOTEN ▲

Ever fascinated by African and Asian textiles, this Dutch designer showed heavily layered sportswear separates of eclectic ethnic origin, mixed into anything-goes combinations: a short sweater over a long men's-wear coat cinched with a macrame belt, or a wool jacket with knit sleeves all wrapped up in a sari scarf.

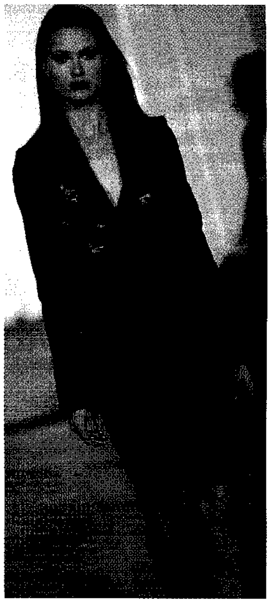


VALENTINO ◄

Previously known for designing elegant, feminine clothes for small-boned sophisticates, Valentino turned his tailor's eye toward younger, hipper clothes: slip dresses and tight brocade pants, extravagantly decorated with lace, beads, feathers, and patterns layered on top of patterns.

ALEXANDER McQUEEN ◄

The welcome-to-the-jungle theme may have been a reference to the savage treatment his first Givenchy show got, but it also made a great leaping-off point for his vivid imagination. The collection featured a radical mixing of textures—fur sleeves on a knit bodice, pony-skin waistband on dark denim jeans—and jagged leather hemlines.



RICHARD TYLER ▲

Tyler's first couture collection was among his strongest work ever. A master draper, he pulled off amazing stunts like crafting an asymmetrical backless gown with a long train—all from a single piece of fabric. And super-luxury accents such as luscious fur collars lent an air of thirties- Hollywood glamour.

TEXT
Ariel Kaminer

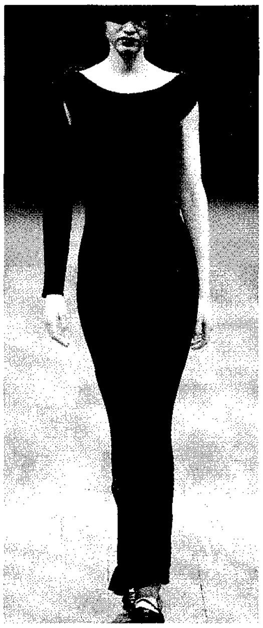
CONTRIBUTING LONDON EDITOR
Katie Walker

FASHION ASSISTANTS
Janice Laneve and
Mona Norremo

now and next

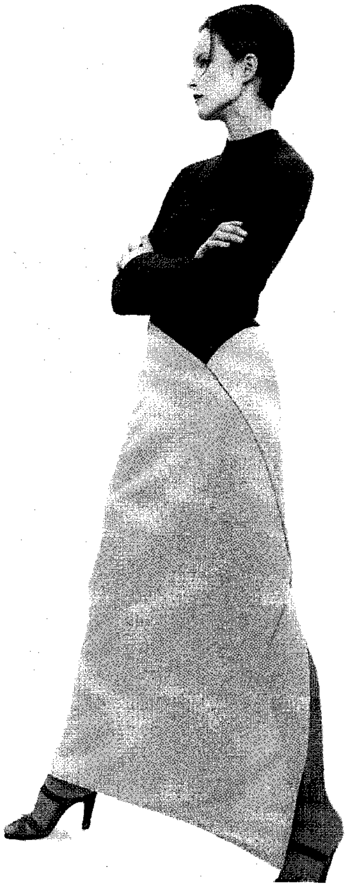
JIL SANDER ▼

Known for her starkly minimalist daywear, Sander remains a designer's designer, inventing structural elements (innovative closures such as Velcro or buckleless belts) that everyone immediately tries to copy. This year's show took her in new directions, with inventive fabrics and bias-knit sweaters that hang loosely but still look lean.



YOHJI YAMAMOTO ◄

Though he has become the most Western of the leading Japanese designers, his shows still astonish. Expecting austere, cerebral work, his audience gasped at his fur accents, his vampy, sculpted silhouettes, and his boldly graphic jewelry. But his elaborately folded patterns were as intricate as ever.



GEOFFREY BEENE ▲

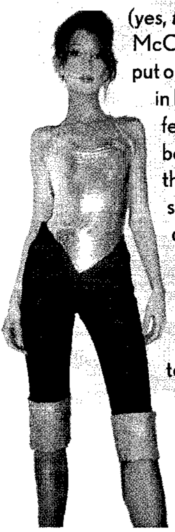
A true American original who never looks to other designers, Beene makes precision-cut pieces that cross between fashion and fine art. His legendary eveningwear, which still showcases the jumpsuit, mixed day and evening fabrics, lightened by touches of his usual whimsy.

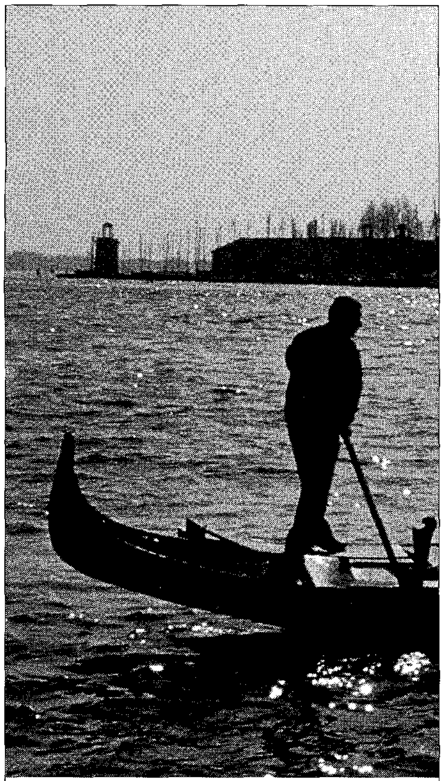
Miu Miu Prada's secondary line is still one of the few that offer a distinctive vision rather than just watering down the more-expensive stuff. These clothes were younger and more fun than Prada proper, with high-slit miniskirts or short, Empire-waist dresses paired with zip-front cardigans, and polka dots and paillettes everywhere.

Daryl K The CFDA award for new talent hasn't slowed Daryl Kerrigan down at all; four years after she opened a tiny East Village storefront, her line is available around the world. This show exhibited the same downtown sensibility but applied it to more-grown-up projects: eveningwear, suits, and leather.

Clements Ribeiro Moving away from their Prada-like origins, this London husband-and-wife team showed deeply hip, whimsical clothes—tartan plaids wrapped into Roman togas, tattoolike hose—as well as their signature cashmere sweaters.

Stella McCartney This past February, McCartney (yes, *that* McCartney) put on an informal show in her London atelier featuring feminine, bohemian looks. On the strength of her slip dresses and chain-mail halters, she was quickly hired to run the august house of Chloe, all at the tender age of 25.





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SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Top Down

Château Margaux *at Lutèce; sun in St. Barts;*
and a **cup of joe** *with your name on it.*

ZRIKE IS CLEANING OUT OVERSTOCK, offering deep discounts on European ceramics and famous-brand crystal: Swedish vases and bowls, retail $150–$350, here $69.50–$150; five-piece pasta set, retail $32.50, here $12; mouth-blown stemware, retail $10–$12, here $4–$5; hand-painted serving platters and bowls, retail $60–$90, here $25–$40. *Zrike, 233 West Parkway, Pompton Plains, N.J. (201-616-1668); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri. 10–6, Sat. 10–4; 5/2–5/3.*

Cotton Club

BETH HAGENMAYER'S PRETTY LITTLE COTTON numbers retail at tony lingerie boutiques all over town. Her sample sale has camisoles that were $20–$40, now $10–$20; nightgowns and nightshirts that were $60–$150 are $25–$70; dresses and pajama sets that were $75–$110 are $35–$50. *Beth Hagenmayer, 164 W. 25th St., ninth floor (924-4220); cash only; Wed.–Fri. noon–7; 4/23–4/25.*

Half Time

LUTÈCE CHEF EBERHARD MÜLLER IS SITTING on over 700 bottles of insanely good wine that he'd like to clear, so he's offering select half-bottles at modest prices: Château Mouton-Rothschild, Pauillac 1987, was $90, now $38; Château Talbot, Saint-Julien 1979 was $38, now $22; Château Margaux 1961, was $650, now $330; Château Lafite-Rothschild, Pauillac 1949, was $400, now $110; Château Gruaud-Larose, Saint Julien 1981, was $45, now $26. *Lutèce, 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225); A.E., M.C., V; call for reservations; while supplies last.*

Union Holiday

EVERY YEAR, UNION SQUARE OPTICAL, A downtown shop filled with frames from all the fancy-pants eyewear designers, takes one week and marks its entire stock half off. So frames that were priced at $100–$600 are $50–$300. *Union Square Optical, 9 W. 14th St. (242-0314); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; 4/21–4/27.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Must-Have We spotted this tote at Bigelow Pharmacy dangling a cool $14 price tag. 414 Sixth Avenue, near 9th Street (533-2700).

The You Brew

A CLUBBY COUNTERCURRENT TO THE TREND of austere espresso bars like Starbucks, the mail-order company Millstone Signature Blend Coffees custom-makes your very own blend of coffee by having you answer questions about how you like your steak cooked, whether you like milk or dark chocolate better, how hot you like your salsa, and so on. First-time orders are free (there is a $3.95 shipping charge). *Millstone Signature Blend (800-789-9632).*

Bartholomew Cubby

AGAINST THE EXORBITANTLY PRICED LANDscape of St. Barts shines a bargain star: The all-out-cushy Hotel Guanahani offers a five-night stay in a room with a king-size bed, Continental breakfast daily (room service or oceanside), and dinner nightly (at the upscale restaurant Bartolomeo) for $1,250 per couple during the month of June (rack rates begin at $345 a night in the high season, din-

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

ner easily runs $150 for two). It's the airfare that's the killer, so start shopping rates now. *Hotel Guanahani; for reservations and information, call the Leading Hotels of the World at 800-223-6800; 6/1–6/30.*

Worldly Ideas

THE GYM DOESN'T HAVE TO BE *ALL* ABOUT that cruel StairMaster. World Gym is now discounting its massage services. Choose from twelve types, ranging from Reiki to neuromuscular: Each is now $50 (the price is usually $75 for nonmembers, $60 for members). *World Gym at Lincoln Square, 1926 Broadway, nr. 64th St., second floor (874-0942); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 11–9, Sat–Sun 10–7; 4/21–6/1.*

Dancing Pants

IN A NOD TO NATIONAL DANCE WEEK, Capezio is discounting items such as Capezio tights, Marika Sports Performance bodywear, and Baryshnikov tights for women (20 percent off), and assorted ballroom shoes (30 percent off). *Capezio Dance Theater Shop, 1650 Broadway, at 51st St., second floor (245-2130); Mon.–Fri. 9:30–6:30, Thurs. till 7, Sat. 9:30–6, Sun. 11:30–5; Capezio East, 136 E. 61st St. (758-8833); Mon. and Fri. 10–6:30, Tues.–Thurs. 10–7, Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5; 4/27–5/4.*

The Lunch Box

UPTOWN LUNCHERS: HEAD FAST TO MARguery Grill, Henry Lambert's yearling restaurant with a prix fixe three-course lunch that's quite luxe. There's a choice of seven starters (such as chilled yellowfin-tuna sashimi) and eight main dishes (like a rare-roast-beef-and-Gorgonzola sandwich), as well as dessert (like caramelized banana tart)—and you can dine on the terrace amid the purple and yellow pansies. The price is $19. *Marguery Grill, 133 E. 65th St. (744-2533); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 12–2:30; 4/21–9/30.*

Woodstock

THE GOLDEN OLDIES WAREHOUSE SALE technically goes down in the month of May, but this week you can sneak in early for discounts such as: antique pine single-door armoires, were $800–$1,400, now $650–$1,199; antique country-French beds, were $1,400–$2,200, now $999–$1,699; replica toys, were $150–$275, now $99. *Golden Oldies, 132-29 33rd Ave., Flushing (718-445-4400); M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Thurs. 9–*

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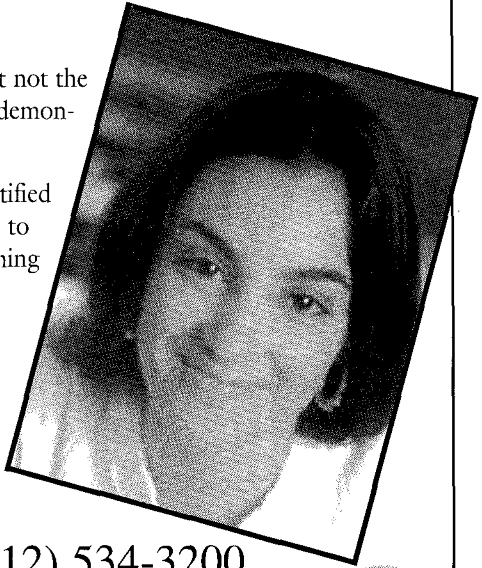

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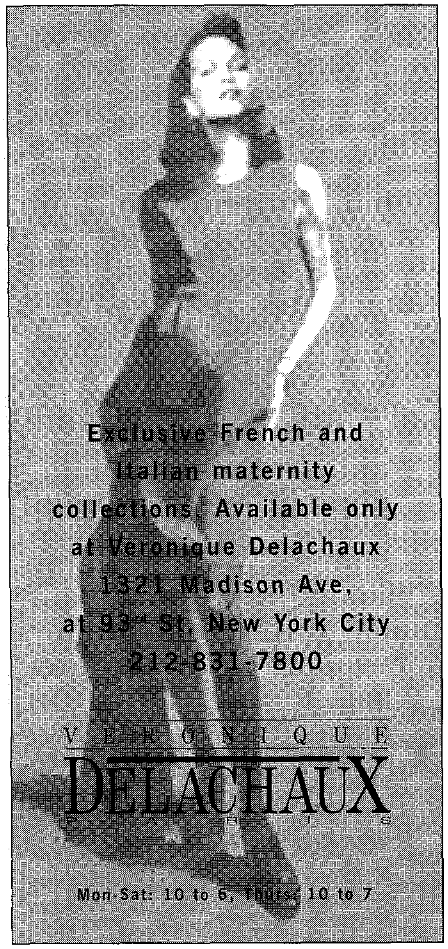

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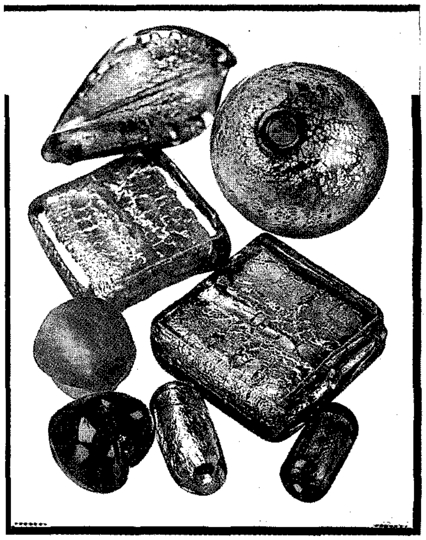


Must-Have **Jewelry designer Dorian Webb's sample sale has Venetian glass, beads, jewelry, and *objets* that retail for $40–$500 priced at $18–$225. Dorian Webb, 54 Greene Street (334-6544); Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. till 4; 4/24–4/26.**

5:30, Fri. till 8, Sat. 9–5:30, Sun. 11–5:30; complimentary limousine service available for Manhattan residents; 4/21–5/31.

Curtain Call

WINDOWS WALLS & MORE, A SHOP SPECIALizing in decorative window treatments, is having a storewide sale on both stock and labor. For example, scalloped headboard, was $600, now $450; wall upholstery, was $14 per square foot, now $8; balloon shades, were $19 per square foot, now $16; and all blinds by Hunter Douglas are 30 to 60 percent off. Pickup and delivery are offered free of charge for upholstery jobs. *Windows Walls & More, 1595 Second Ave., near 83rd. St. (472-4800); Mon.–Sat 10:30–6:30; and Windows Walls & More II, 275 Avenue U, Brooklyn (718-266-2400); Mon.–Sat. 11–5; A.E., M.C., V., and checks; 4/21–5/31.*

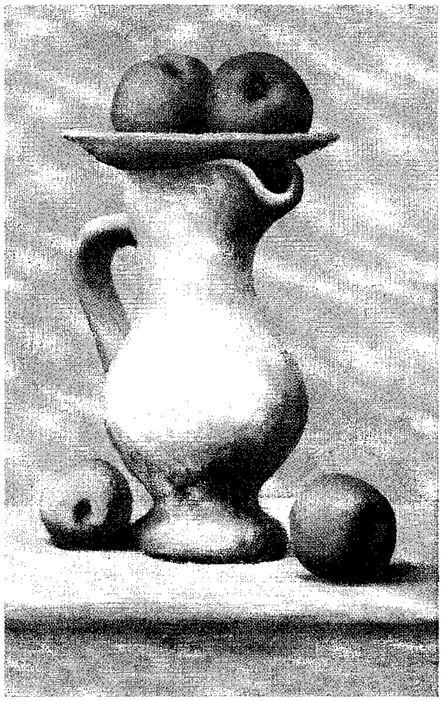
Mother Love

GEORGETTE KLINGER IS FÊTING MOM'S DAY with a couple of packages, such as: the Mother Pampering Delight, a facial, massage, and makeup application, for $135 (value $166), as well as the half-day of beauty that includes a facial, makeup application, manicure, and choice of either a massage, a haircut, or a scalp treatment and two tickets to see *Full Gallop*, for $220 (value $305). *Georgette Klinger, 501 Madison Avenue, near 53rd St. (838-3200); 978 Madison Ave., near 77th St. (744-6900); A.E., M.C., V.; call for hours; 4/15–5/11.* ■

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer

GREAT MUSEUMS

BY DAVID BUTWIN



Picasso at MoMA

New York museums. Always tempting, sometimes daunting, they have widened their doors as never before. We go to salve the mind and soul, to join the crowds on weekends (or to avoid them on Tuesday afternoons), to hear music, to seek a mate, and to find surcease from the heat and maybe an iced cappuccino in the garden. In this city, one can't round a corner without stumbling happily into a world-class museum. There are dozens of museums to explore—some broad-based and all-encompassing, others tied to a single strand of culture. In addition to unmatched beauty, many of the city's great museums offer summertime perks: gardens, concerts, and outdoor cafes—respite for all of the senses.

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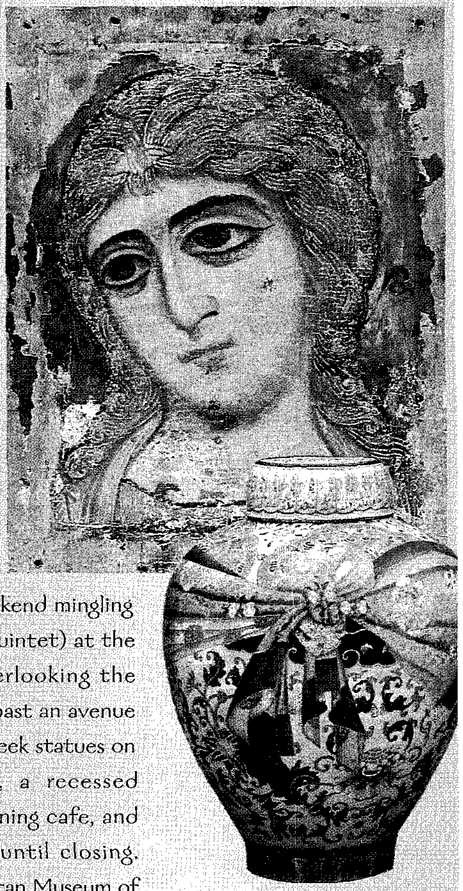
AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM

Across the street from MoMA, the American Craft Museum is honoring Beatrice Wood, who turned 104 in March, with a dazzling and comprehensive exhibition of Wood's extraordinary ceramics. "Beatrice Wood: A Centennial Tribute" will run through June 8, encompassing eight decades and 180 examples of the Wood *oeuvre.* ■ Renowned for her gold-luster glazed ceramics, Wood also gained fame for her New York Dada stature. "The Jewelry Studio," through June 8, is a behind-the-scenes view of a jewelry artist's working life. ■ Also showing through June 8 is "Messengers of Modernism: American Studio Jewelry 1940-1960," which chronicles the postwar American modernist jewelry movement as an outgrowth of the American Arts and Crafts movement ■ American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St., 956-3535. Hours: Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Thurs. 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Also, artist-led demonstrations Wed. and Sat. noon-3 p.m.

These luster-glazed ceramics are part of the centennial tribute to artist Beatrice Wood.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Forget Grand Central as metaphor for milling, dashing New York. The Great Hall of The Metropolitan Museum of Art is the crossroads of culture, a chockablock Breughel canvas of tourists, families, even questing singles. ■ This spring brings budding new growth and splendor to The Met. ■ Even as the trumpeted Tiepolo exhibition closes on April 27, "The Glory of Byzantium" celebrates the exceptional arts of the Second Golden Age of Byzantine Civilization from the 9th to the 13th centuries, a first-ever show that will run until July 6. You'll see how these superb religious and secular works influenced the arts of neighboring christian states like Bulgaria, Georgia, and Armenia. ■ Through Aug. 3, "Cartier: 1900-1939" will trace the progression of Cartier art—jewelry, clocks, watches, cigarette boxes, vanity cases—from the opulence of turn-of-the-century objects through the geometries and exocticisms of the 20s and 30s. ■ All this and The Met's permanent treasures—the American Wing with its 24 period rooms and galleries of paintings, sculpture, and decorative arts; 3,000-plus European paintings; the greatest collection of Egyptian art outside Cairo, and the world's finest Islamic art collection. ■ In spring, the fifth-floor Roof Garden reopens. Hopping until 8:30 p.m on Fri. and Sat., the Roof Garden is as noted for its 20th century sculptures and city views as for its wine-sipping singles. ■ There is also weekend mingling (and a classical quintet) at the Balcony Bar overlooking the Great Hall. And past an avenue of Roman and Greek statues on the first floor, a recessed restaurant, adjoining cafe, and cafeteria buzz until closing. ■ The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue (at 82nd St.), 535-7710, Hours, Fri.-Sat. 9:30 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., Tues., Wed.,Thurs., 9:30 a.m.-5:15 p.m.



From top, *The Archangel with the Golden Hair,* from "The Glory of Byzantium." Covered painted enamel jar from the Qing dynasty.

The Glory of Byzantium

Through July 6

In an exhibition of unprecedented scope and dazzling beauty, more than 350 rarely seen treasures from around the world illustrate the rich heritage of Byzantium's golden age. Sacred icons adorned with gold, vividly detailed mosaics, and radiant illuminated manuscripts evoke a lost age of devotion and splendor.

Mosaic of St. Andrew (detail). Byzantine, early 12th century. Archaeological Museum, Serres, Greece. Photo: Bruce White

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Open Friday and Saturday evenings until 9 p.m. Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, New York

The exhibition is made possible by ALPHA BANKING GROUP.
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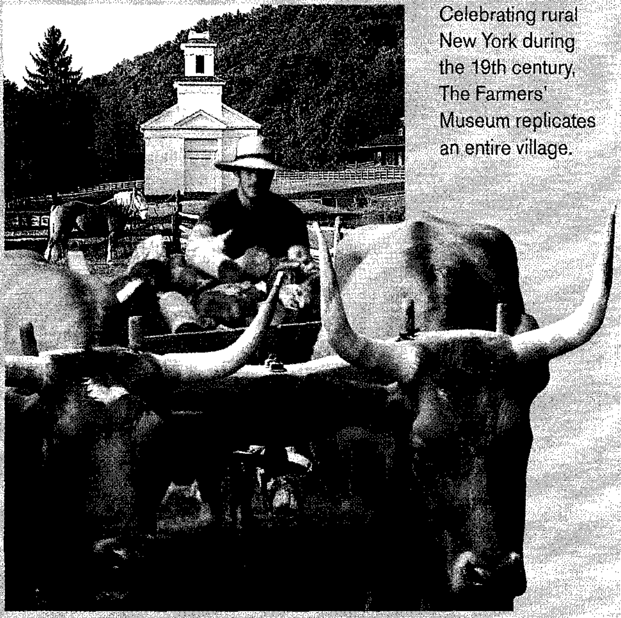
COOPERSTOWN MUSEUMS

For a great family trip only a few hours outside of Manhattan, travel to Cooperstown, NY, the site of three historical museums: The Fenimore House Museum, the Farmers' Museum, and for sport sfans, The National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum. The Fenimore House Museum offers a superb collection of American folk art and and historical artifacts. The new American Indian Wing features more than 600 objects that reflect the diversity of North American Indian peoples. There is also a gift shop and a cafe. The Farmers' Museum is devoted to preserving and interpreting the tools of rural New York during the early 19th century. Once a working farm, it replicates an entire 19th century village, including a tavern, a schoolhouse, and a blacksmith's shop. There is a diverse array of activities for adults and kids. Fenimore House Museum and The Farmers' Museum at Lake Road, in Cooperstown, NY. Call 607-547-1484. Located nearby on Main Street, The National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum is the best-known sports shrine in the world. Since 1939, The Hall of Fame has stood as the definitive repository of the games' treasures. The centerpiece is the Hall of Fame Gallery, with plaques of all 228 Hall of Famers. There are also sculptures, paintings, as well as exhibits on the World Series, All-Star Games, and ballparks. Don't miss The Museum Shop for apparel, books, and souvenirs. For more information, call 607-547-0312.



Celebrating rural New York during the 19th century, The Farmers' Museum replicates an entire village.

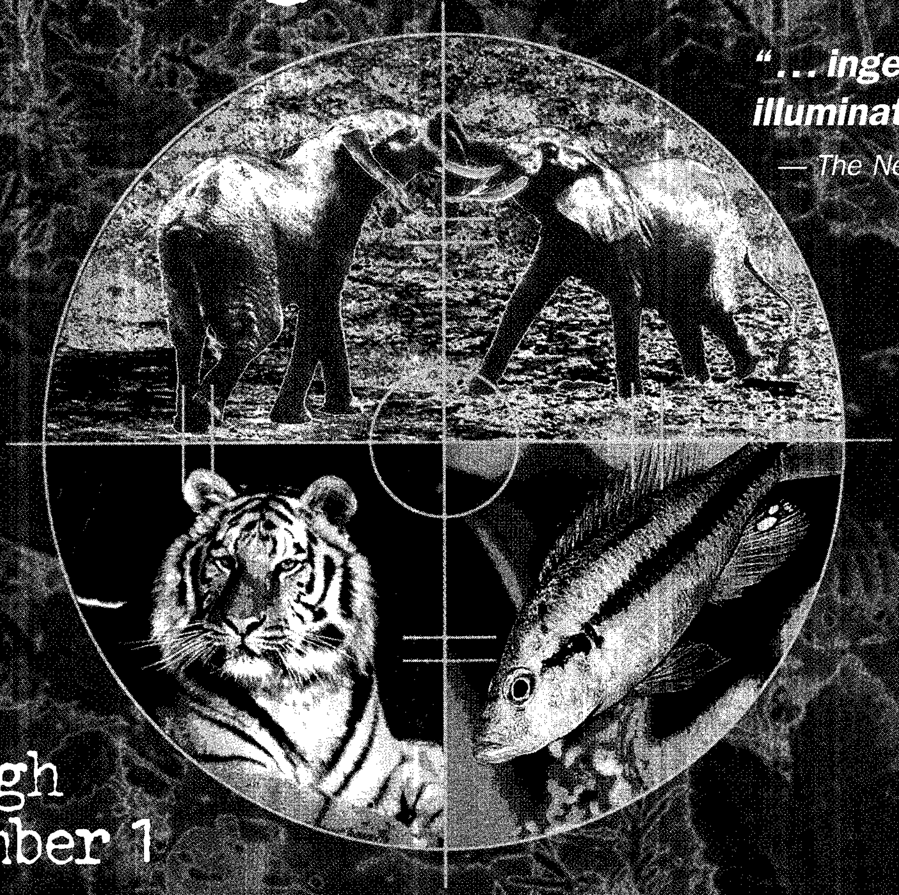
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

You don't have to wade through the ticket line to get to the heart of darkness at the American Museum of Natural History. One foot into the main entrance and you're standing goggle-eyed before an epic dinosaur rumble. Rearing her pinhead up to 50 feet in the center of the Theodore Roosevelt Rotunda, a Barosaurus fights to protect her offspring from an attacking Allosaurus. Part of the museum's fossil-halls renovation, this tallest free-standing dinosaur exhibit in the world is just the first of many reminders that the granite fixture on Central Park West is really having fun. On the third floor a riveting exhibit, "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk" (through Sept. 1) will prod, shock, entertain, inform, and apall you with its tale of species and habitat endangerment. Trod plank walkways and footbridges into an eerie world of extinct or threatened creatures. In "The Tomb of the Lost Species" you meet such museum pieces as a stuffed great auk (last seen in 1844). There are gift shops spotted all over the rambling museum, among them a tented affair on the first floor that suggests a jungle outpost in Bengal. The shelves hold stuffed animal toys, T-shirts, and colorful umbrellas. American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West (at 79th Street), 769-5100. Hours Sun.-Thurs., 10 a.m.- 5:45 p.m., Fri.-Sat.-10 a.m.-8:45 p.m.

"Endangered: Exploring a World at Risk!" is an exploration of species and habitats currently in danger of becoming extinct. Some of the items in the exhibit were confiscated by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. They were donated or loaned to educate the public about laws governing the import and export of wildlife.

Endangered!
Exploring a World at Risk

"... ingenious and illuminating ..."
— The New York Times



Through
September 1

Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk **examines one of the most pressing environmental issues of our era — the life-threatening forces confronting species and habitats. Encounter the struggle for life through newly created dioramas, Museum specimens, live animals, and an audio tour and guidebook.**

Corporate sponsorship is provided by Volkswagen AG.

American Museum of Natural History

Central Park West at 79th Street, New York
On the Internet: http://www.amnh.org

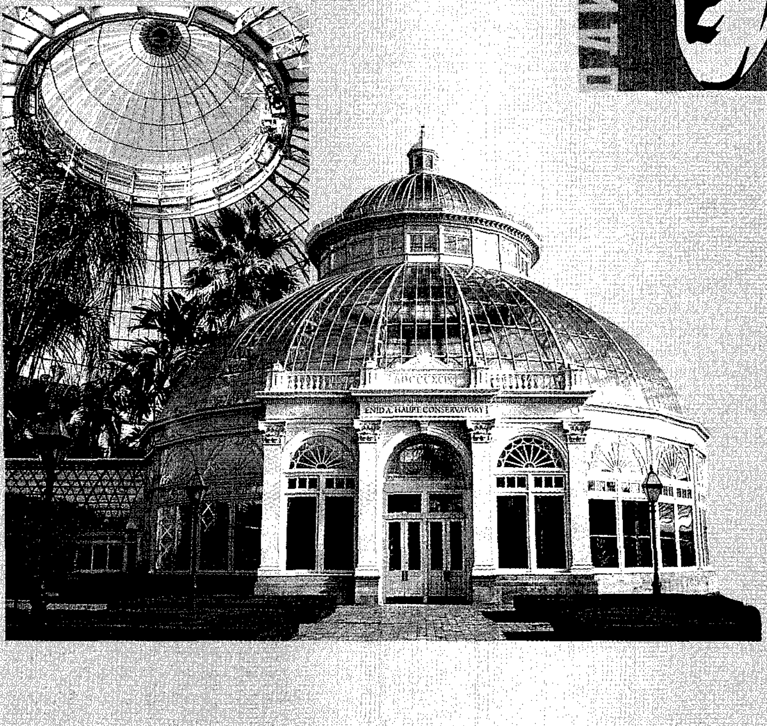
The Museum's parking lot is temporarily closed. For public transportation, local parking, and general information: 212-769-5100

© 1997 American Museum of Natural History. *Photos: African elephants, Willard Whitson, AMNH; cichlid, Paul Loiselle, Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation.*

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN

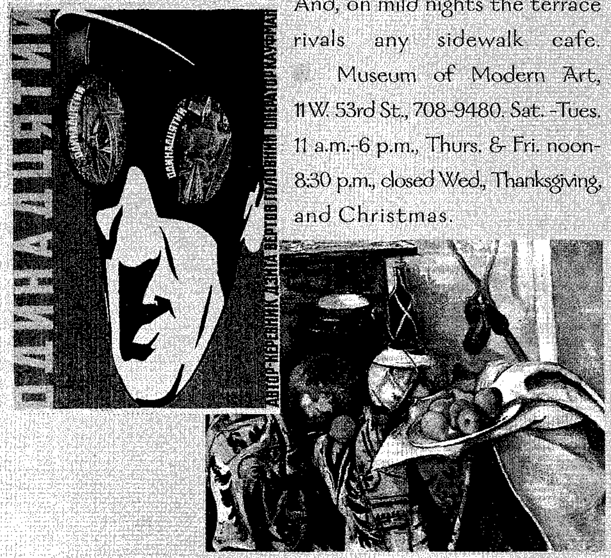
For a true taste of spring, head to The New York Botanical Garden, a 250-acre museum of botanical riches in the north Bronx. On May 3, the historic Enid A. Haupt Conservatory will reopen after a four-year restoration, bringing a new theme (not to mention 17,000 panes of new glass) to the largest Victorian glasshouse in the United States. ■ You'll follow a botanic storyline from one habitat to the next, learning about traditional healers in the Belize rain forest to the countless economic uses for palms in Brazil. Through May 25, the Conservatory will feature its spring flower show—In a Medieval Garden: The Flora of the Unicorn Tapestries. ■ Also new this spring, a handsome Garden Cafe and adjoining Terrace Room will give visitors a chance to sup and be within view of the ever-changing outdoor gardens. From spring to fall, the Peggy Rockefeller Rose Garden, set off with a central iron gazebo, overflows with 230 varieties of roses. In July, the Arlow B. Stout Daylily Garden blooms with vibrant color. ■ Or walk the trails of the NYBG Forest, a 40-acre swath of uncut woodland that once covered New York City, now home to a diversity of birds and wildlife. All this bounty is just 20 minutes from Grand Central via Metro North Railroad. ■ The New York Botanical Garden, Bronx, New York. 718-817-8700. Open from 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Tues.-Sun., April-Oct., and 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Nov.-March.



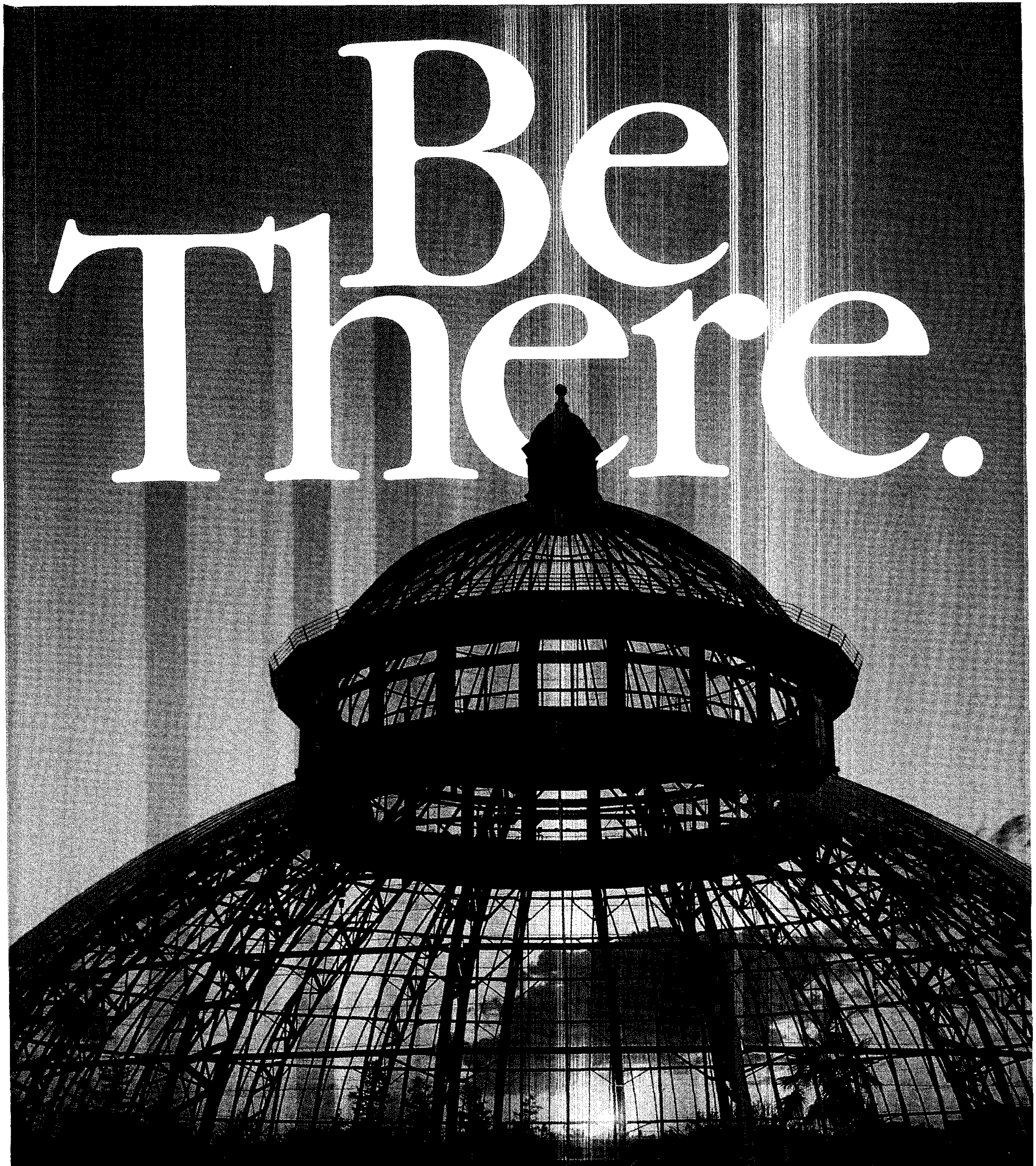
At right: The New York Botanical Garden's historic Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, the largest Victorian greenhouse in the United States, recently reopened after extensive restoration.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Nothing if not cool, the Museum of Modern Art displays its prodigious art collection in cool, light, white spaces. Among the most awaited events on MoMA's calendar is "Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life," which will run May 25-Aug. 26. These still-lifers range from Matisse to Christo, Braque to Dine. ■ Also coming June 10-Sept. 2 is the largest graphic-design exhibition ever organized by the museum, "Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Soviet Design." Their signature pieces are posters designed for the Russian cinema in the 20s and 30s. ■ Another crowd-pleaser is "Paris/The 1890s," a gorgeous collection of prints by Bonnard, Denis, Renoir, Signac, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Vuillard. They include sheet music, theater programs, and menus. ■ Spring will bring MoMA-goers back to the Sculpture Garden, a place to sit, read, flirt, contemplate the Rodins and Brancusis, even catch a bite at the Garden Cafe. ■ The Sette MoMA Bar & Ristorante is a midday magnet for power lunchers and romantic dawdlers who prefer the restaurant's terrace tables overlooking the garden. At 5:45 p.m. Sette MoMA becomes a lively after-work bar. And, on mild nights the terrace rivals any sidewalk cafe. ■ Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St., 708-9480. Sat.-Tues. 11 a.m.-6 p.m., Thurs. & Fri. noon-8:30 p.m., closed Wed., Thanksgiving, and Christmas.


ТАЙНА ДЦЕТИНЕ
АВТОР-ПЕРЕМИК ИЗЬНТА ВЕРТОВ ПОЛОВИНА ВИЗАТОРЕ

Left to right: Graphic poster art, *The Eleventh*, from the MoMA's Stenberg Brothers exhibit; *Still Life with a Ginger Jar and Eggplants*, an oil-on-canvas painting by Paul Cézanne, from the "Objects of Desire" exhibit.



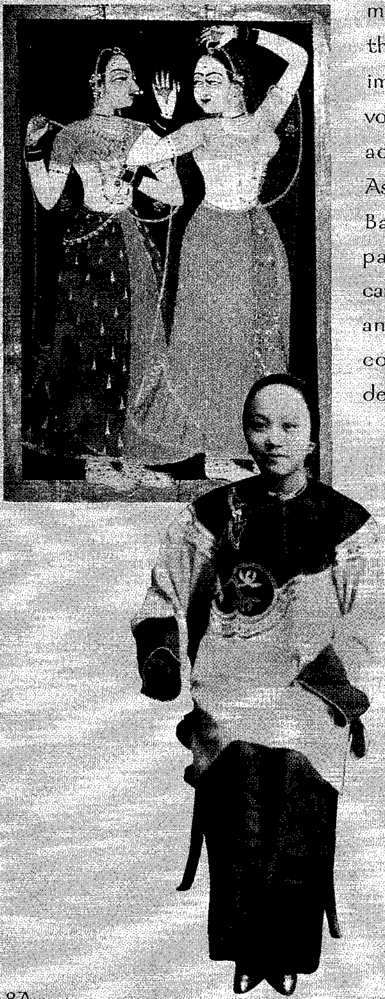
Discover **A World of Plants** in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory. Opening May 3rd.

Journey through a South American rain forest in French Guiana. Inhale the moist, pungent scent of exotic habitation and find a respite for both body and soul. Come to the new New York Botanical Garden in the Bronx and celebrate life as it should be. Rolling hills, flowering meadows, landscaped gardens and a historic forest, are all nestled on 250 acres, now with a new restaurant and expanded on-site parking. The Garden is only 20-25 minutes by car from Manhattan or Westchester and three stops on Metro-North from Grand Central to the Garden's Gate. For more information call 718-817-8700, Ext. 30.

THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN

THE ASIA SOCIETY

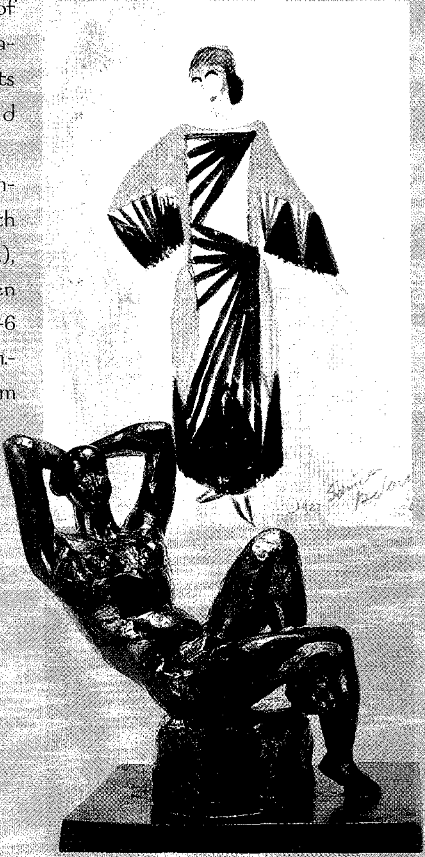
Behind its rosy granite walls and red, blue, and gold banners, The Asia Society offers refuge from the urban hubbub and a welcome whiff of the far-off East. The latest evocation (running from April 26 through July 20) is a show entitled "Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah." This is a rare view of India from the 17th to 19th century—so rare that the 70-odd paintings, drawings, and decorative artworks have never traveled beyond India, never been seen outside the borders of the former princely state of Kotah. Now part of the modern state of Rajasthan, the one-time Hindu state of Kotah, 200 miles southwest of Delhi, was a rich artistic center. The vibrant paintings on view—tiger hunts, lovers' trysts—are packed with intense energy. In warm weather, a roof-garden opens from the second-floor galleries, set off with a vine-hung Japanese arbor. The bookstore and gift shop are a mysterious garden in themselves, packed with important and colorful volumes and objects from across the Pacific and Asian spectrum. There are Balinese sarongs, Sumi painting instruments, carved Indonesian animals, and an impressive CD counter popular with devotees of meditation music (Japanese, Chinese, Indian). The Asia Society, 725 Park Avenue (at 70th St.), 517-ASIA. Hours: Tues.-Sat. 11 a.m.-6 p.m.; Thurs. 11 a.m.-8 p.m.; Sun. noon-5 p.m. Closed Mon. and major holidays.



Dancers (top) and *Chinese Woman* (left), at The Asia Society.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

Up at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Frank Lloyd Wright's corkscrew corridors will lead you through "A Century of Sculpture: The Nasher Collection," a parade of 105 remarkable sculptures that proceeds, from the bottom ramp up, past an 1875 figure of a boy by Rodin, to a Cubist head by Picasso, to works by Giacometti, Brancusi, Ernst, Miro, and beyond. There is exoticism in a Gauguin bust of a Tahitian woman, humor in a giant typewriter eraser by Claes Oldenburg, mystery in the headless bronze figures by Magdalena Abakanowicz. On Friday and Saturday, from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m., live jazz floats all the way from the rotunda to the museum's skylighted dome eight floors above. A wine bar and cafe tables are set out near the musicians. Patrons get up to dance beside a towering Calder sculpture. In April the WorldBeat Jazz Series features saxophonist Sam Newhouse; in May it's percussionist Annette Aguilar and her Afro-Cuban style. Through June 8, the Guggenheim SoHo will display a dynamic exhibition, "Art/Fashion," illustrating how art and fashion have converged. View avant-garde Constructivism in Varvara Stepanova's dresses, and assess the pairing of designer Elsa Schiaparelli and surrealists Jean Cocteau and Salvador Dali. Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. (at 89th St.), 423-3500. Open Sun.-Wed., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Fri.-Sat., 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Guggenheim SoHo Museum, 575 Broadway (at Prince St.), 423-3500. Open Wed.-Sun., 11a.m.-6 p.m., Sat.-8 p.m.



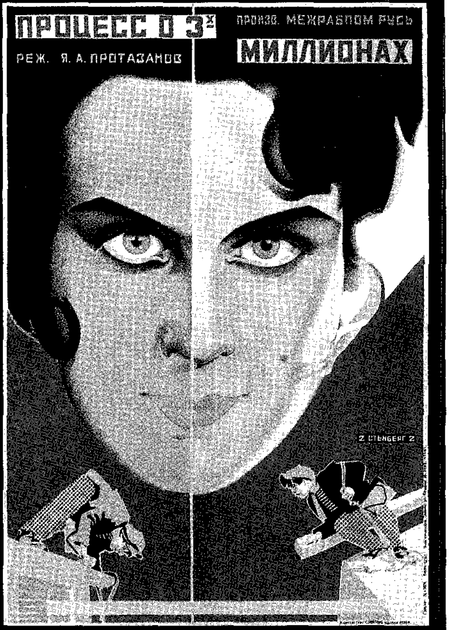
The many faces of the Guggenheim—from the extensive collaboration of art and fashion, to sculpture and watercolor painting.

OOPER-HEWITT
USEUM

ıen you step through the leaded-glass portals
the Cooper-Hewitt and leave behind the jog-
's and dog-walkers of Upper Fifth Avenue, you
ter more than a museum. The beaux-arts
ırnegie mansion, home of the Cooper-Hewitt
ıtional Design Museum, is itself a *fin-de-siecle*
easure, all carved mahogany paneling, Tiffany
nps, and a grand staircase. And, thanks to an
going renovation, the museum is now also a
odel of light, air, and facility. Pause to take a seat
ıong the potted palms of the revamped
rbara Riley Levin Conservatory and watch a
de show or gaze out of this glassy gazebo onto
ees and garden. Stroll the grounds, relax on one
the historic city park benches. This year, the
useum celebrates its centennial with a wide
ıge of exhibits. The shows connect at a human
vel, none more so than that of industrial
signer Henry Dreyfuss (1904-1972) which runs
rough Aug. 31. Dreyfuss specialized in func-
ınal devices, things you saw and used (and may
ll use) every day. Among his models, proto-
pes, and drawings are the familiar round
oneywell thermostat; Westclox alarm clocks;
e Polaroid Land Camera; and a series of tele-
ıones. A concurrent show, "Disegno: Italian
naissance Designs for the Decorative Arts," runs
rough May 18. Cooper-Hewitt National
esign Museum, 2 E. 91st St., 860-6868. Hours:
es. 10 a.m.-9 p.m;
ed-Sat. 10 a.m.-
.m.; Sun. noon-5 p.m.
osed Mon. and
deral Holidays.

e tractor, the telephone,
d the alarm clock are
ıong the everyday items
at put designer Henry
eyfuss on the map.

This summer at MoMA



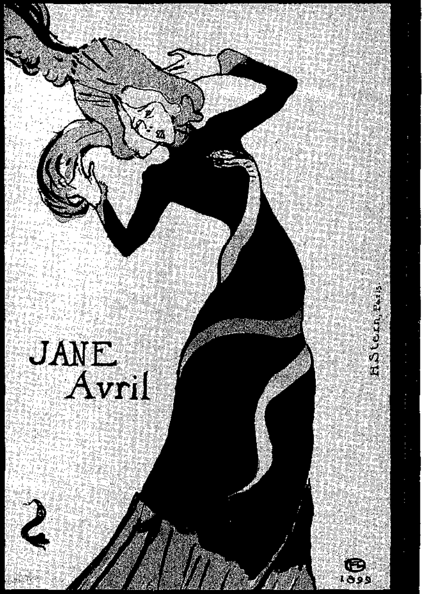
Advertisement © 1997 The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Stenberg Brothers
Constructing a Revolution in Soviet Design
June 10–September 2, 1997
Made possible by Laboratory All Fashion Art Co., Ltd.
Above: Georgii and Vladimir Stenberg. *The Three Millions Trial*. 1926. Offset lithograph. Batsu Art Gallery. The Ruki Matsumoto Collection, Tokyo.

Cindy Sherman
The Complete *Untitled Film Stills*
June 26–September 2, 1997
Sponsored by Madonna.
Left: *Untitled Film Still #6*. 1977. Gelatin-silver print. The Museum of Modern Art.

Paris/The 1890s
June 19–September 2, 1997
Below: Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. *Jane Avril*. 1899. Lithographic poster, printed in color. The Museum of Modern Art. Gift of Abby Aldrich Rockefeller.

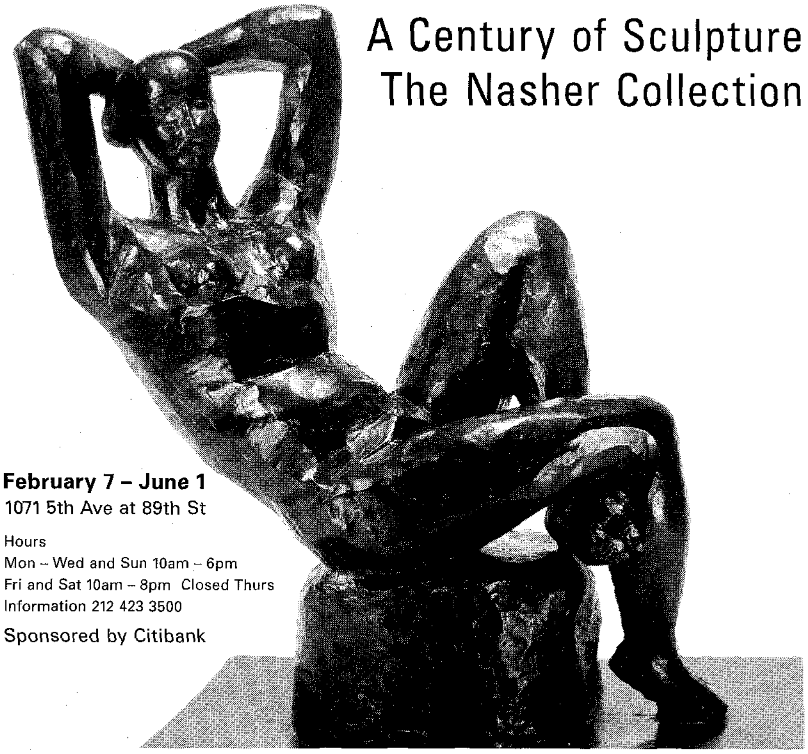
MoMA is the world's best museum of modern art. That's reason to visit anytime. Add an exciting lineup of exhibitions, music, and films, and that's reason to visit this summer. (Plus you can escape into the Sculpture Garden, dine, and shop.) Located just steps away from Fifth Avenue and Rockefeller Center. Open daily except Wednesdays.



The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53 Street near Fifth Avenue 212.708.9400 www.moma.org

GUGGENHEIM Uptown

A Century of Sculpture:
The Nasher Collection



Large Seated Nude, Henri Matisse, 1925–29, bronze

February 7 – June 1
1071 5th Ave at 89th St

Hours
Mon – Wed and Sun 10am – 6pm
Fri and Sat 10am – 8pm Closed Thurs
Information 212 423 3500

Sponsored by Citibank

Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah
April 26 through July 20

A glorious past comes alive.

An exhibition of paintings and objects, which date back to the 17th century, primarily from the royal collections of the Indian kingdom of Kotah.

ASIA SOCIETY
725 Park Avenue at 70th Street
For more information call (212) 517-ASIA

Gods, Kings and Tigers: The Art of Kotah is co-organized by the Harvard University Art Museums and the Asia Society. Support has been provided by the National Endowment for the Humanities, the National Endowment for the Arts, The Woodcock Foundation and The Chatterjee Group.

KIDS' STUFF

Family Expeditions

New York's museums provide a different kind of playground—one where kids can explore relics from another time, create an artistic masterpiece, meet legendary heroes, and discover scientific wonders. An assortment of kids' programs are offered throughout the area, crafted to inspire young minds and demonstrate that learning is the best kind of fun.

Spring/Summer Events:

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM

▪ "Tin Pressing—A Family Weekend Workshop" (May 3). Introduction to both Mexican and Early American tin-decorating techniques. For children 4 and up. Refreshments included. Non-members, $5. Members, $2.50.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

▪ "Identification Day" (April 26). Children are encouraged to bring shells, rocks, insects, feathers, bones, and other natural objects to the museum for scientists to identify. Free with suggested admission: adults, $8, students and seniors, $6, children ages 2-12, $4. 50.

▪ "ENDANGERED! Exploring the World at Risk," family workshops that examine species and habitats in danger of extinction. "What Must the Animals Think?" age 7 and up (April 27); "The Web of Life," for all ages (May 10); and "Endangered on the Internet," age 8 and up (May 30). Free with suggested admission: adults, $8, students and seniors, $6, children ages 2-12, $4. 50.

ASIA SOCIETY

▪ "India Here and There" (May 11). Celebrate Mother's Day with award-winning Indian and Asian-American children's films, including Tales of Pabuji (26 minutes); The Little Red Dot (26 minutes) and Return of Robin Hood (80 minutes). For children 7 and up. Free to Asia Society members and children under 12. Non-members, $5.

FARMERS' MUSEUM & VILLAGE CROSSROADS

▪ "Spring/Summer Workshops" (April-June), Cooperstown, NY. Hands-on crafts and rural-life activities at one of the nation's oldest outdoor living museums. Kids can work at the printers' or blacksmiths' shops, prepare food, and tend to the animals at the Farmstead. Full and half-day offerings. For information, call 607-547-1410.

▪ "Young Interpreters" (July and August), Cooperstown, NY. Successful applicants will learn how to spin, print, cook over the hearth, make a spilt-rail fence, tend animals, make brooms, manage the general store, and more. Once a week for eight weeks. Limited and competitive. Ages 11-14. For information, call 607-547-1505.

American Museum of Natural History

FENIMORE HOUSE MUSEUM

"Exploring Native American Cultures" (July 14-18), Cooperstown, NY. Kids gets a taste of what daily life might have been like for Native Americans in this 19th century, indoor/outdoor program. Hands-on activities and exploration of indigenous art. From 10 a.m.-4 p.m. daily. Ages 10-12. Limited enrollment, applications required. Fee includes meals. For information, call 607-547-1484..

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO

"SoHo Kids" (April, May & June) Toddlers ages 3-5 are encouraged to attend (with their adult friends, of course). This hour-long interactive program introduces art to children through storytelling, gallery games, and simple creative activities. Non-members, $6 per child. Members, $4. Free to accompanying adults.

SOLOMON R.GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

"A Year with Children" (May 23-June 9). This annual exhibition displays artwork selected from projects created by more than 4,500 metropolitan-area elementary school children. The show ranges from three-dimensional models, paintings, sculptures, and video projects. For families and students of all ages. Free for members and children under 12. Non-members, $8.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

"The Glory of Byzantium" (March 11-July 6). Numerous works of art from the Byzantine Empire (9th to the 13th century) will be on display, including jewelry, icons, mosaics, and ivory. A Family Festival will celebrate this exhibition with workshops, artists' demonstrations, and gallery hunts on March 22 & 23. All ages. Children, $4. Adults, $8. Free to members.

NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

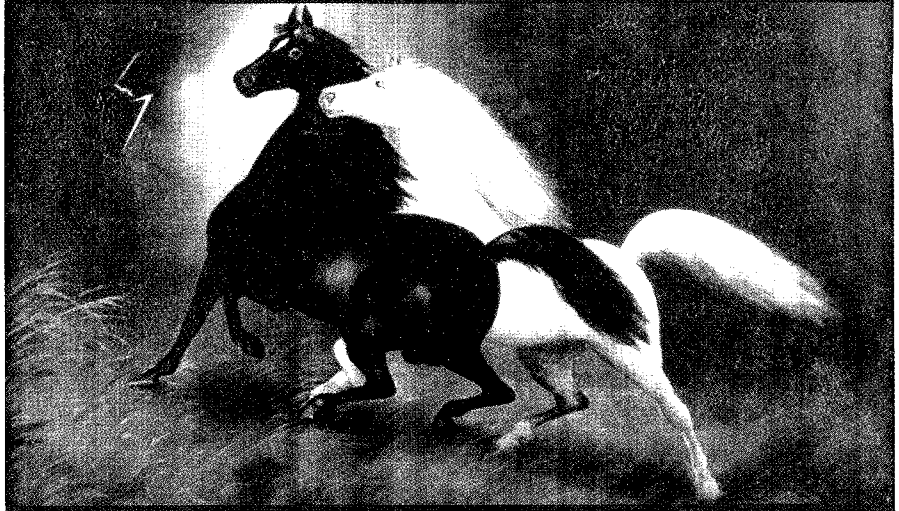
"America Grows Inning By Inning" (September-June), Cooperstown, NY. School groups are invited to learn how the changes in American society are reflected in the game of baseball. Racial integration, the growth of radio and TV, the impact of the of the world wars, population growth, and technological advances have all altered the nation's favorite sport. Two half-hour sessions. Grades 4-8. Book now for 1997-98 school year. For information, call 607-547-0312.

—LAUREN PAIGE KENNEDY

COOPERSTOWN

NEW YORK

The Perfect Getaway!

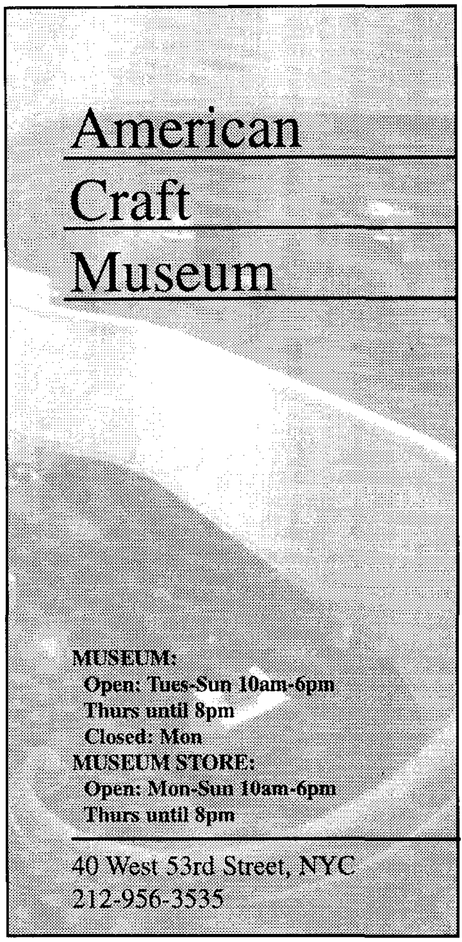


Majesty and Spirit: 300 Years of the Horse in American Art

One of nine new summer exhibits at Fenimore House Museum

COOPERSTOWN – where all the fun and beauty of America
are captured in one perfect village.

[illegible] 9 x12 for information on the perfect getaway



American
Craft
Museum

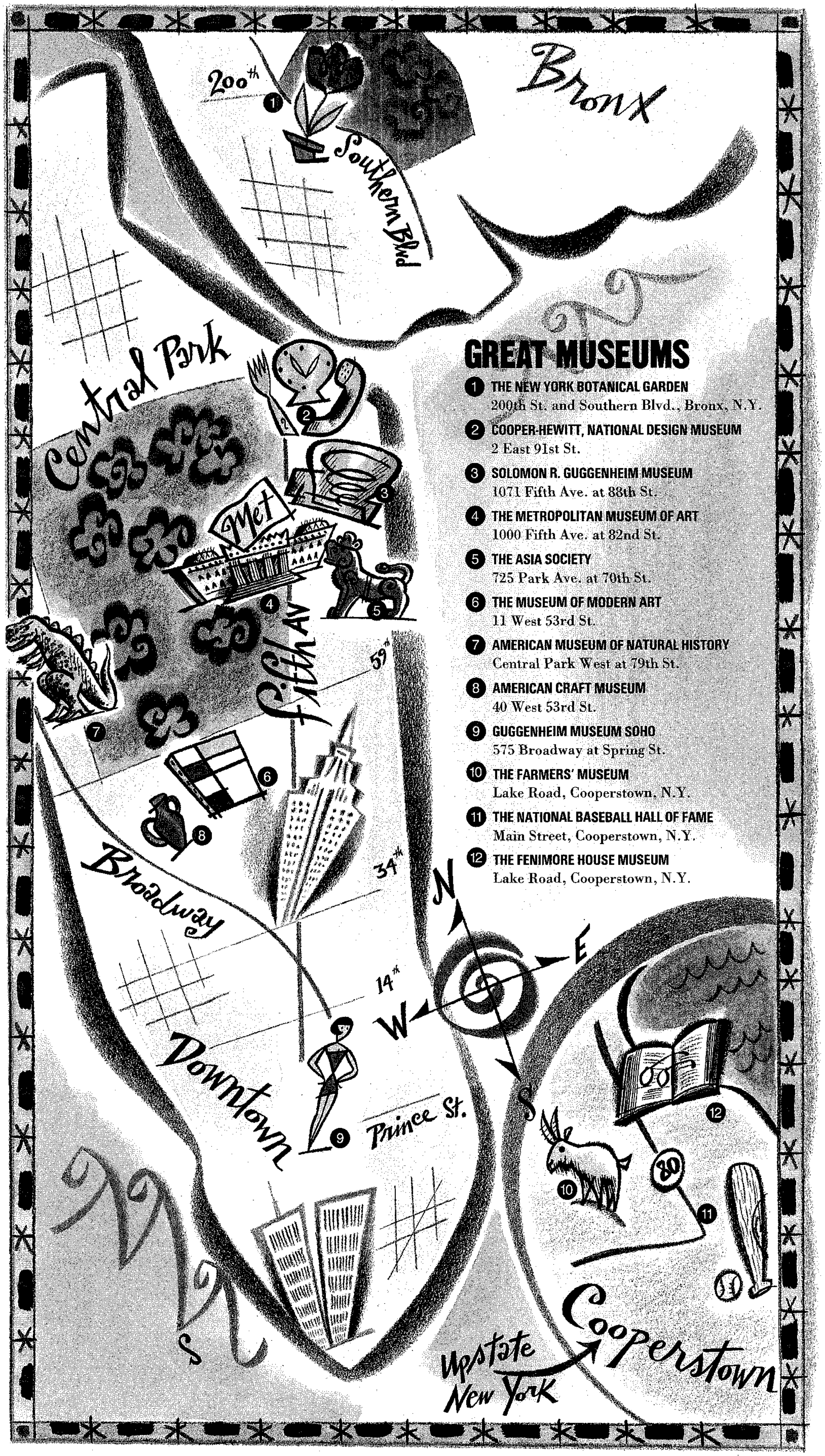
MUSEUM:
Open: Tues-Sun 10am-6pm
Thurs until 8pm
Closed: Mon
MUSEUM STORE:
Open: Mon-Sun 10am-6pm
Thurs until 8pm

40 West 53rd Street, NYC
212-956-3535

Cooper-Hewitt
National
Design
Museum
Smithsonian
Institution

CELEBRATING
100
YEARS

2 EAST 91ST STREET, NYC



GREAT MUSEUMS

1. **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**
   200th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx, N.Y.
2. **COOPER-HEWITT, NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM**
   2 East 91st St.
3. **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**
   1071 Fifth Ave. at 88th St.
4. **THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART**
   1000 Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.
5. **THE ASIA SOCIETY**
   725 Park Ave. at 70th St.
6. **THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**
   11 West 53rd St.
7. **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**
   Central Park West at 79th St.
8. **AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM**
   40 West 53rd St.
9. **GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO**
   575 Broadway at Spring St.
10. **THE FARMERS' MUSEUM**
    Lake Road, Cooperstown, N.Y.
11. **THE NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME**
    Main Street, Cooperstown, N.Y.
12. **THE FENIMORE HOUSE MUSEUM**
    Lake Road, Cooperstown, N.Y.

YOUR METROPOLITAN AREA INFINITI RETAILERS

NEW YORK

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Rockville Centre
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Competition Infiniti
Smithtown
516-361-4636

Infiniti of Massapequa
Massapequa
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Kings Infiniti
Brooklyn
718-646-3331

North Shore Infiniti
Great Neck
516-773-1000

Pepe Infiniti
White Plains
914-428-0900

NEW JERSEY

Circle Infiniti
West Long Branch
908-389-1200

Douglas Infiniti
Summit
908-522-7300

Flemington Infiniti
Flemington
908-782-6868

Infiniti of Denville
Denville
201-361-6700

Kea Infiniti
Englewood
201-568-1200

Lynnes Infiniti
Bloomfield
201-743-3100

Ramsey Infiniti
Upper Saddle River
201-327-5100

Ray Catena Infiniti
Edison
908-603-9600

CONNECTICUT

Pray Infiniti
Greenwich
203-625-9300

Illustration: Steven Salerno

Who says you can't improve on perfection.

The new Q45.

Whoever first uttered those words surely never encountered a luxury automobile, let alone one with the quality and refinement of the new Infiniti® Q45®

The Q's sporty and prestigious new look rivals that of any of its European counterparts while confidently and defiantly serving to make a bold statement of its own style. Then consider the fact that it has been totally redesigned with a new V8 engine that generates an aggressive 266 horsepower. A new anti-lock braking system and new suspension system for improved ride and handling. Not to mention four new exterior colors that will turn any admirer green with envy.

If true perfection is to be appreciated it must be experienced. To that end we invite you to visit an Infiniti Showroom and take the new Q45 for a Guest Drive® today.

INFINITI®

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Shooting Star

John Cusack has always seemed a likable sort, and one who knows how to act. But 'Grosse Pointe Blank' shows that now he can carry a movie, too.

IN THE IMMENSELY ENJOYABLE **Grosse Pointe Blank,** JOHN Cusack plays a criminal—a professional assassin—who goes home to his ten-year high-school reunion and picks up where he left off with Minnie Driver, the girl he abandoned on prom night. Driver, a local radio personality who doesn't yet know her old boyfriend's profession, is more than amenable, and the reunited couple are getting along very well, moving from the school dance floor to the nurse's office, when suddenly Driver stops him. "There's something missing here," she says. "What—too fast?" he says anxiously. "Something missing," she says, thinking it over—and then she whams him one across the face. Cusack looks stunned but smiles in acknowledgment of her point. The two then resume kissing.

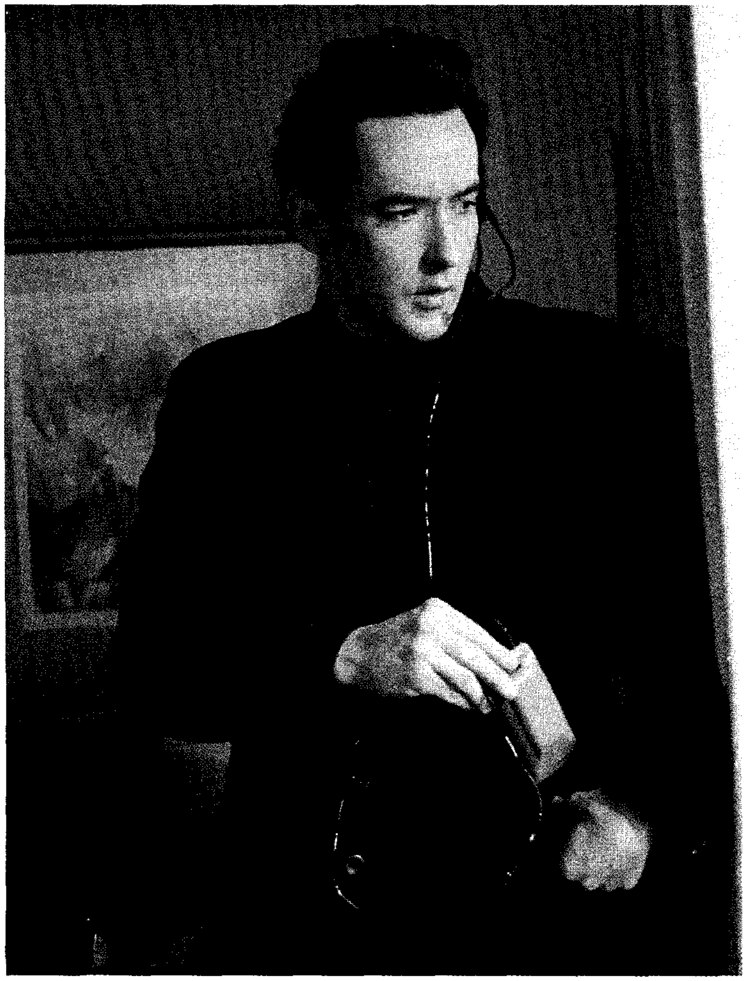
That's the movie in a nutshell. It slaps us hard with the unexpected, waits an instant for us to catch up, and then begins tricking us all over again. *Grosse Point Blank* is as funny as *Get Shorty* and as hip as *Pulp Fiction,* though not as sleek and high-powered as the first or as ostentatiously ironic as the second. It has a modest satiric style all its own. George Armitage, who made *Miami Blues,* directed, and his tempo is fast, fast, faster—sometimes so fast you want to see the movie again to be sure you really heard the outrageous things you think you heard. But *Grosse Pointe Blank* is a real charmer—a dark comedy that is too romantic and affectionate to be called black.

The premise is no more than a joke, but it's a good joke. In the opening scene, Cusack stands at a hotel window, busy shooting someone (another hit man, on a bicycle), while at the same time, his secretary (played by his sister Joan Cusack) reads him a letter over the telephone. The comic point is that John Cusack's character—Martin Blank is his name—conducts himself as though he had a completely normal job. His secretary, a demanding, over-explicit woman, gives him careful advice and worries over him just the way Humphrey Bogart's secretary worried over her boss in *The Maltese Falcon.* Martin has pushy clients, he has supply problems (that late shipment of 9-mm. shells), and he has rivals who want to dominate him. The market for hit men has apparently been flooded with ex-Stasi thugs and tiny, knife-wielding Filipino ladies posing as hotel maids. Things are tough all over, but Blank's problems are different: His morale is low, and he may be losing his touch, too. He botches a couple of jobs; his heart is no longer in it. Depressed, and worried that he has chosen the wrong line of work, Martin goes to a shrink, the great Dr. Oatman, who is very frightened of his earnestly troubled patient. Alan Arkin, holding his bald dome in anguish, has his funniest bit in years. "Try not killing anyone," the doctor says.

That John Cusack was likable became clear as early as *The Sure Thing* and *Say Anything;* that he was a terrific film actor became obvious in *The Grifters.* Now it's evident as well that he knows how to be a movie star. Cusack optioned a screenplay by Tom Jankiewicz, then worked with a couple of writing pals from his Chicago theater crowd—D. V. DeVincentis and Steve Pink—to reshape it into a vehicle for himself. The role has a quality almost . . . Cusackian. Dressed in black, Cusack has filled out—he looks more substantial than before, and he comes across as suave and self-confident but in a light, unemphatic way. With his long, pale face and small mouth, Cusack can look like a degenerate or a choir boy, and his smoky voice has surprising registers. He's very adroit with tiny, rapid shifts of mood, from mild mockery to sweet literalness and then back again. He's easy to take and unassuming, and you feel generous toward him; you want him to succeed.

His Martin Blank is an improvisatory personality and an honest man. He dissembles, but he won't lie to himself. He dresses in black, but he's not the usual macho

Just another day at the office: John Cusack plays a professional killer who takes a purely businesslike approach to his work.



Photograph by Melinda Sue Gordon/Hollywood Pictures.

loner. (No actor with a trace of awareness can do the hired killer straight anymore.) Cusack makes him a modern, self-conscious guy, a hustler, an operator, even a yuppie slightly embarrassed by how much he once enjoyed killing people. *Grosse Pointe Blank* is the sport of a satirical age, a joke not on murder but on what people once took seriously in the movies. Martin Blank may be getting tired of killing—he even longs for "the redemption thing"—but he still has the moves. Cusack hits his stride in his first scene with Dan Aykroyd, a fellow assassin. The two approach each other warily—sidewise, with their hands inside their coat pockets, ready to draw on each other, and they banter in hostile jive nonsense, the jargon of the professional-killer trade. Aykroyd goes a mile a minute in his machine-gun style, and Cusack impressively matches him. The movie never comes down from that giddy moment.

In this spoof, killing is everyone's profession. Assassins are hired like business consultants, and government hit men are always lurking around, waiting to knock off the freelancers. In the end, they all plug away at one another and fall down in a heap. In *Grosse Pointe Blank,* violent death becomes ridiculous, not because death is ridiculous but because the way movies usually treat it has no meaning. Martin and some obscurely motivated French thug shoot it out in a convenience store, the blasted Fritos and Cokes flying every which way, and the bullets never touch either man. The violent scenes are way over the top. Aykroyd holds his guns right out in front of him, blazing away as nonchalantly as a kid with a cap pistol. The filmmakers are teasing us for the way we respond to violent thrillers. Directors know that we would *like* to care about death—they are willing to indulge the pretense. But they also know we don't really care, that we just want the thrill. Laughing at this movie is a strike against hypocrisy.

Arriving home, Martin meets old friends who are extremely angry at him for disappearing ten years earlier without a word. When they ask him what he does, he always tells them the truth. They sell real estate or cars; he's a professional killer. But they assume he's putting them on, and without hesitating more than an instant, they come back at him with wisecracks. The filmmakers twist the usual awkward comedy of high-school reunions into half-sinister farce. Nobody believes Martin because everyone lives in a David Letterman world of put-ons and gags. Reality has been showbizzed; everyone has his shtick. Even Martin's old history teacher, a sardonic woman about half his size, riffs on his black clothes. Some of the friends who stayed behind—including Jeremy Piven (from the TV series *Ellen*) as a real-estate salesman—are made almost hysterical by their envy of Blank. His name is emblematic; they project their fantasies onto him. The joke goes sky-high when assassins come after Martin in the school.

The one thing done (mostly) straight is the renewed love affair between Minnie Driver and Cusack. Driver, who is British, was a little stiff in *Big Night;* here, she's loose and funny, an adorable good girl with a mop of curled hair, a bright smile, and a way of running from place to place—her arms moving like pistons—that is a shot of pure joy. Her Debi can't believe her luck: The one man she clicked with has come back to her. The two of them move ahead fast, like a couple in a thirties screwball comedy. Her rage when she finds out he's not kidding about killing is a beautifully graded shift from disbelief to pain to shocked exasperation. The ending of the movie is a little too easy and unambiguous—an escape into standard romantic comedy that seems weak after what we've seen—but the picture has entertained us so much, we can forgive it almost anything. ■

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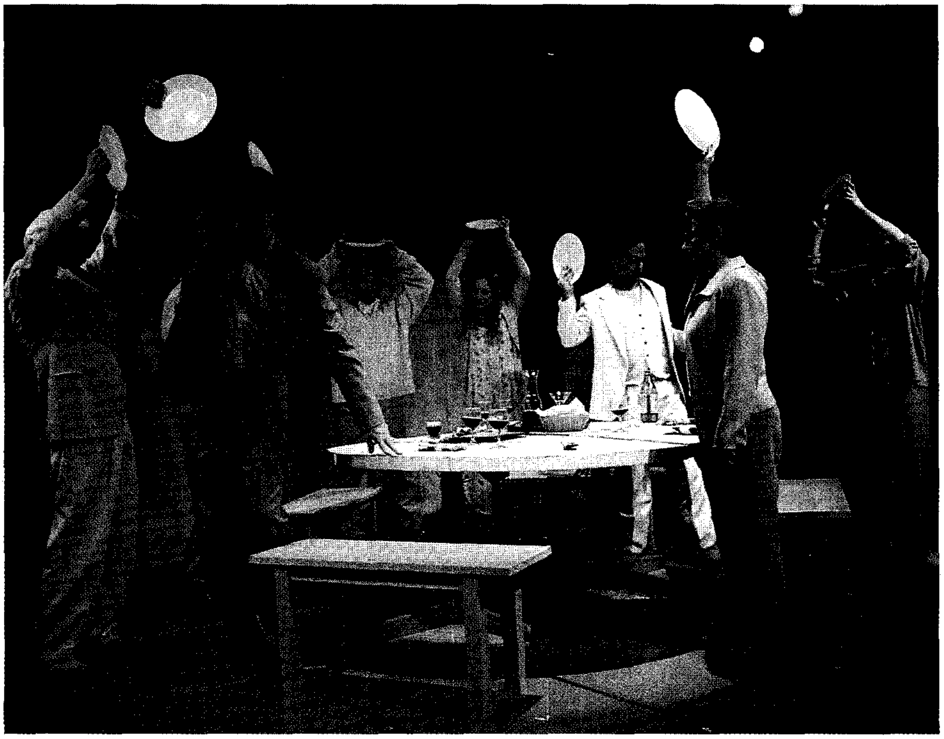
Lanford Wilson's idiosyncratic 'Sympathetic Magic' is his best play yet; Wendy Wasserstein's 'An American Daughter' is a valiant but fuzzy political satire.



A scene from Lanford Wilson's *Sympathetic Magic.*

Photograph by Susan Cook.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN LANFORD WILSON'S DISTINCTION to know about the things of this world. While other playwrights plowed their little acres—family clashes, love triangles, showbiz shenanigans, and whatnot—Wilson uncovered with each new play new areas of human activity and sensibility. One never knew whether he was cannily taking crash courses in this or that calling, was making lightning excursions into this or that idiosyncratic region, or had simply been everywhere and experienced everything.

The plays, of course, weren't equally successful artistically or commercially. But even the least of them in quality or duration took us where we had never been before; immersed us in bizarre occupations and unorthodox relationships, defiantly generous or spectacularly wasted lives; and opened our eyes and ears to the eccentric choreography and bewitching cacophony of existence. Of none of his works is this more true than his latest, **Sympathetic Magic.**

Consider merely the dramatis personae. Liz Barnard is an anthropologist who has worked much in Africa and is now studying the West Coast gangs for similar behavior, while also observing striking changes in her own body. Her elder child, Don, is the Episcopal minister at an outlying Bay Area church, most of whose parishioners are poor, and many sick with AIDS. He himself is homosexual; his choirmaster ex-lover, Pauly, waves his sexuality about as if it were a baton.

Liz's younger child, by another husband, is Barbara, a gifted sculptress whose current breakthrough show launches a stellar career. She has been living with Ian, a fine young astronomer and popular university professor who, with his somewhat bumpkinish colleague Mickey, stumbles upon a sensational discovery at the farthest galactic horizon. Meanwhile, the chairman of their department, Carl Conklin White—a dapper, smooth-talking, cheerily glacial fellow—snatches up this startling find in a potentially panic-producing way that could also deprive his two subordinates of the credit due them.

So we are hurled into the worlds of anthropology, astronomy, religion, and art. Shamans and statuary, academic maneuvering and clerical politics, the art market and choir practice with rank amateurs are made palpable and, better yet, comprehensible. So, too, are relationships, both homo- and heterosexual, both thriving and threatened. There is also the generational clash, centering on Susan, Liz's attractive young secretary. Overhanging all are the eternal opposites, science and faith, in a wrestling match not entirely unlike a lovers' quarrel, which we also get.

Such plenty would be of scant use if inexpertly handled, the front teeth biting off more than the molars can chew. It would be lost on a writer who can deal with drama but lacks humor, is high on ideas but fumbling with people. Here, though, is Lanford Wilson encompassing it all, always landing, however daring the leap, on the balls of elastic feet. He shies away from nothing, giving you even one of the most complicated and terrifying fights ever, chillingly staged by that master B. H. Barry. The rest is guided by the most empathetic of directors, Marshall W. Mason, with whom, incredibly, Wilson is collaborating for the fiftieth time.

Though Dana Millican's Susan is a shade too callow, the cast is a tearproof ensemble: Tanya Berezin, David Bishins, Herb Foster, Ellen Lancaster, Jeff McCarthy, Jordan Mott, and David Pittu seem to be playing themselves in an exceptionally well-made documentary. John Lee Beatty's set is as versatile as it is simple, Laura Crow's costumes have that subdued San Francisco elegance, and Dennis Parichy's lighting captures the essence of several environments. All this at the most handmaidenly service of the author, who makes the mundane numinous, and miracles seem natural. *Sympathetic Magic* is the rare play you want, like some pieces of music, to promptly start da capo.

A warning, however, is called for. Wilson's play is so chock-full of ideas, incidents, witty or poetic lines, scientific and philosophical argument, that you must attend very carefully with all your wits about you. Though the play is only a little over two hours in length, it feels like much more. This may prove draining, but it is worth it. It's like a vigorous workout in a mental gym; after you rest up from it, you will find your intellectual faculties racing as after no show currently on the boards. *Sympathetic Magic* is truly what is says it is, a play about the universe, universal.

HAVING FIRST WRITTEN ABOUT HER OWN experiences (the right way to begin), Wendy Wasserstein has progressed to the realms of the imagination (the smart way to continue). In **An American Daughter,** she serves up the prominent physician and teacher Lyssa Dent Hughes, wife of the wry sociology prof Walter Abrahmson and daughter of the conservative Republican senator from Indiana Alan Hughes. There is also Lyssa's best friend from way back in Miss Porter's classes, the oncologist Judith B. Kaufman, who is black, Jewish, divorced, and tormented by her apparent infertility, a problem she could easily have resolved by now.

Nominated by the president for surgeon general, Lyssa is interviewed both by the flashy feminist writer Quincy Quince (a name that, even as an Anglicization, is hard to swallow) and, in a pre-interview, by TV's high-powered Timber Tucker (another name I don't buy). Hanging around is a family friend, the homosexual columnist turned screenwriter Morrow McCarthy, whose quaint moniker serves as peg for prêt-à-porter puns. All three of these media types radiate a cockiness not uncommon to the territory.

Senator Hughes has a fourth wife, nicknamed Chubby, which, of course, she isn't. Hubby Walter jocularly brings up Lyssa's always managing to muster good reasons for avoiding jury duty, which Morrow mischievously elaborates on with a reference to a misplaced summons in the presence of Timber Tucker. This gets pounced on during the TV special, and some innocent remarks about her mother, too, get the nominee into trouble. How little it takes to bring down a worthy candidate in hypersensitive and hypocritical America!

Miss W. valiantly juggles with several genres: drawing-room comedy, comedy of manners, political satire, problem play, and even domestic-infidelity drama. But she is not that much of a prestidigitator:

Some of the flying balls plop; others, attached to her hands by rubber bands, boomerang into her face. Lyssa seems intended as an allusion to someone in current politics, most likely Hillary Clinton, whom Kate Nelligan rather resembles, but tenuous parallels are enervating. The humor, too, turns imprecise, as when the senator regrets having given his daughter such role models as Eleanor Roosevelt and Florence Nightingale: "I should have found you heroines that are more sensible—like Arianna Huffington and Amy Fisher," which is both anachronistic and out of character.

Characters remain underdeveloped. More needs to be done with Dr. Kaufman, whose ill-judged despair defies even Lynne Thigpen's powerful talent. And someone less miscast than Peter Riegert—the perennial sophomore as college professor—would still find the role of Walter underwritten. Hal Holbrook does fill the senator's gaps with his substantial presence, and who could light up both her cigarette and her role (as Chubby) better than Penny Fuller with a demure "I only started again last month, to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of my quitting"?

Conversely, Elizabeth Marvel is unable to get beyond Quincy's irritating smugness, and Cotter Smith's Tucker could use a bit of Charlie Rose's surplus oiliness or Barbara Walters's ersatz solicitude. But Bruce Norris is a flawless Morrow, and Peter Benson gets a congressional spin doctor smack on the condescending nose.

Only the writing lacks sharp detail. Dr. Kaufman's attempted suicide and casual recovery ring false. What adolescents would, like the Abrahmson kids, stay rigorously out of sight? What attempted adultery rocks the marital boat no more than a lapping wave? All this seems even more unreal against John Lee Beatty's inviting living room, Jane Greenwood's meticulous costuming, and Pat Collins's cozy lighting. Add Daniel Sullivan's life-enhancing direction and Kate Nelligan's magisterially calibrated Lyssa, and you wonder how, amid such parenting attention, *Daughter* can look so orphaned.

CHARLES BUSCH, THE FEMALE IMPERSONator, has adapted the story that underlay the movie *A New Leaf* into a musical, **The Green Heart.** Not one to hide his light under a buschel, he gives us a version that is pure camp. If it does not feature actual drag queens, it does have two villainesses who, though female, are only a fake eyelash or two away from the real unreal thing.

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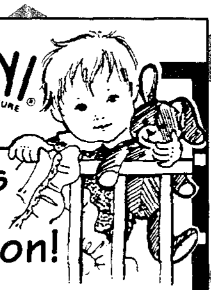

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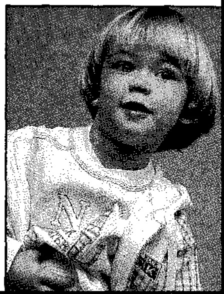

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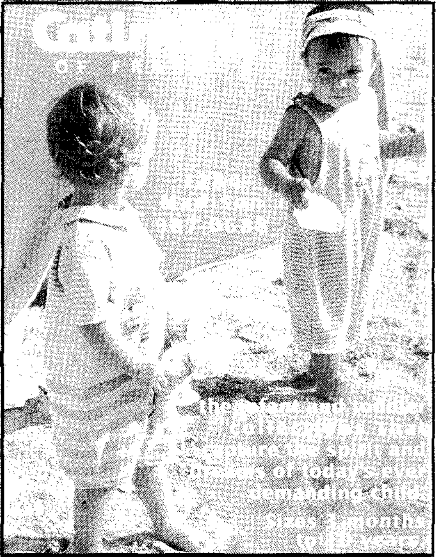

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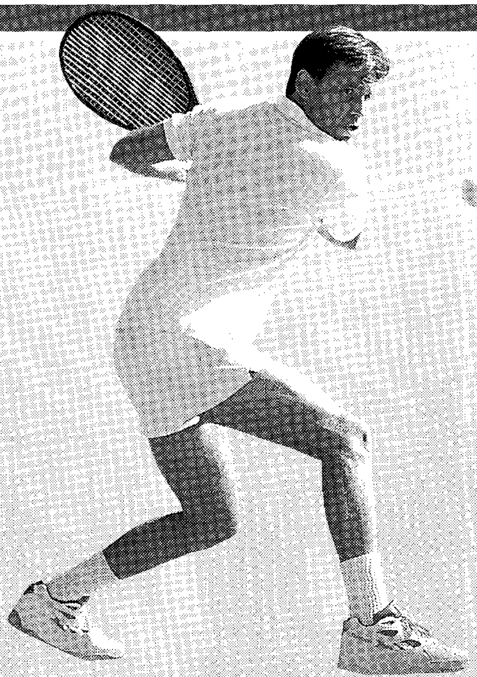

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separate functions of bridegroom and widower, and begins by trying to sack the staff of the Lowell country mansion. But he and Uta meet with equally conniving opposition from the sinister housekeeper Mrs. Tragger and the corrupt Lowell lawyer McPherson. Many as are the lethal traps set for naïve, trusting Henrietta, her diabolical associates—or sheer dumb luck—keep saving her.

The feeble plot needs a robust score to lean on, but this Rusty Magee cannot provide: The reprised title song is especially nondescript; another reprised number, "The Easy Life," was better in its Ur-version as "Easy Street" in *Annie.* Although David Andrew Macdonald does handsomely by the debonairly despicable William, Karen Trott's Henrietta is neither vulnerable nor funny. John Ellison Conlee's nefarious lawyer is as bloated as a Montgolfier balloon, but does not flutter as nimbly as the finest fatties do.

The scheming harpies, however, are wicked fun. Except for a German accent thicker than sauerkraut, the two-pfennig Dietrich of Alison Fraser is good as fool's gold, equally adept at stealing hearts and stabbing backs. Ruth Williamson's housekeeper is a camp Judith Anderson (if that isn't redundant): Shaped like a pruning hook, and with a face long as a legal brief, she spreads Halloween wherever she slinks. Both ladies sing with a feral gusto and help us overlook the perfunctory direction of Kenneth Elliott and the by-the-numbers choreography of Joey McKneely. As for the rest, only James Noone's décor amuses, but an audience of happy campers guffawed throughout. Myself, I was happiest decamping.

The Joy of Going Somewhere Definite, BY QUINCY Long, is that awful sort of piece designed to make benighted audiences feel blissfully superior to the even greater onstage mindlessness. Indeed, the main characters are a trio of bumbling loggers in the Northwoods (wherever that is) who, as zealous busybodies, try to straighten out a falling-down drunk's marital problems, only to create a bigger mess. They are strongly reminiscent of the Three Stooges, though without the originals' subtlety.

Why the Mark Taper Forum would have commissioned a play from the author of *Shaker Heights* and *The Virgin Molly* remains a mystery, surpassed only by that of the rave review in the *Times.* But it is no wonder to see the work mounted by the Atlantic Theater Company, whose record for clinkers is well-nigh unblemished. The one decent performance comes from Felicity Huffman, but even she can't redeem writing that, for example, considers it a riot to have an actor repeat the same word five or six times. ▬

Homecoming Queen

Even with a major role for a mature diva, the New York City Opera can't coax a triumph from 'The Visit of the Old Lady.'

Small-town girl makes good: Joyce Castle as the avenging heroine.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

DEPENDING ON HOW ONE LIKES TO VIEW these things, the New York City Opera's production of Gottfried von Einem's **The Visit of the Old Lady** is either overdue attention paid to a work written by one of postwar Germany's more successful conservative opera composers or an exercise in futility. Von Einem, who died last July at 78, is no stranger to the City Opera, although the company's long-ago productions of *The Trial* (after Kafka) in 1953 and *Danton's Death* (after Büchner) in 1966 received just two performances each and vanished. Perhaps the sour taste of those box-office disasters delayed *The Old Lady's* arrival, since the opera was performed all over Europe after its 1971 premiere in Vienna. Surely one reason for the initial flurry of interest was the juicy opportunities the title role gave to a charismatic singing actress of a certain age—Christa Ludwig created Claire Zachanassian, and her successors included Astrid Varnay, Magda Olivero, Kerstin Meyer, and Regina Resnik (looking interested, Renata Scotto was spotted in the audience at the City Opera opening).

Then, too, any composer with a feel for the stage, no matter how slight, could not go too far wrong with this material. Friedrich Dürrenmatt's widely traveled 1956 play of the same name (better known in America as *The Visit*) is practically an opera libretto already, and the Swiss playwright only had to reduce his original text by about a quarter to make it practical for music. In the process, Claire emerges even more prominently: the richest lady in the world, who returns to her impoverished hometown of Güllen and offers to enrich the municipal coffers by a billion dollars if the townsfolk will murder the proprietor of the local grocery store—Alfred Ill, who years ago had ruined Claire and sent her into prostitution. At first horrified, the greedy Gülleners eventually succumb to temptation, democratically take a vote, and execute Ill. Claire hands over the check, puts Ill in the coffin she has brought along for the purpose, and departs as the townspeople burst into an orgiastic dance of joy.

Most commentaries about Von Einem's opera I've encountered dwell on the unsettling implications of this cynical black comedy as though it were still a play, and the reasons are not difficult to understand. The score is cunningly structured and fastidiously crafted in a way that doesn't call attention to itself; the idiom is mildly dissonant but accessible; the musical gestures are precisely timed to underline the dramatic action; and the vocal line gets the job done efficiently. In short, *The Visit of the Old Lady* is one more well-made opera score that sounds gray, unmemorable, and derivative. When I lived in Germany during Von Einem's heyday, music critics made the inevitable wicked play on the composer's name by saying that his music was not *von einem* (by one), but *von vielen* (by many), and I fear they were right. Like other skilled German composers who reached maturity in mid-century and resisted avant-garde trends—Werner Egk, Boris Blacher, Giselher Klebe, Heimo Erbse, Rudolf Wagner-Régeny—Von Einem more or less ended up in a stylistic cul-de-sac with little to say.

At least the music never actually gets in the way, and an inspired Claire Zachanassian could probably still hold our interest for three hours. As drawn by Dürrenmatt, she is a fascinating avenging demon, a Medea with charm, a sense of humor, and even a touch of sentiment, qualities only dimly perceived in Joyce Castle's disappointingly flat impersonation. Brent Ellis's Ill is even more pallid, giving a bare suggestion of how this bumbling man eventually attains a measure of tragic dignity at the end. There are more chilling portraits among the townsfolk—Michael Hayes's mealy-mouthed Mayor and James Maddalena's cowardly Priest are especially effec-

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tive, and the martini-dry staging by JoAnne Akalaitis catches both the play's frightening everyday naturalism and its even more terrifying sense of ritual. The opera bustles along smoothly under the hands of conductor George Manahan, who shows how well he understands the score by scarcely making us aware that there is any music to listen to at all.

IT'S JUST A DIM MEMORY NOW, BUT NEW opera flourished at Columbia University during the forties and fifties, when the school's Opera Workshop played such an important part in the city's musical life. **Opera at Columbia,** a modest celebration not long ago at the Miller Theatre, served to remind us of that, along with the more than twenty music-theater works that were commissioned, written, or first performed at the university during those years. It all began in 1941 with the world premiere of Benjamin Britten's *Paul Bunyan,* which has a text by W. H. Auden. A big flop at first, that endearing work is only now taking its rightful place in the Britten canon, but several other Columbia-based projects have long since become classics in the tiny pantheon of American opera: Virgil Thomson's *The Mother of Us All,* Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe,* Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Medium,* Jack Beeson's *Hello Out There,* and Hugo Weisgall's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* are only the most familiar.

Since it also attracted many talented young singing actors, stage directors, and conductors, the Columbia Opera Workshop still looked like the ideal place for an opera-minded composition student like me when I arrived at the music department in 1960. Bad timing. By then, the composer-teachers who had helped make it all happen were still around—Douglas Moore, Otto Luening, Jack Beeson—but the workshop's activities had come to an end, and I went on to become a music critic. Still, it must have been a lively two decades, judging by the tasty program of excerpts from eleven works nurtured on campus during that period. Six singers and two pianists from the Friends and Enemies of New Music did the honors, and Beeson—now 75, and one of the few "survivors," as he put it—charmingly filled us in on all the pertinent historical details.

The increasingly severe academic tone that characterized new music at eastern universities during the sixties was surely one reason the workshop folded. The Columbia-based composers were essentially conservative musical spirits, and Weisgall's Viennese-flavored atonal idiom was about as advanced as it ever got—even his *Six Characters* now sounds engagingly melodic. Soprano Bethany Hodges sang the two hit tunes of the afternoon: Monica's poignant Waltz from Menotti's *The Medium* and Baby Doe's final true-until-death aria—the "Leadville Liebestod," as we called it back then. Britten in an unbuttoned country-and-western mood whetted appetites for the upcoming revival of *Paul Bunyan* at the City Opera, which should also be encouraged to stage the panoramic Thomson-Stein *Mother of Us All,* long overdue for a major New York production. Beeson's *The Sweet Bye and Bye* is another candidate for revival, a bittersweet tale of illicit love and religious revivalism set in the Roaring Twenties. Indeed, an entire repertory of viable American opera emerged from Columbia during this period, and perhaps the time has come to reexamine it all and put the best works back on the stage.

THE **Metropolitan Opera** IS WINDING UP ITS season with three *Ring* cycles, presumably the last time around for the current production—a breathtakingly romantic storybook vision of opera's mightiest epic for some, an uneventful stroll through a trivial Wagnerian theme park for others. Since I obstinately remain in the latter camp and no exciting Wagnerian discoveries have materialized to perk up the casts, I decided to sample just the first, *Die Walküre.* And during the first act, I was glad I did. Siegmund is one of Plácido Domingo's most successful excursions into the German repertory, a role that lies securely in the center of his voice and one he sings with eloquence. Deborah Voigt is even more impressive. Her soprano has blossomed into a warm, gleaming, full-bodied instrument that responds to everything she asks from it, and her Sieglinde becomes increasingly vibrant and expressive.

After Wotan and Brünnhilde arrived in Act Two, the time seemed to pass more slowly. James Morris's noble bass-baritone is aging and his options are beginning to be reduced, but at least his chief god exudes authority, and he tells us more about this complex character than he did ten years ago. Announced as suffering from an allergy attack, Hildegard Behrens was in vocal distress all evening, but at this late stage in her career, I wonder how much of Brünnhilde's music she can still comfortably handle under any conditions. Capering about the stage like the captain of an all-girl basketball team, she once again misjudged the dramatic effect of her performance to create one of the silliest Valkyries I've ever laid eyes on. Despite recent confident pronouncements in the press to the contrary, viable heroic singers remain in short supply. At the moment, only Jane Eaglen and Ben Heppner hold promise of great things to come, but impatient Wagnerians will have to wait until 2000 to hear them sing *Tristan und Isolde* at the Met. ■

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Shine On

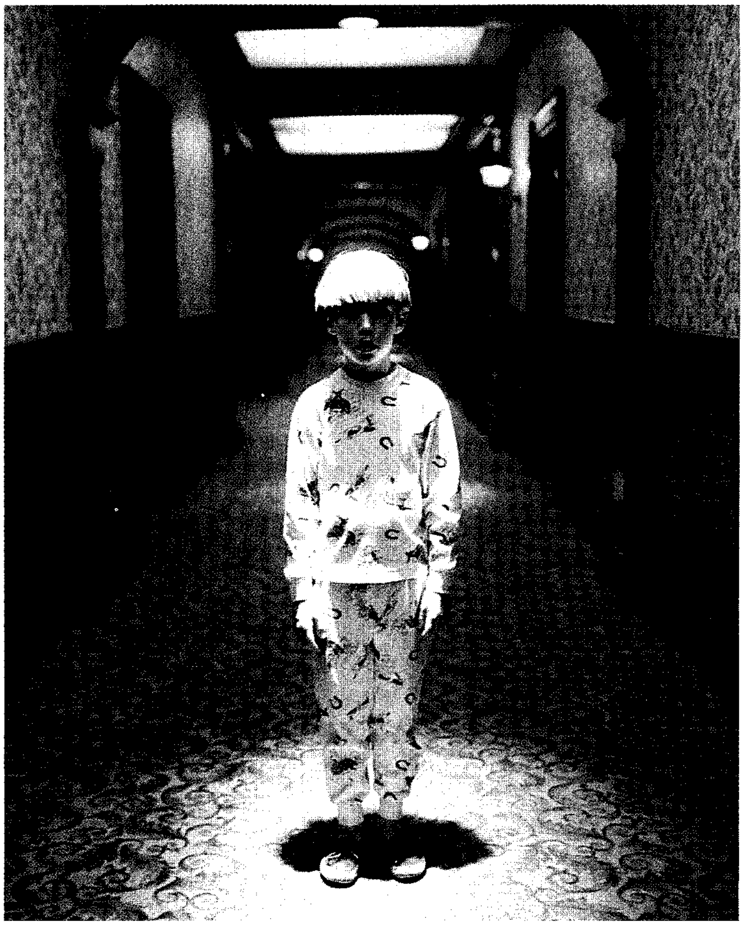
Stanley Kubrick may have made movie history with 'The Shining,' but that doesn't mean Stephen King liked it. Now the novelist does it his way on ABC.

STEPHEN KING IS DISNEY'S EVIL TWIN. THEY both work with childhood fantasies of ambush and abandonment, powerlessness and coded sexuality, Dreamtime and magic artifacts, deformities and animals. Except that Disney always wants to sell us something of its own—a product tie-in, an idea of America—whereas King wants only to scare us. That's all he's ever wanted to do. All we've ever asked of him, in thrilled complicity, is that he succeed. He does it by playing off our own worst fears, investing menace in the familiar—everything from children's toys and household appliances to an entire high school or even the occasional government agency. The result on television is a sort of anti-commercial, which just happens to work perfectly on the networks. Interspersed with some King psychodrama—those predatory tumbleweeds, those killer clowns, that unstoppable plague—the real commercials, promising us adventure if we only buy the right car, promising us friendship if we only buy the right beer, come as an almost necessary relief and reassurance. Meanwhile, those of us paid to think about this stuff connect the dots with Freud, Marx, Joseph Campbell, the Brothers Grimm, and the Marquis de Sade. It's a living.

The Shining (Sunday and Monday, April 27 and 28; Thursday, May 1; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) does its creepy job quite effectively. King is known to have hated Stanley Kubrick's 1980 big-screen version of his novel, especially Jack Nicholson's berserko performance as Jack Torrance, an alcoholic playwright and interim hotel caretaker who seemed bent on murdering his desperate wife and telepathic son even before the opening credits had finished rolling. King much prefers his own Jack: well-meaning but abused as a child and deeply disappointed as an adult—a failure coming unglued, as opposed to Nicholson's Prince of Freaks. Not every author gets a chance to even the score with Hollywood, but after *IT, The Tommyknockers, The Stand,* and *The Langoliers,* King can do whatever he wants on ABC. So he wrote the screenplay for this mini-series, also served as executive producer, and even hired himself for a bit part as Jack's Alcoholics Anonymous sponsor, who gets him his caretaker job in the first place.

About King's brief performance I'll say only that he has a way to go before he's any threat to Stephen J. Cannell, who likes to drop in on his own USA-cable series, *Renegade,* as the killer cop out to fold, spindle, and mutilate Lorenzo Lamas. And neither would worry Hitchcock.

But Steven Weber, from the sitcom *Wings,* is an improvement on Nicholson, simmering before he blows his lid. The ostensible problem is that he can't write his play. We're never quite sure why that is—it might be because he misses his sour mash, or because he spends too much time reading old newspaper clippings and talking to characters out of thirties gangster movies, or because he's still stuck on his old manual typewriter. Maybe it's the Indian burial ground sending out bad vibes. But in the end, it doesn't really matter. The crack-up becomes all-consuming, and Weber plays it convincingly, his skin crawling with existential tics. Rebecca De Mornay, in Shelley Duvall's old role as the artist wife trying to save her marriage and protect her child, has some fine hysterical moments, even if she is a little slow on the uptake after being followed around at least twice too often by a croquet ball. Courtland Mead as Danny, the kid whose ESP constitutes "the shining," ought to be able to defend himself more effectively with Carrie-like telekinetic powers, but he is the one who must enter the locked room, find the body in the blood-filled bathtub, and sit in the snow with a shovel as the *Jurassic Park* shrubbery transforms into giant predators. Blaming himself for the violently weird behavior of his parents, he foams at the mouth on every occasion of



Mental cruelty: Courtland Mead plays Danny, the kid whose telepathic powers constitute "the shining."

Photograph by Frank Ockenfels/ABC.

catatonic seizure. Elliott Gould, as the hotel's manager, Pat Hingle, the custodian for whom Jack subs, and Melvin Van Peebles, as the cook who Vulcan-mind-melds with a panicky Danny, go through their peripheral motions efficiently—though they can't possibly compete with the topiary hedges.

Upon these hedges, rough and slouching beasts out of Yeats and Didion, ABC has spent some money. The network also manufactured a fine blizzard, hired a Snow-Cat, and smashed both a snowmobile and a CB radio. Moreover, director Mick Garris, who also superintended *The Stand,* has been permitted to film on location at the very hotel, the Stanley in Estes Park, Colorado, where King found himself in late summer 1973, needing something creepy to write about. Clocks, masks, cryptlike elevators, mildewed corpses, supernova chandeliers, vampire butlers, demonic dance bands, a fire hose out of *Paradise Lost,* and a red scrawl of REDRUM on the bathroom mirror . . . I'd have thought six hours was too long to spend in denial. But ever since, I've been having a little trouble with my play. And after *The Shining,* you will never again think in the same way about croquet.

TELEVISION

MELVIN VAN PEEBLES ALSO SHOWS UP, with his son Mario, in one of the four linked episodes of **Riot** (Sunday, April 27; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime), an attempt to quadrangulate the 1992 insurrection in Los Angeles after the Rodney King verdict, from the differing perspectives of a Chinese-American (Galen Yuen), a Hispanic-American (Alex Muñoz), an African-American (David Johnson), and a white guy (Richard DiLello). Each directs a playlet—Johnson and DiLello also wrote theirs—and all of them end sadly. A few critical scenes, such as the looting of a Chinese-owned liquor store, are replayed from different vantages, and the whole package is linked by the movement of the angry and confused crowds and the lonely stand of a conflicted white cop—Luke Perry, of all people—who is made to wonder, "How did we go from Martin Luther King to Rodney King?" Provocative stuff.

So South Central burns, as in *The Day of the Locust,* except that nobody mentions the shift in ethnic predominance since Watts; the attempt by top cop Daryl Gates to blame it all on illegal aliens; the Immigration and Naturalization Service's using the riots as an excuse to round up "undocumented" workers; the scarcity of capital and working-class jobs in the Beirutish inner city; the widespread incidence, under the cover of tumult, of exceedingly convenient slumlord arsons; and the fact that, as usual, most of those who died were people of color. ■

France *continued from page 25*

believe that if a normal regimen of antibiotics fails to work, that's proof that there never was Lyme. In fact, Dr. Alan Steere, the Tufts University rheumatologist who first identified Lyme disease in the seventies, believes the diagnosis has become a "catch-all," attracting a small army of self-diagnosing hysterics.

On the other side are researchers and clinicians of equal standing. "This disease is underdiagnosed, not overdiagnosed," says Dr. Sam T. Donta, a professor of medicine and infectious diseases at Boston University. Donta detailed his latest research findings at a forum earlier this month that drew a crowd of 500, including many Lyme patients and doctors. Less than half of patients exhibit the classic initial symptom, the bull's-eye rash, he reported. Of the 277 people he treated with advanced Lyme disease, only a third had a known bite. And 56 repeatedly tested negative.

Without unanimity on diagnosis, there is a serious divide over how to treat people who complain of ongoing Lyme symptoms. Many insurance companies will not approve the costly IV treatment, and those that do often limit it to one 28-day course, regardless of clinical findings.

To settle the dispute, the National Institutes of Health has promised $4.2 million for five years of research on the issue of ongoing, or chronic, Lyme infection. The research, slotted to begin later this year, will attempt to identify diagnostic criteria and treatment standards.

But the award was handed to a team that includes the nay-saying Dr. Steere and excludes researchers from New York's SUNY Stony Brook, which has a Lyme-research center known to be sympathetic to chronic Lyme patients. Thousands of phone calls jammed the NIH switchboards in protest. Eventually, two chronic patients—including Carl Brenner, the marine scientist—were appointed to the study's advisory committee.

Activists gathered last Saturday in Katonah, New York, to review the research protocol and formulate requests for changes. And on May 1, the Lyme Disease Foundation, which is sponsoring the tenth annual International Conference on Lyme Disease and Other Tick-Borne Disorders in Washington later this month, is also spearheading a rally there, hoping for greater input in the study.

In the meantime, cases that would appear to indicate ongoing Lyme continue to surface. Take Marc Vodofsky, a photo editor at the New York *Post* who lives just five miles away from Pete Harnisch's home in Freehold. Before anybody thought to test him for Lyme in 1994, he had been in and out of three psychiatric hospitals and three jail cells. His wife had filed for divorce. It was only after a lengthy course of antibiotics that he began to show any improvement. He remained on the medication for two and a half years, and today reports that his symptoms have nearly vanished (and that his wife has returned).

John Papa's story is similar. Lyme tests performed on the former Wall Street broker came back negative repeatedly from 1989 to 1991, by which time he had already left his job and gone on disability. A doctor began antibiotic treatment anyway, and shortly thereafter, his tests turned positive. But by then, Papa's symptoms—shooting pains and crushing headaches—had become so severe that his neck now needs constant support. He seldom leaves his Greenwich Village apartment. "At this point, the damage seems to be permanent," he says.

Dr. Donta reports that as many as 90 percent of all advanced cases improve with long-term antibiotic treatment. The most dramatic recovery story belongs to Evan White, an 18-year-old Rockland County resident who has just been accepted to Skidmore and Lafayette colleges.

At age 11, beginning his second week of junior high school, White was treated briefly for Lyme. But he never returned to his pre-morbid activities, as Lyme patients term their lives before infection. He was referred to a psychologist, whom he saw for several months. "I kept saying this is no malingerer, this is an active child," says his mother, Ruchana White. "But by this time, he's crawling. Can't lift his head up. His head is killing him. There are other things going on now. Now the palpitations are coming. Now the body is starting to not function."

Evan White spent the next three years strapped in a wheelchair. He could not speak or read and was confined to a string of rehabilitation hospitals. In a dramatic videotape taken at the Children's Specialized Hospital in Mountainside, New Jersey, Evan, at 13, was incapable of identifying colors or letters, unable to sit up or eat solid foods.

But thanks to years of antibiotics and hundreds of hours of physical therapy—a medical ordeal that has cost nearly $2 million—Evan has resumed a near-normal life. He even runs two miles a day.

My own improvement has been dramatic, too. A year after I completed treatment, my principal functional problem, aside from the arthritis I manage with Advil, is the need to sleep at least eight hours nightly or experience short-term-memory trouble the next day. Dr. Patricia Coyle of Stony Brook, acknowledged to be one of the nation's savviest Lyme researchers, tells me I should perhaps accept my cognitive limitations as permanent.

Permanent brain damage—the terrible price of a stroll through Flemington, New Jersey. I hope Harnisch doesn't have a similar story to tell about Freehold. ■

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

Look Back in Hunger

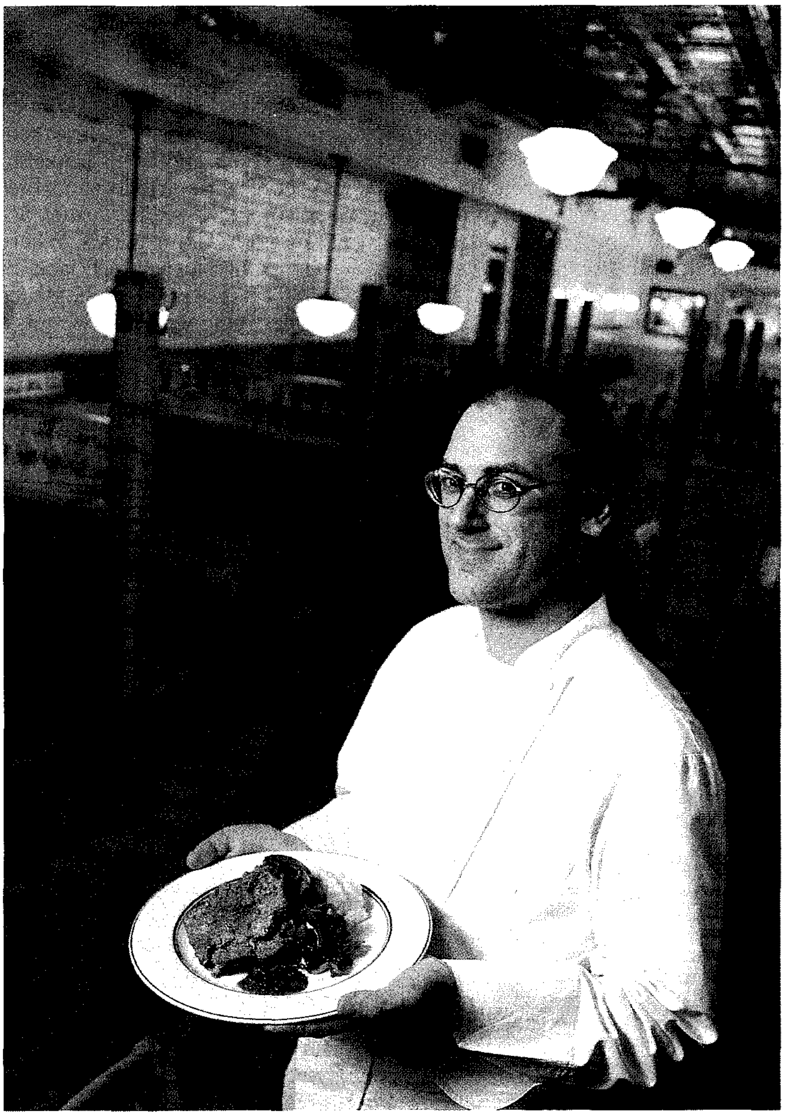
Heartland nostalgia seasons the pot at Drovers in Greenwich Village; around the corner from the Queensboro Bridge, disco diehards leap to Decade's retro beat.

IS IT JUST ME, HOMESICK AND A PUSHOVER FOR AULD lang syne after three months in the Far East? Or do I detect a spasm of nostalgia? Dinner at **Drovers Tap Room** is like Sunday night at home with the family—minus the sibling tension. Indeed, the city's humming affection for their pocket-size restaurant Home (not far away on Cornelia Street) is what inspired David Page and Barbara Shinn to open this small but decidedly roomier cottage. An homage to heartland cooking and four grandparents, it's named Drovers after his. You can take the boy out of Wisconsin . . .

Sweetly silly? Sure. The black iron corn-stick pan that is the front-door handle, and a fishing rod you're meant to push as you exit, can make you fumble. But even such calculated innocence is downright welcome if it includes Grandma Jo's fabulous meat loaf with mashed potatoes and a boldly tart raspberry-plum cobbler still warm from the oven. Prices feel almost Wisconsin, too, with no entrée more than $15 (except Saturday's sellout $18 prime rib). A gangly space on a short Village street that has seen cruel turnover feels bigger and brighter now with chamois-painted wainscoting, bare wood tables, farmhouse chairs, and snapshots from family albums. There's a blow-up of David's dad taking the checkered flag at Oshkosh Speedway on the wall behind our table. And Grandma and Grandpa Drover, hand-tinted bride and groom, stare at us from across the room. The light fixtures overhead came from City Hall in Berlin, Wisconsin, salvaged by Dad, a local electrician.

But it's early in the run, and a few of the hand-me-down recipes need tuning. The dumplings are as delicious as Grandma's (if only the chicken they come with hadn't been cooked too long). And the Wednesday pot roast is dry and bland. That's taking authenticity too far. The luscious macaroni and cheese in its iron skillet strikes me as too creamy—not that I won't devour my share, anyway. It's just that my Michigan mom's was crunchier on top and stuck to the pan, so that's my measure of macaroni perfection.

But never mind such quibbles. Everything that's good is wonderful: The sticky country-style ribs. Split-pea soup with ham. Crusty buttermilk fried chicken. Seared Newport steak Ubaldi (named for the butcher who popularized the cut) with a retro favorite, twice-baked potato. And for just $9, the kitchen delivers a sensational burger, thick and grilled with professional respect, served beside a hill of splendid fries. I doubt that anyone in fifties Wisconsin rubbed lamb with cumin, coriander, and mustard, as Page does, calling it London broil. But such city-slicker ways don't necessarily sabotage the theme. Of course, there is home-



Total recall: At Drovers Tap Room, chef *David Page* with Grandma Jo's meat loaf.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

made ketchup, house-blended mustard, sweet-and-sour fruit relish, and thick-cut fresh-baked bread. Perhaps salad starters have been dandified to soothe urban sensibilities: Smoked duck leg with barley and blackberry, indeed. On second thought, a salad of smoked trout and apple slaw with horseradish dressing sounds properly *Joy of Cooking.* A spoonful or two of tonight's Vermont-cheddar soup goes a long way, it's so rich and filling. Especially as only a masochist could pass up Melissa Murphy's desserts.

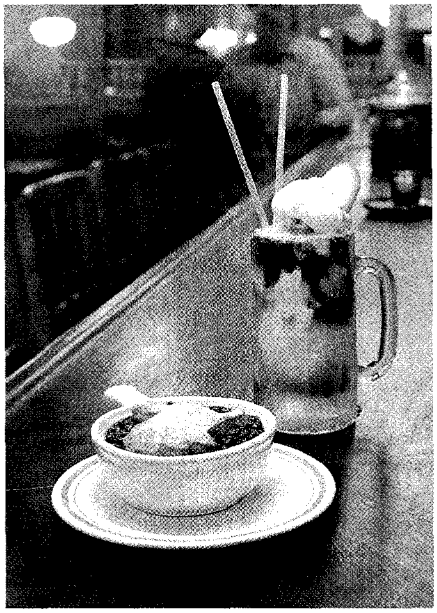
Prepare for cosmic conflict. If you choose Murphy's marvelous butterscotch pudding, then you have to pass up that memorable cobbler or the hot-fudge-and-peanut-brittle sundae (unless you can induce your companions to share). Someone had better order the chocolate mud cake with caramel fudge, too. And if you'd call ginger ice cream and a ginger snap in your root-beer float sacrilegious, think again.

Wisconsin expats have been arriving like homing pigeons in the few weeks of the Tap Room's existence, encouraging Page to dredge up old cookbooks. Come winter, the kitchen might be doing hearty Czech-American classics like caraway-roasted duck with sliced potato dumplings or Croatian stuffed cabbage and, one day soon, bratwurst steamed in beer. Soon the sour-cherry crop will hit town, and I hope to return for the Rosebud of my childhood—a classic cherry pie. (No nouvelle furbelows, *please.*)

Drovers Tap Room, 9 Jones Street (627-1233). Dinner, Sunday and Tuesday through Thursday 5 p.m. to 11 p.m., Friday and Saturday till midnight; Sunday brunch (soon), 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. A.E., M.C., V.

"REMEMBER MATEUS?" THE BROCHURE FOR **Decade** asked, months before the restaurant's New Year's Eve opening. "Now you prefer Château Lafite. And how about that first Tiparillo? Now you would happily risk incarceration for a Davidoff Double R Corona. And isn't it almost scary the way Clapton just keeps getting better and better?" It quoted Jerry Garcia: "What a long, strange trip it's been," and vowed to restore "the old sense of belonging" to those who lived life to the hilt in the sixties and the seventies and have nowhere to dance in the nineties. I read it aloud to my pals. We giggled, then roared. "Well, Clapton does get better and better," said the Road Food Warrior. And I was forced to admit that life hasn't been the same since we stopped dancing every night after dinner so everyone could get to those breakfast meetings.

The doorman doesn't even give us a fish eye. *Is this going to work?* I wonder. Do we even want a club that actually wants us? As soon as I hear the accents in the ladies' room, I realize how clever the producers were to plant Decade at the exit off the Queensboro Bridge. It's so close, the customers can walk across. (So sue me; I'm a snob.) Inside, no psychedelia. No neon moon snorting a neon spoon. No Liza or Bianca. But sure enough, the Travolta shirt collar winged over the jacket is back again. "They come straight from the Vertical Club to the Horizontal Club," one of my guests observes, checking out the lovelorn stags at the bar. "Omigod," cries his wife, "both floors are for smokers." We beg the host to give us a ventilated corner. My guests are sneering at vintage hair, Dalmatian-spotted velour loafers, the major rhinestones, the gold-lamé minis. How poignant. This is supposed to be our place, but we feel like Martians.


Memory serves correct: Drovers' cobbler and float.

The waiter is vintage seventies, I guess—"born in 1974," he confides. In no time, we're sipping a very expensive Chardonnay (a guest's treat: Far Niente, at $60) and the sommelier is assuring us it was sheer luck that he scored in the top ten at a blind tasting this summer in Beaune. The food's not bad, not bad at all, except for the six giant shrimp that taste of refrigerator. Sauces tend to be sweet. And the chef is like most 4-year-olds with finger paint—he doesn't know when to stop. Still, no one is forcing us to order hazelnut-crusted baby Brie with wild-berry-spiked Chambord sauce and pecan-apple-raisin crostini, or the roast duck breast with sun-dried-cherry-and-Zinfandel sauce, caramelized onions, crispy leg confit, and apricot-pistachio couscous in a pastry cup that tastes like slivered parchment. Stick with the simpler concepts—a near-Caesar salad, coconut shrimp, steak, or the risotto of the day—but let's hope you're still spending your year-end bonus: Appetizers and salads run from $9 to $22 (not counting $115 for two ounces of caviar), and entrées cost $24 to $32. Cured-salmon-wrapped asparagus just needs to lose the superfluous onion marmalade. Chervil-tarragon-and-thyme-crusted wild salmon stands up reasonably well against leek crisps, pink peppercorns, and roasted asparagus on horseradish-whipped potatoes. But outsize chunks of rare tuna don't really need crispy Vidalia-onion strands and white-truffle mashed potatoes and blood-orange segments and citrus vinaigrette and chive jus. The meat lover at our table is content with a giant veal chop, even though it's decked out in frisée, hazelnuts, baby artichokes, and charred-tomato confit afloat in Meyer-lemon broth.

Saturday night *is* feverish. A pair of fortysomething dudes with a couple of hot-looking vixens have settled in the corner beside us and are calling for Montrachet and caviar. Impossible not to stare, the body of the blonde is so distracting—the bottoms of her perfect breasts peek out at us through the gauzy panel of her polyester gown as the four table mates wiggle, leap, bounce, jump up. "Do you think it's chromium picholate?" one of my guests asks. Suddenly, the two women disappear. My friends insist I follow them to the powder room and eavesdrop. But the ladies' room is deserted. Time flies when you're sipping Cos d'Estournel, another treat from one of my guests. Where is he, anyway? Our mustachioed jack-in-the-box neighbor spies him on the dance floor below, boogying with the two missing Energizer bunnies. Now we're practically engaged, the nine of us—El Mustachio is feeding the blonde prodigal caviar. She's applying lipstick to his mouth. He's kissing the other guy. We're all shimmying to the music on the balcony above the dance floor.

Desserts—a very ordinary crème brûlée, chocolate cake, and so-so sorbets—interrupt, but our neighbors keep dancing. The blonde is making love to the railing. He's squatting and biting the woman's . . . oh, my.

"No, no, no," squeals one of my guests. "Am I really seeing this?" Now we've signed away $300 for the five of us—wine not included—and we've joined the tangle on the floor below. Gloria Gaynor spurs us on. And Marvin Gaye. There are a lot of perfect bodies on the floor tonight, never mind what vintage, never mind what Zip Code. Those awful aging brain-damaged hippies—they are us.

Decade, 1117 First Avenue, at 61st Street (835-5979). Dinner, Tuesday through Saturday 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.; late-night menu from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Thursday through Saturday, door charge ($20) for dancing only. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

DISAPPEARING ACTS

Humpback whales, Siberian tigers, giant pandas, and other threatened creatures make an appearance at the American Museum of Natural History's new exhibit **Endangered!** *(page 143)*

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movies

***Lolita*...The Gen Art Film Festival 1997**

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

New Films

All Over Me—Alison Folland is Claude, a teenager in Hell's Kitchen who grapples with her intense feelings for her best friend, Ellen (Tara Subkoff), while Ellen herself becomes increasingly involved with her thuggish new boyfriend. Directed by Alex Sichel. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

Anaconda—A documentary-film crew invades the habitat of the world's largest snake, and much trouble ensues. Starring Ice Cube and Eric Stoltz. Directed by Luis Llosa. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

Anna Karenina—Sophie Marceau stars in this adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's epic. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theater.*

Boys Life 2—Four gay-themed shorts about the trials of adolescence. With Mary Beth Hurt, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Eileen Brennan. (1 hr. 14 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Trier's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

A Brother's Kiss—The divergent lives of two brothers out of Harlem—the elder (Nick Chinlund), who becomes a cop, and the younger (Michael Raynor), who turns to drug dealing to support his wife and baby. Written and directed by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Village East; Embassy 1; Sutton; Nova.*

Camp Stories—A comedy about a 15-year-old boy forced to attend a Jewish summer camp in the Poconos. Written and directed by Herbert Beigel. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Chasing Amy—There are a couple of wild erotic monologues and some very funny riffs in Kevin Smith's latest, which is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes rather trying: What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

A Chef in Love—The epic love story about a master French chef and a Georgian princess. Directed by Nana Djordjadze. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema.*

Crash—The hushed, monotonal characters in this highbrow pornographic movie, directed by David Cronenberg, are neither ghouls nor necrophiliacs, though they certainly get off on death. In the opening scene, Catherine (Deborah Kara Unger) leans forward, stimulating a nipple into erection against a cold, cold surface while getting worked on from behind and below by some man we don't yet know. Later, in bed, Catherine narrates the events to her husband, James Ballard (James Spader). The two of them use the narrated acts to stimulate their own lovemaking. On the road, Ballard inadvertently crashes into a doctor, Helen Remington (Holly Hunter), whose husband dies in the crash. The two crash victims then meet in the hospital, and thereafter things turn increasingly automotive, what with the couple fornicating awkwardly in the mangled cars and then attending a crash derby in which the man who made love to Catherine—Vaughn, his name is—restages the death of James Dean. Vaughn gets Ballard hooked, and since Ballard wants Catherine to be happy—there's some romantic Tristan-and-Isolde-ish feeling in their linked death wish—the two of them take part in wild rides around town. The sex grows more and more baroque and voyeuristic. This is an extremely controlled piece of filmmaking, without an ugly or discordant shot anywhere. Formally, *Crash* is a triumph. But it's too remote and specialized to be of more than passing interest. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center; Criterion Center; Regency.*

Das Boot—The rerelease of Wolfgang Petersen's 1982 action classic. (3 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII.*

★The Daytrippers—A suburban woman (Hope Davis) happily married to a New York publishing executive (Stanley Tucci) discovers a mysterious love letter in her husband's things. Is he having an affair? With her dissatisfied parents, her bickering sister, and her sister's boyfriend improbably in tow, she searches through Manhattan for her husband, who seems to be spending the day with his lover. Writer-director Greg Mottola shares with David O. Russell, the director of *Flirting With Disaster,* a satiric, picaresque style—loosely inclusive, chatty, naggingly funny. It takes us a while to realize what the film is about—that the mother and her two daughters are the center of it. Mottola also shares with Russell a penchant for working very close to embarrassment. Both directors put people we like on the screen and then force them to make fools of themselves. In its small way, this New York independent movie is very penetrating. See it for Campbell Scott as a cruising novelist, Parker Posey as the sister, and, as Posey's boyfriend, Liev Schreiber, playing a painfully self-conscious prig

Opening
Disaster Area

Prepare for a yet another destructive summer at the multiplex (more dinosaurs, some floods, the *Titanic*). The first harbinger is *Volcano,* the second lava-centric film this year. This one at least has the proper apocalyptic scope. In February's comparatively tame *Dante's Peak,* Pierce Brosnan's beleaguered volcanologist had to warn only a small Northwest town; *Volcano* lets Tommy Lee Jones rescue all of greater Los Angeles. Opens April 25.

"CUE" COVER ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY ALLEN
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Northern Lights ENTERTAINMENT

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COMING MAY 2ND TO A SELECT THEATRE NEAR YOU who discovers, as he talks his way into trouble, the abyss opening at his feet. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Devil's Own**—Harrison Ford brings strength and sureness to what would have been an iron role for anyone else—an honest New York cop. Into his home comes a young man who kills without remorse. Brad Pitt is the IRA assassin and terrorist Frankie McGuire, who saw his father killed when he, Frankie, was only 8, and who believes in nothing but the endless struggle against the British rule of Northern Ireland. Pretending to be an ordinary construction worker, he enters Tom's home and falls in with his happy family and community life. The boy without a father finds a man with two daughters. There has been talk in the press of dissension on the set, but for all its alleged troubles, *The Devil's Own* has turned out to be a pretty solid piece of work—Alan J. Pakula's best piece of direction in a long time. (Denby; 4/7/97) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

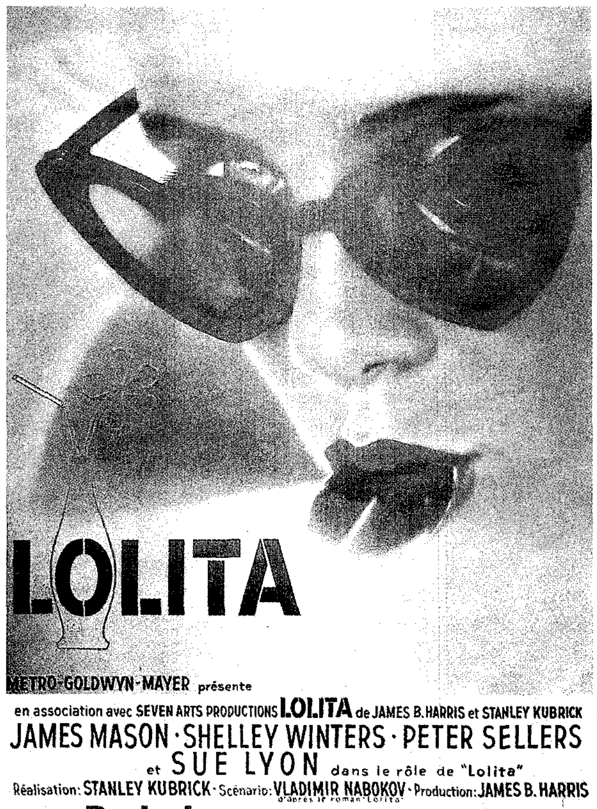
★**Donnie Brasco**—Set in the late seventies and early eighties, and based on a true story, *Donnie Brasco* catches the mob at a period of confusion and relative decline. The ace screenwriter Paul Attanasio has built a wonderful emblematic figure—a new movie icon of failure—out of the mobster Lefty Ruggiero (Al Pacino). Lefty is a longtime hit man, but his authority is now dwindling; he's been repeatedly passed over, and he grumbles like a corporate hotshot who got a corner office when young but somehow never made vice-president. When Lefty meets a svelte young jewel thief, Donnie Brasco (Johnny Depp), who seems to admire him, he warms up to Donnie immediately. What he doesn't realize is that Donnie is an FBI agent. Pacino's performance is a beautiful piece of work—moving, in part, because it is offered utterly without irony or condescension. As Donnie, Johnny Depp is very graceful, with a knifelike speed in violent moments, and his emotional reticence works for the role. We can't tell after a while whether Donnie wants to nail these hoods or become one of them. Director Mike Newell doesn't take many risks with the camera, but his movie is coherent and emotionally satisfying—a good, realistic gangster film, just when everyone thought the genre was exhausted. (Denby; 3/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; Gemini; Lincoln Square.*

Double Team—Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dennis Rodman form an unlikely allegiance as they battle some nebulous bad guys. Directed by Tsui Hark. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; New Coliseum; Plaza Twin.*

8 Heads in a Duffel Bag—Joe Pesci plays a hit man who misplaces said duffel bag. Directed by Tom Schulman. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Empire Strikes Back**—The second installment in George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG) *Pavilion Theatre.*

★**The English Patient**—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almasy had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. What fuses the separate parts is nothing less than the varieties of love—erotic love, the pleasures of companionship, and even healing as vocation. As Katharine, Kristin Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*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Revival
Love Child

As Adrian Lyne's recent explicit adaptation lingers in limbo, Film Forum has dusted off Stanley Kubrick's blackly effervescent version of Nabokov's 'Lolita.' James Mason plays the dogged Humbert and Sue Lyon is the 15-year-old heartbreaker (whom Kubrick aged three years to placate sixties moralists). Opens April 25.

Female Perversions—A successful woman falls prey to her many neuroses and wanders into various affairs. Based on the nonfiction book by psychoanalyst Louise J. Kaplan. Directed by Susan Streitfeld. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

Flamenco—Director Carlos Saura assembled 300 singers, dancers, and musicians in his love letter to the Spanish dance. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR). *Opens Friday.*

Gamera: Guardian of the Universe—The adventures of the jet-propelled super-turtle. In Japanese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**The Godfather**—In light of the past 25 years of film history, Francis Ford Coppola's technique seems extraordinarily grave and serious. Every scene is weighted, emotionally significant, resplendent with the thick texture of feeling and history, the heavy presence of air around the characters. The violence, when it comes (after much preparation), is vehement but not excessive, and the coda to some of the most shocking scenes is no more than a mocking smile. Underneath the gravity, there is an almost impish sense of humor. This is one masterpiece that borders on comedy and tragedy at the same time. (Denby; 3/31/97) (2 hrs. 55 mins.; R) *72nd St. East.*

Grosse Pointe Blank—See David Denby, p. 102. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; 84th Street.*

Hollow Reed—Martin Donovan stars as a young father who suspects his ex-wife's boyfriend is abusing his son. Directed by Angela Pope. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Inventing the Abbotts**—Jacey Holt (Billy Crudup) is a good-looking teenager in the Elvis-permeated fifties. In small-town Illinois, he lives on the wrong side of the tracks: His father is dead, his mother is a teacher, and he has to work in a garage to make money. Jacey is obsessed with three wealthy sisters, the Abbott girls, all tall and beautiful, and he sleeps with first one and then another, causing havoc with each affair. We see Jacey through the eyes of his younger and gentler brother, Doug (Joaquin Phoenix), who initially admires Jacey's skill with women and then comes to pity his brother. In the second half of the movie, Doug slides very slowly into a relationship with the youngest Abbott daughter, Pamela, played by Liv Tyler. *Inventing the Abbotts* is slow and a little square; it doesn't have anything of the emotional rawness of *Rebel Without a Cause* or *East of Eden*. Still, this is an intelligent and absorbing romantic drama, beautifully mounted, emotionally saturated. Directed by Pat O'Connor. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Orpheum 7; 62nd and Broadway.*

Kama Sutra—Two women in ancient India—one queen, the other slave—compete for the king's love. Directed by Mira Nair. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Screening Room; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Kissed—Lynne Stopkewich's dark comedy about a young woman who prefers intimacy with the dead rather than the living. (1 hr. 18 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Kolya**—The hero of this loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is Franta (Zdenek Sverak), a man who has lived with dismay for so long that he remains, to the very end, blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a 5-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of the Dustin Hoffman–Justin Henry scenes in *Kramer vs. Kramer,* though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Liar Liar—Jim Carrey is a Los Angeles legal hotshot, manipulative and dishonest, who has broken up with his wife (Maura Tierney). His little boy (Justin Cooper), lonely for Dad and often betrayed, makes a wish on his 5th birthday—that Dad be unable to tell a lie for 24 hours. The movie works toward reconciliation: Dad will admit he honestly loves his little boy. Unfortunately, Jim Carrey as a loving dad is more frightening than Jim Carrey as an absent father. He's so demonically demonstrative with young Cooper that he nearly eats the kid alive. Someone

Photograph courtesy of Warner Bros. Classics.

has to get Carrey to take it down a notch or two. (Denby; 4/7/97) (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; National Theatre; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Love and Other Catastrophes—The romantic travails of a gaggle of Australian college students. Directed by Emma-Kate Croghan. (1 hr. 16 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

McHale's Navy—Tom Arnold stars in the big-screen version of the old TV show. Directed by Bryan Spicer. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; National Theatre; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

Murder at 1600—Wesley Snipes is a D.C. detective who investigates a White House homicide. With Diane Lane and Alan Alda. Directed by Dwight Little. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre.*

Nothing Personal—In Belfast, two childhood friends—one Protestant, one Catholic—are torn apart by the troubles. With John Lynch and Michael Gambon. Directed by Thaddeus O'Sullivan. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR). *Opens Friday.*

Paradise Road—Glenn Close, Frances McDormand, and Julianna Margulies star in this fact-based World War II drama about a band of women who defied their Japanese captors. Directed by Bruce Beresford. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Pink Flamingos—The 25th-anniversary rerelease of John Waters's ultimate gross-out film, starring the late Divine. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center.*

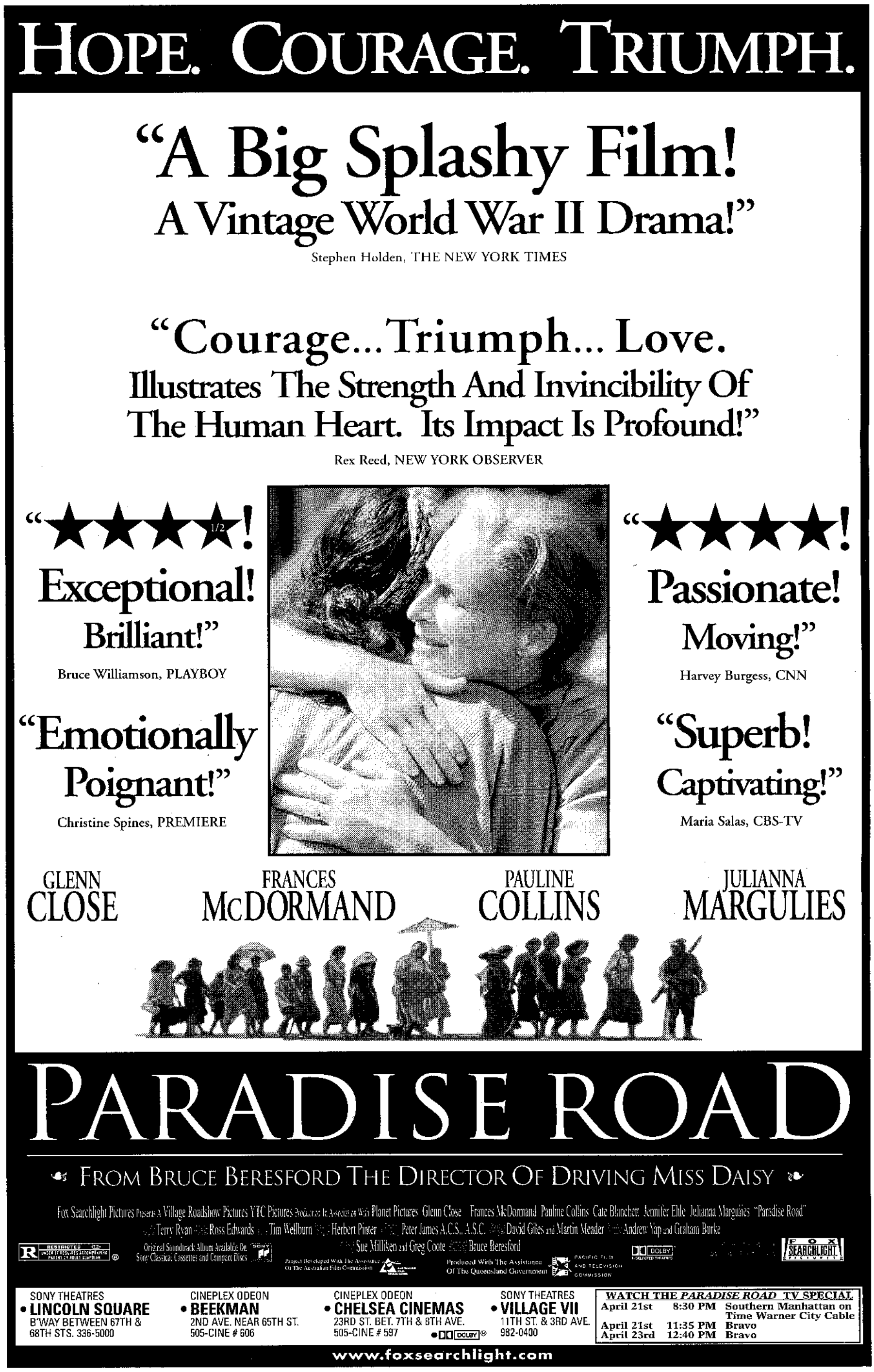
Prisoner of the Mountains—A company of armed Russians fighting in the war with Chechnya is ambushed by the rebels; two Russian soldiers survive and are held as prisoners in a Muslim village. The older one, Sacha (Oleg Menshnikov), a professional soldier with a devil-may-care attitude, is disgusted by Vania (Sergei Bodrov Jr.), the raw recruit he's stuck with. The village elder, an enormous, fierce-looking man (Jemel Sikharulidze), wants to keep them alive so he can trade them for his son, who is held prisoner by the Russians nearby. In his slight, haphazard way, the director, Sergei Bodrov, captures the rawness, the unpredictability, the stop-and-go violence of war. On the other hand, we don't always know what's going on; some of the sequences seem half-hearted and arbitrary. Bodrov needs to tighten his grip on basic technique; his casualness is cut off from meaning. (Denby; 3/3/97) (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Return of the Jedi—The final installment of George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG) *Ziegfeld.*

Romy and Michele's . . .—Lisa Kudrow and Mira Sorvino play two slackerish young women who decide to attend their high-school reunion in spite of having accomplished nothing. With Janeane Garofalo. Directed by David Mirkin. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Embassy 1.*

The Saint—Director Phillip Noyce, who should know better, has given himself over to an obvious attempt to revisit the 007 genre, with Val Kilmer in the would-be franchise role of a charming but "cold" orphan who has become an inscrutable master thief and seducer. Produced on a monstrous scale, *The Saint* is mainly an endless chase with some striking use of Moscow backgrounds and some nastily energetic Russian and Eastern European actors. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great comedy is a lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of those rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished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black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; 59th Street East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Selena—Jennifer Lopez stars as the late Tejano singer Selena, who was shot to death by the head of her fan club. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG) *Village East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a bearish domestic tyrant, bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Bent over from fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Sutton; Metro Cinema.*

Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With John Ritter, Dwight Yoakam, and Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; 86th Street East.*

That Old Feeling—Bette Midler and Dennis Farina are a long-divorced couple who reunite at their daughter's wedding. Directed by Carl Reiner. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; Coronet; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

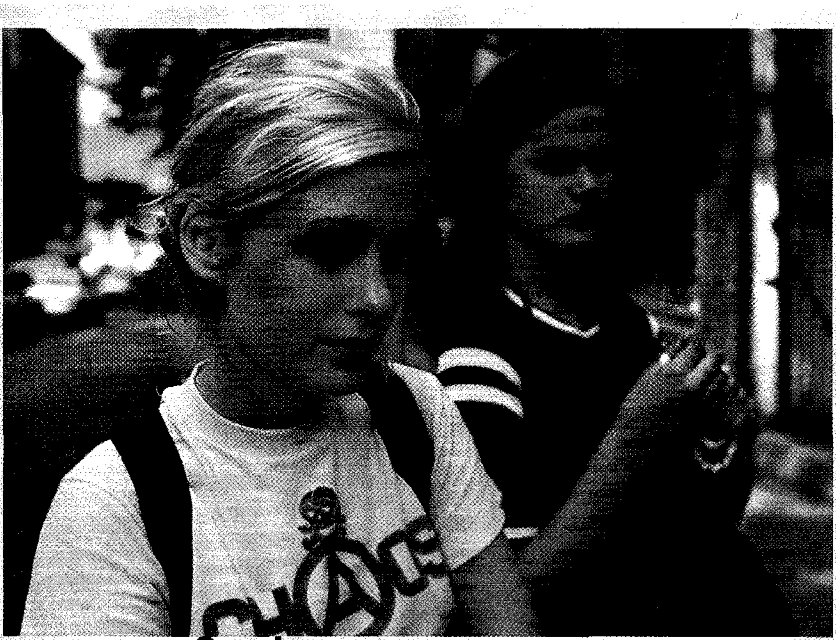
Traveller—A young man (Mark Wahlberg) hooks up with a band of Irish gypsies led by a hardened swindler (Bill Paxton). Directed by Clint Eastwood's longtime cinematographer, Jack Green. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Volcano—Anne Heche is a volcanologist who tries to warn skeptics of an impending volcanic eruption. With Tommy Lee Jones, Don Cheadle, and Stanley Tucci. Directed by Mick Jackson. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13). *Opens Friday.*

Waiting for Guffman—Christopher Guest stars as Corky St. Clair, a failed stage director who returns to his hometown of Blaine, Missouri, in the hopes of resuscitating his career. Directed by Guest. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema 3.*

★**When We Were Kings**—In 1974, Don King promoted a world-heavyweight-championship fight in Zaire, the famous "Rumble in the Jungle." For the heavily favored George Foreman, Zaire was just a place to earn $5 million, but for Muhammad Ali, fighting to reclaim the title stripped from him when he refused induction into the Army during the Vietnam War, the event was a defining moment. The young music documentarian Leon Gast went to Zaire to shoot the performance and returned with 300,000 feet of film. After years of struggle, he finally pulled the footage together with help from producer-director Taylor Hackford, who shot fresh interviews with Norman Mailer and George Plimpton, both of whom covered the fight. Even people who hate boxing will be held by the intensity of the human drama. Watching Muhammad Ali spin and wheel, we can only mourn the brilliant young man who martyred himself to his love of glory in the ring. (Denby; 2/24/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Woman in the Dunes—Hiroshi Teshigahara's masterly erotic thriller about an entomologist held against his will by a sandpit-dwelling widow. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; NR). *Film Forum.*



Opening
Female Bonding

In 'All Over Me,' Alison Folland (right) plays Claude, an emotionally raw teenager grappling with her intense feelings for Ellen, her boy-crazy best friend (Tara Subkoff, left). Set in Hell's Kitchen during a roiling summer, Alex and Sylvia Sichel's urban drama is sweet and melancholy, with a distinctly riot-grrrl edge. Opens Friday.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Anna Karenina; Chasing Amy; Crash; Kissed; Pink Flamingos; Sling Blade.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *McHale's Navy; The Saint.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Prisoner of the Mountains.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Gamera: Guardian of the Universe; Breaking the Waves.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life 2; Hollow Reed; Secrets & Lies; When We Were Kings.* Opening 4/25: *A Chef in Love.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Love and Other Catastrophes; Kama Sutra.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; The Daytrippers; Donnie Brasco; Double Team; The English Patient; Inventing the Abbotts; Kolya; Scream; Selena; Waiting for Guffman.* Opening 4/25: *A Brother's Kiss.* Price now $8.75.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Anaconda; Das Boot; The Devil's Own; Grosse Pointe Blank; Murder at 1600; Paradise Road; Traveller.* Price now $8.75.

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Liar Liar; That Old Feeling.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Anaconda; Chasing Amy; Grosse Pointe Blank; The Saint.* Price now $8.75.

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Chasing Amy.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Liar Liar; McHale's Navy; The Saint.* Price now $8.50.

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; The Devil's Own; The English Patient; Inventing the Abbotts; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600; Paradise Road; Scream; That Old Feeling.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Liar Liar.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; The Devil's Own; Grosse Pointe Blank; Murder at 1600.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Secrets & Lies.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Anaconda.* Price now $8.75.

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Sling Blade; When We Were Kings.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Waiting for Guffman.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Camp Stories; Chasing Amy; Grosse Pointe Blank.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *That Old Feeling; Murder at 1600.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Crash; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Double Team; Jerry Maguire; Love Jones; Murder at 1600.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Inventing the Abbotts.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Traveller.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag.* Opening 4/25: *A Brother's Kiss; Romy and Michele's . . .*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Chasing Amy; The English Patient; Scream.* Opening 4/25: *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Grosse Pointe Blank.* Opening 4/25: *Chasing Amy.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Private Parts; Smilla's Sense of Snow.*

Photograph by B. Foley/Fine Line Features.

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Liar Liar; McHale's Navy.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Anna Karenina.* Price now $8.50.

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *The Godfather; Inventing the Abbotts; Selena; The Saint.* Price now $8.75.

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Scream; Shine.* Opening 4/25: *A Brother's Kiss.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Cats Don't Dance; Dante's Peak; Fargo; First Strike; Marvin's Room; Star Wars.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Return of the Jedi.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Kama Sutra.*

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Godfather.* Price now $8.75.

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The English Patient; Liar Liar.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Sling Blade; Grosse Pointe Blank.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Paradise Road.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; McHale's Navy.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Anaconda; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The English Patient; The Saint.* Price now $8.75.

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Anaconda; Chasing Amy; The Devil's Own; Inventing the Abbotts; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600; That Old Feeling.* Price now $8.75.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Saint.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Inventing the Abbotts.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Anaconda; Grosse Pointe Blank; Murder at 1600; Selena; That Old Feeling.* Price now $8.75.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Daytrippers; The English Patient; Kolya; A Mongolian Tale; Prisoner of the Mountains; Secrets & Lies.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Chasing Amy; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Kama Sutra; Liar Liar; McHale's Navy; Paradise Road; The Saint; Traveller.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.") Price now $9.00.

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Liar Liar; Shine.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Anaconda; Double Team; Murder at 1600; Selena.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Anaconda; Murder at 1600; Selena.* Opening 4/25: *A Brother's Kiss.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Saint; Murder at 1600.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Crash.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Anaconda; B.A.P.S.; The Devil's Own; Double Team; Grosse Pointe Blank; Liar Liar; Love Jones; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600; Scream; Selena; The Sixth Man; The Saint; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Anaconda; B.A.P.S.; Double Team; Liar Liar; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600; Selena; The Sixth Man; The Saint; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Liar Liar; The Saint.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Anaconda; B.A.P.S.; The Devil's Own; Double Team; Liar Liar; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600; Scream; Selena; The Sixth Man; The Saint; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

Happening

Mise-en-scène

Only one year old, the Gen Art Film Festival has already established itself as a formidable (and local) alternative to the mass hysteria that is Sundance: Last year's opening-night feature, Brad Anderson's *The Darien Gap,* debuted to a full house at Alice Tully Hall and was picked up by Northern Arts; Iara Lee's *Synthetic Pleasures* ran at Cinema Village and is now at the Whitney Biennial. This year's offerings look just as promising, beginning powerfully with Tim Blake Nelson's stunning southern gothic *Eye of God,* in which Martha Plimpton (above) plays a damaged, lovelorn waitress. But perhaps the strongest incentive to support all this burgeoning talent is the weeklong spate of lavish, hipster-filled parties Gen Art brings to local cineasts. After each screening (April 22–28), places like Opera, Aja, and Chaos will be filled with all manner of fabulously sub-Hollywoodish attendees, including the upstart filmmakers, perhaps some board members (like Ed Burns, Campbell Scott, and Michael Stipe), and glammy film thesps along the lines of Plimpton, Hope Davis, and Adrienne Shelly. *Eye of God* screens at Sony Lincoln Square on April 22; six other features and shorts will follow at Angelika 57. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Photograph by Tom Keith/GEN ART.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Chasing Amy; The Devil's Own; Grosse Pointe Blank; Liar Liar; McHale's Navy; That Old Feeling.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Chasing Amy; Kama Sutra.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Anaconda; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *The Daytrippers; Grosse Pointe Blank; Kolya; Liar Liar; The Saint.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Anaconda; Double Team; Murder at 1600; The Sixth Man; The Saint; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Anaconda; Liar Liar; Murder at 1600; The Sixth Man.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Anaconda; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Anaconda; B.A.P.S.; Double Team; Murder at 1600; The Sixth Man.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Grosse Pointe Blank; Liar Liar; McHale's Navy; The Saint.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Anaconda; Liar Liar; Murder at 1600.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Empire Strikes Back; Jungle 2 Jungle; Marvin's Room; Private Parts; Star Wars.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Anaconda; Double Team; The Sixth Man; That Old Feeling.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Anaconda; Liar Liar; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Anaconda; The Devil's Own; Donnie Brasco; Grosse Pointe Blank; Liar Liar; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600; Selena; That Old Feeling; The Saint.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Anaconda; The Devil's Own; Liar Liar; Murder at 1600; Scream; Selena; The Saint.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *The Devil's Own; Grosse Pointe Blank; Jungle 2 Jungle; Murder at 1600; Scream; Selena; That Old Feeling.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Anaconda; Double Team; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Closed for Renovations.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Anaconda; Chasing Amy; McHale's Navy.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Murder at 1600; Selena; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Anaconda; Grosse Pointe Blank; Liar Liar; McHale's Navy; Scream; The Sixth Man; The Saint.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Donnie Brasco; Double Team; Inventing the Abbotts; Jungle 2 Jungle; The Sixth Man; The Saint.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Devil's Own; That Old Feeling.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Chasing Amy; The Devil's Own; Grosse Pointe Blank; Liar Liar; That Old Feeling; The Saint; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600; Selena.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Liar Liar; Murder at 1600; Scream; Selena.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Anaconda; The Devil's Own; Grosse Pointe Blank; Liar Liar; Murder at 1600; That Old Feeling; The Saint.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *That Old Feeling; The Devil's Own.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Selena; Anaconda.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Double Team; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Anaconda; The Daytrippers; Liar Liar; The Saint.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Grosse Pointe Blank.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Anaconda; The Devil's Own; Grosse Pointe Blank; Liar Liar; Murder at 1600; That Old Feeling; The Saint; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Anaconda; The Devil's Own; Liar Liar; Murder at 1600; Selena; The Saint.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag; Anaconda; Chasing Amy; The Devil's Own; Grosse Pointe Blank; Liar Liar; McHale's Navy; Murder at 1600; That Old Feeling; The Saint; Turbo: A Power Rangers Adventure.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Humphrey Bogart." 4/27: *Beat the Devil* (1954) and *The Caine Mutiny* (1954). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $8.

Angelika 57—4/20–4/22: *Lost Highway* (1997); $8. Beginning 4/23: "The Gen Art Film Festival 1997." 4/23: *Shooting Lily* with *Kiss & Tell.* 4/24: *The Last Big Thing* with *Shaft of Light.* 4/25: *Love God* with *Redux Red Riding Hood.* 4/26: *Day at the Beach* with *Anita Liberty.* 4/27: *The Riddle* with *Two or Three Things but Nothing for Sure.* 4/28: *Hang Your Dog in the Wind* with *Man About Town.* 225 W. 57th St. (586-1900); $15.

Retrospective
Citizen Franco

Besides 'Triumph of the Will,' Generalissimo Francisco Franco's epic 'Raza' (with Alfredo Mayo, center) is probably the most staggering piece of propaganda in cinema history. The dictator not only wrote this 1941 paean to himself but also supervised every element of the filmmaking process. See it, along with twelve other films—including Ernest Hemingway's directorial debut, 'Spanish Earth'—in 'For Whom the Bell Tolls: Reverberations From the Spanish Civil War,' beginning April 25 at the Walter Reade. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Anthology Film Archives—4/21–4/23: Lars von Triers's *The Kingdom* (1994). 4/21–4/24: *To Have or Not* (1995). 4/22: *Man of Aran* (1934). 4/23 and 4/24: *Freaks* (1932). 4/24 and 4/26: *Fair Doctrine* (1983). "Andrea Kirsh." 4/24, 4/25 and 4/27: *Revolution Goude* (1997). 4/24 and 4/26: *An American Poem* (1987) and *Fair Doctrine* (1983). 4/24–4/27: *William Christie et les Arts Florissants ou la Passion du Baroque* (1990). 4/25 and 4/27: *Dreaming in Yellow While Searching for Carpaccio's Gold* (1990), *Sexual Deferment; When You Meet Buddha on the Road, Kill Him, Her, It* (1989), and *Pop Quiz* (1989). Beginning 4/25: "Mastroianni Homage." Call for program info. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Casa La Femme—4/27: *The Bicycle Thief* (1948). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Cinema Village 12th St—Through 4/24: "Scopitone-A-Go-Go." Call for program info. 4/25–5/8: "Michelle Yeoh: Queen of Action." 4/25: *Stuntwoman* (1996) and *Yes, Madam* (1985). 4/26: *Royal Warriors* (1986) and *Magnificent Warriors* (1988). 4/27: *Tai Chi Master* (1993) and *Wing Chun* (1994). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—4/27: *Barbarella* (1968). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—4/24: The Asifa-East Animation Festival—Award Winning Film and Video. 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—*Woman in the Dunes* (1964). Beginning 4/25: *Lolita* (1962). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Danish Cinema Then and Now: Dreyer, von Trier, and Beyond." 4/21: *Ordet* (1955), *Images of Relief* (1982), and *Søren Kierkegaard* (1994). 4/22: *Babette's Feast* (1987). 4/22 and 4/23: *Just a Girl* (1995). 4/23: *The Kingdom* (1996). Also, 4/24: "Jazz on Film: Count Basie." Hosted by Frank Foster. "For Whom the Bell Tolls; Reverberations From the Spanish Civil War." 4/25 and 4/26: *On the Empty Balcony* (1962) and *Your Name Poisons My Dreams* (1996). 4/26: *Dreams and Nightmares* (1995), and *When the War Was Over* (1995). 4/26 and 4/27: *Land and Freedom* (1995). 4/27: *Spanish Earth* (1937) and *Forever Activists! Abraham Lincoln Brigade Veterans* (1991). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—4/22: *Daybreak* (1939). 4/29: *Children of Paradise* (1945). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—"Yasuzo Masumura Retrospective." 4/25: *Warm Current* (1957). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Lincoln Square—"The Gen Art Film Festival 1997." 4/22: *Eye of God* (1996). 1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-500); $30.

Museum of Modern Art—"CinemaDracula." 4/21: *El Vampiro* (1985). 4/21 and 4/24: "The Vampire in Japanese Ghost Stories": *The Black Cat* (1988) and *The Woman of the Snow* (1965). 4/22: *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* (1948). 4/22 and 4/26: *Vrijeme Vampira (The Time of the Vampire)* (1970) and *Vampires in Havana* (1985). 4/24: *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (1969) and *Dracula, Prince of Darkness* (1965). 4/25: *Son of Dracula* (1943) and *Dracula's Daughter* (1936), *Martin* (1976), and *Near Dark* (1987). 4/27: *Horror of Dracula* (1958) and *Dance of the Vampires (The Fearless Vampire Killers)* (1967). "Women Make Movies." 4/18: *So This Is Paris* (1926). 4/19: *Ninotchka* (1939) and *The Love Parade* (1929). 4/24: *Your Name in Cellulite* (1995), *In Harm's Way* (1996), and *A Healthy Baby Girl* (1996). 4/25: *Dyketactics* (1974), *Healthcaring* (1976), *In the Best Interests of the Children* (1977), *Daughter Rite* (1979), *Thriller* (1979), *But Then She's Betty Carter* (1980), and *Some American Feminists* (1980). 4/26 and 4/27: *Reassemblage* (1982), *A Man When He Is a Man* (1982), *Beneath the Skin* (1981), *Adynata: Murder Is Not a Story* (1983), and *Illusions* (1983). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Singin' in the Rain* (1952). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Golden Voices/Silver Screen" with live cabaret keyed to the movie. 4/22: *Carmen Jones* (1954). 4/29: *Guys and Dolls* (1955). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

Photograph courtesy of The Film Society of Lincoln Center.

theater

Carmen Sans Arias...*All My Sons* at 50

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Candide—Voltaire with a Leonard Bernstein beat. Hal Prince revives this musical satire, starring Jim Dale, Andrea Martin, Harolyn Blackwell, and Jason Danieley. $20–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/29 opening. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St.(307-4100).*

The Gin Game—Julie Harris and Charles Durning star in D. L. Coburn's Pulitzer Prize–winning analysis of life as card game. $15–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 4/20. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—What do you think it's about? Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/28 opening. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/26 opening. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

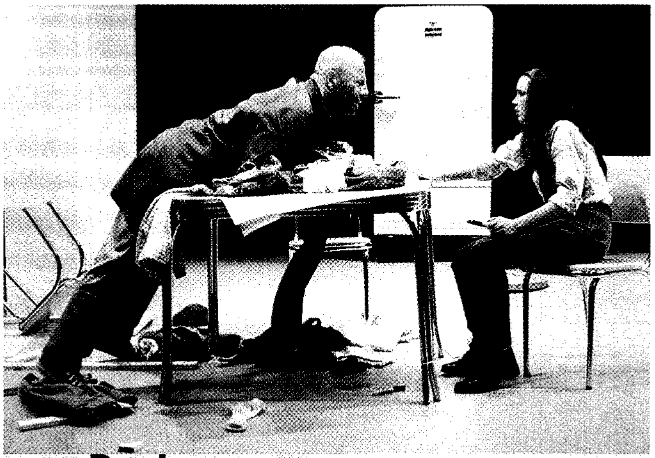
The Little Foxes—Stockard Channing stars in Lillian Hellman's 1939 play, in a role made famous by Bette Davis on screen; directed by Jack O'Brien. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/27 opening. *Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

London Assurance—Brian Bedford stars in Boucicault's nineteenth-century comedy of manners—courtship, fortunes, and fancy dress. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 4/30 opening. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Steel Pier—Think Atlantic City, not Altman-style but 1933: dance marathons, lovebirds, and cotton candy. A new musical by Kander, Ebb, and Thompson, starring Gregory Harrison, Karen Ziemba, Daniel McDonald, and Debra Monk. $35–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. After 4/13: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/24 opening. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.



Previews
The Hunger

The Signature Theatre Company finishes off its Sam Shepard season with the playwright–movie star's 1978 *Curse of the Starving Class*, a drama—and, now, period piece—about the decay of the American dream.

Titanic—Go down with the ship, directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/23 opening. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St.(307-4100).*

Now Playing

An American Daughter—Wendy Wasserstein's new political comedy, starring Hal Holbrook and Kate Nelligan. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/13/97. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, now starring Michael Chiklis, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $49.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 scenes from a marriage by Frank McGuinness. Starring Olivier Award winner Janet McTeer. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/2/97. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, Margaret Whiting, and John Pizzarelli. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/3/97. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—It's back, after a brief hiatus. A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Olympic gymnast Dominique Dawes joins the cast as cheerleader Patty Simcox, and Joe Piscopo

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

plays D. J. Vince Fontaine. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—Alfred Uhry's first new play since *Driving Miss Daisy*, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Dixie Carter as the great *monstre sacré* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Play On!—Songs by Duke Ellington, plot by William Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*), and a setting in prewar Harlem. Written by Cheryl L. West; conceived and directed by Sheldon Epps. $40–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/20/97. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Stanley—Either at the $10 membership rate or even at the $45 full price, this is a real bargain. The staging is infinitely inventive, the production design compellingly offbeat, the lighting innovative. The only thing missing is a play above the boulevard level, something the author, Pam Gems, has never been able to deliver. The distinguished British actor Antony Sher easefully conveys everything one has ever read about Spencer in a performance of boundless energy, naturalness, and charm. He is both satyr and pixie, visionary and child, buoyer-up and pain in the butt. (Simon: 3/3/97). $10–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/20/97. Closes 4/27. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Young Man From Atlanta—There's good down-home, Southern-fried atmosphere at the Houston house of Will and Lily Dale Kidder, but where the hell is the play? Rip Torn, terrific when he plays disturbingly shady characters, must here keep reining himself in. Shirley Knight is stuck with the hard task of making a stupid woman lovable, which would tax a much better actress. Once again, the Pulitzer has gone to bogus profundity. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/27/97. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Opening
The Gentle Art of Persuasion

"I am not a grande dame," says grande dame Julie Harris, the oft- and justly monikered "First Lady of American theater." She waves her hand dismissively. "If I were a grande dame, I would be wearing a hat and gloves," she says. "I am a *scroungy* dame. I am a ruffian." True, Harris, still puckish and blazing at 71, hardly seems the type to swaddle herself in mink. But surely only someone with formidable charm (and more Tony awards than any actor in history) could have pulled off her latest coup: getting playwright D. L. Coburn to revise his play *The Gin Game* some twenty years after it won the Pulitzer Prize. "Oh, well, that," she concedes. "I'm very proud of that." In *The Gin Game*, opening April 20, an elderly man and woman revive and torment each other through repeated games of gin rummy—a conceit well-suited to tense, crackling drama. Since the original drew raves with performances by Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, it's hard to imagine why the time-tested combination of Harris and Charles Durning (*On Golden Pond, The Au Pair Man*) would require a revision. But Durning, explains Harris, "is a beautiful dancer" and, she felt, should rightly get a showcase for his gift. Predictably, Coburn resisted Harris's suggestion, passed on by the director, that he add a scene with a waltz. But a few weeks later, the playwright astonished the cast by adding nine new pages to the script—simply to include said waltz scene. "I just thought that if Charles and I started to dance, it would be a wonderfully romantic moment," says Harris. "Of course, we left it up to the playwright." But, she adds with a gentle smile, "I think he's happy he changed it."

Jennifer Senior

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

All My Sons—A fiftieth-anniversary production of Arthur Miller's classic, starring John Cullum and directed by Barry Edelstein. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 5/4 opening. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring Nanette Fabray. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 5/11. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Collected Stories—David Margulies's two-character tale of an aging writer and her protégé. Awarded by the Los Angeles Drama Critics Circle for best new play; stars Maria Tucci and Debra Messing. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Previews begin 4/29 for a 5/20 opening. *The Manhattan Theater Club/Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Curse of the Starving Class—The Signature Theatre Company's Shepard season closes with this 1978 drama about a family, and a country, in decline. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/27 opening. *The Public/Susan Stein Shiva Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

The Disputation—The Jewish Repertory Theater presents a drama about the Barcelona Disputation of 1263, in which the Catholic church staged a grand debate for the purpose of converting the Jews. Based on Hyam Maccoby's book. $35. Tues., Thurs., and Sat at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews start 4/26 for a 5/4 opening. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

The Gypsy and the Yellow Canary—Irene Worth adapted and stars in this theatrical version of Prosper Mérimée's tale of obsessive love. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews. *The Public/Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Mere Mortals and Others—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $33–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. Opens 4/29. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Ourselves Alone—Irish playwright Anne Devlin won a Samuel Beckett Award for her script, which chronicles the lives of three women struggling in eighties Belfast. $15–$20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. In previews for a 4/26 opening. Through 5/24. *HERE Mainstage Theater, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Under a Western Sky—Amparo Garcia's drama about the pain visited on a small Texas town after a gang rape takes place within its borders. $12.50–$25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 4/23 for a 5/1 opening. Through 5/18. *INTAR Theatre, 420 W. 42th St. (279-4200).*

Waiting for Lefty—Joanne Woodward directs the Blue Light Theatre Company's revival of Clifford Odets's Depression-era workers' play. Marisa Tomei stars as one of the disenfranchised. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 4/19/97. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (279-4200).*

Yiddle with a Fiddle—A new musical, based on the 1936 film that made Molly Picon a star. Now featuring Aileen Quinn. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. No performances 4/22, 5/2, and 5/8. No 7 P.M. performances on 5/11 and 5/18. Extra 2 P.M. performances on 4/26, 4/30, 5/10, and 5/14. Opened: 4/19/97. Through 5/18. *American Jewish Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

The Young Girl and the Monsoon—A new play by James Ryan, starring Michael O'Keefe, about the difficult life of a divorced dad. $15. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/27 opening. *Playwrights Horizons Studio Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 3 and 5:30. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Previews
La Mort!

When love leads to treachery, the story usually finds its way into an opera. But in this case, Carmen finds its way into an aria-free 'The Gypsy and the Yellow Canary'—performed by its author, Irene Worth, at the Public Theater.

Bunny Bunny—Alan Zweibel's three-character play about his fourteen-year relationship with Gilda Radner. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/23/97. *Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Capitol Steps—A new political musical revue performed by former congressional staff members. $40. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Corn—A country-and-western musical by Charles Ludlam, originally produced in 1972. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 4/15/97. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (307-4100).*

Dealer's Choice—Patrick Marber's suspense comedy, set in a small London restaurant and based around a poker game. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/8/97. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Doctor Doctor—An original musical revue by Peter Ekstrom featuring medically minded arias like "Eighty Thousand Orgasms," "I Hope I Never Get," and "It's My Fat." But do they make house calls? $15–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/26/97. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

God's Heart—Craig Lucas's latest, starring Amy Brenneman and Julie Kavner, among others, as eight urbanites who form an unlikely connection; directed by Joe Mantello. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 4/6/97. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

The Green Heart—Charles Busch and Rusty Magee's new horticultural-themed musical, set in the romantic environs of the potting shed. $30–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Opened: 4/9/97. *Manhattan Theatre Club, Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

The Hairy Ape—The Wooster Group presents Eugene O'Neill's expressionist drama. Directed by Elizabeth LeCompte; starring Willem Dafoe. $45–$55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 4/3/97. *Selwyn Theater, 229 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Hate Mail—*Love Letters* with a sarcastic, vaguely sadistic twist, starring Joanna Adler and Nathan Smith. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 5/11. *Phil Bosakowski Theatre, upstairs at Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

A Huey P. Newton Story—Roger Guenveur Smith's take on the life of the founder of the Black Panther Party, with sound design by Marc Anthony Thompson. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 4/27. *LuEsther Hall, Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

The Last Street Play—Richard Wesley's gritty urban drama about former gang members in search of a purpose. $20. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun at 3. Opened 4/13. Through 5/11. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

In-Betweens—A new play by Bryan Goluboff, a love story set in the Bronx. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 2/18/97.

Photograph courtesy of the Public Theater.

Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).

The Invisible Man/The Nightingale and Not the Lark—Two one-act plays by Jennifer Johnston. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/13/97. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

The Joy of Going Somewhere Definite—The world premiere of Quincy Long's meditation on marriage, courtesy three unemployed (but philosophical) loggers. Directed by Atlantic Theater Company co-founder, and Academy Award nominee, William H. Macy. $32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 4/7/97. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

The Last Sweet Days—A musical about a poet and a secretary trapped in an elevator. Gretchen Cryer wrote the lyrics; Nancy Ford composed the score. $30–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 4/6. Through 5/4. *Theater at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. and 54th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Men on the Verge of a His-Panic Breakdown—Multiple monologues about the gay Hispanic experience written by and starring Felix A. Pire. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 9, Sun. at 5. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

Mother Courage—The Eric Bentley/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children*, presented in rotating repertory. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/19/97. Through 5/18. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

My Italy Story—One man's journey from Hoboken to Italy, searching for his roots. Written by Joseph Gallo; starring Daniel Mastrogiorgio. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/31/97. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

Othello—Set in the Mediterranean Renaissance, starring Abner Genece and Joseph Menino. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/16/97. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

The Plough and the Stars—Sean O'Casey's classic, directed by Charlotte Moore. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/3/97. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Secrets of the Celtic Heart—Brian Mallon's one-man show, which earned raves in the Celtic capitals before landing here. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stonewall Jackson's House—A new comedy about a young woman who violates racial taboos—political correctness, take that! $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Sympathetic Magic—A new play by Lanford Wilson, centering on a contemporary couple and some difficult life decisions. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun at 2 and 7. Opened: 4/16/97. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Previews

Secrets and Lies

The burden of conscience can twist a life into impossible shapes, a phenomenon never more eloquently portrayed than in Arthur Miller's *All My Sons*. John Cullum stars in the Roundabout's fiftieth-anniversary production.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Georg Baselitz—The artist's "Fracture" paintings from the sixties; through 5/17. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Tom Christopher—Expressionistic paintings of New York City streets; through 5/3. Findlay, 984 Madison Ave. (249-2909).

Robert Courtright—A series of collage constructions inspired by the works of James Joyce; through 5/3. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Aristide Maillol—A selection of bronze sculptures, paintings, and drawings by the French artist (1861–1944); through 6/7. C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Knox Martin—A survey of the artist's early paintings, ranging from the early fifties to the early seventies, that were originally exhibited at the Charles Egan Gallery, the Rose Fried Gallery, and the Fischbach Gallery; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Grace Roselli—Recent figurative paintings; through 5/3. Friedman, 980 Madison Ave. (472-1527).

Reeve Schley/Angela Verdon—New oil paintings that depict landscapes, views from the artist's studio windows, still lifes, and figures; through 5/10/ New ceramics; through 5/17. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Donald Sultan—New paintings of still life and urban landscapes; through 5/3. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

57th Street Area

Oscar Bluemner—Modernist landscape paintings by the Prussian-born artist (1917–1930), who was influenced by the European traditions of Cézanne, Van Gogh, Matisse, German Expressionism, and Symbolism as well as Oriental art; through 6/6. Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. (752-5135).

Jennifer Bolande—A series of sixteen sepia-toned iris prints titled "Forest Spirits," the imagery in each print taken from the same found postcard of a path in the woods; through 5/24. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Tomás Esson—Recent paintings by the Cuban artist, including his calligraphic "Wet Paintings" and a series of American flags; through 5/14. Brewster, 41 W. 57th St. (980-5373).

Käthe Kollwitz and Lea Grundig—Drawings and prints by two of Germany's foremost political artists; through 5/31. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

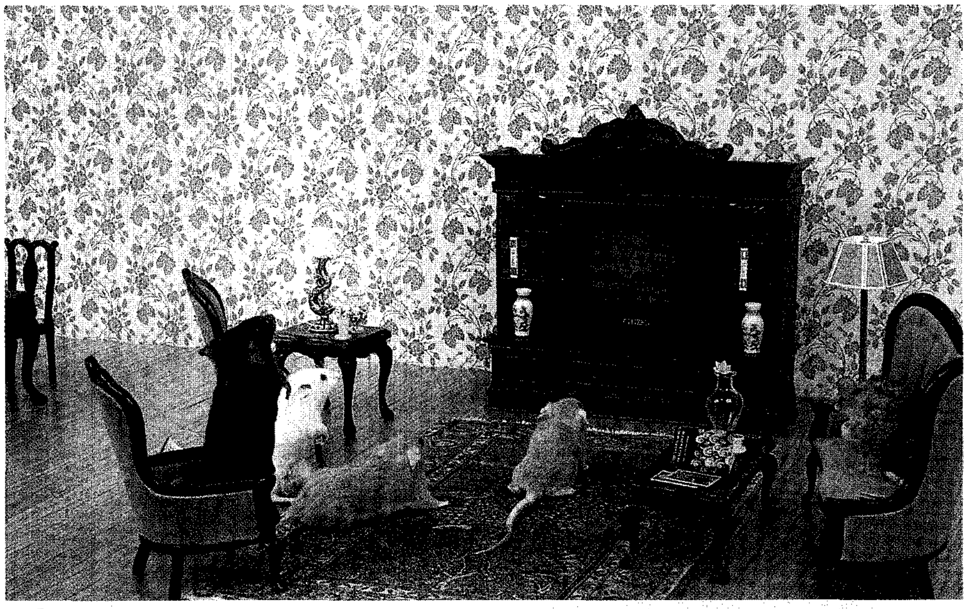
CJac Leirner—A conceptual work for which the artist collected business cards from hundreds of curators, critics, collectors, and artists and organized them in linear forms, backed on metal supports and attached to the wall or suspends from the ceiling; through 5/31. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Paul Manes—Recent still-life paintings; through 5/17. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

Ken Price—New ceramic sculptures; through 5/10. Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (246-5360).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



On View **Rather than posing in dusty dioramas of nature scenes, the stuffed mice in Bill Scanga's miniatures get to inhabit a zoo, a living room, and even the Met's American Wing. At TZ'Art, 28 Wooster Street; through May 10.**

Thomas Schütte—A work titled *Die Fremden* (The Strangers) that comprises sculptures of glazed clay figures who appear to be mourning; through 5/10. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Billy Sullivan—New paintings that depict fleeting glances of domestic life; through 5/17. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2354).

Lenore Tawney/Martha Madigan—A survey of the artist's weavings, collages, and assemblages/Photograms that juxtapose images of leaves, stones, pine cones, and other objects from nature with bodies of young children; through 5/31. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Alessandro Twombly—New paintings; through 5/7. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Michel Auder—A five-monitor video installation titled *Five Ring Circus*; through 5/17. AC Project Room, 15 Renwick St. (219-8275).

Frances Barth—Large-scale abstract paintings that suggest landscape maps; through 5/17. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Peter Boynton—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings that embellish on the strategies and formal concerns of Modernism; through 5/31. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Carolyn Brady—Monumentally scaled watercolors of well-known English gardens; through 5/24. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Luca Buvoli—An installation of a comic-book story presented in the form of a 16-mm. animated film; 4/25–5/24. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Ernst Caramelle—Recent drawings, "gessopieces," "sunpieces," and a new print; through 5/17. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Jesper Christiansen—Paintings that use the potted plant as a still-life object and a crossing between the indoor and outdoor world; through 5/17. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Suzanne Etkin—New kinetic sculptures that allude to everyday signage; through 5/31. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Valie Export—A retrospective of photographic works by the German performance artist and filmmaker; through 5/7. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Walton Ford—New paintings and watercolors that create allegories of cultural misunderstandings between East and West through the depiction of native Indian birds joined by groups of non-native birds such as European starlings or woodpeckers; through 5/10. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Wayne Gonzalez—Paintings that meld imagery from stock photography, advertising, corporate graphics, psychedelic poster art, and other sources; through 5/24. Wittels, 48 Greene St. (219-2211).

Albert Hoffman—Carved wood sculptures that range in subject matter from anti-war commentary to the whimsically profane; through 5/23. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Katharine Kuharic—Portraits of women that incorporate symbolic objects; through 5/24. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Joseph Kosuth—New works; through 5/17. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Sean Landers—New paintings and sculpture; through 5/31. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Ellen Lanyon—Two related series of paintings on the themes of the seasons, the elements, the passage of stars, and gardens; through 5/10. Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

June Leaf—New paintings that continue the artist's

Photograph courtesy of TZ'Art & Co.

exploration of the figure in a landscape and small metal sculptures that depict figures in gestures of turning and closing; through 5/17. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6830).

Stephen Magsig—Paintings of architectural façades in Manhattan; through 5/17. Levitan, 42 Grand St. (966-2782).

Linda Matalon—Sculptures that suggest boxes, baskets, buckets, and cages; 4/24–5/24. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Tony Matelli—Two new sculptures and a poster; through 5/17. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Stuart Netsky—Sculptures cast from plaster cast reproductions of classical figures that use a variety of "alchemical" recipes, and paintings that resemble classical paintings; through 5/18. Z, 70 Greene St. (966-8836).

Helen O'Leary—Lyrical abstract paintings by an Irish artist; through 5/11. Gold, 474 Broadway (941-4641).

Jaime Palacios—Paintings on found photographs; through 5/3. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Madhvi Parekh—Paintings whose narratives draw on the artist's rural upbringing and her everyday experiences of city life in New Delhi; through 5/10. Bose Pacia Modern, 580 Broadway (966-3224).

Bill Scanga—Miniature models of the nineteenth-century American-landscape-painting rooms at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a traditional zoo, and a contemporary living room, inhabited by live and taxidermied mice; through 5/10. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Jessica Stockholder—Recent sculpture; through 5/10. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Fred Tomaselli—Decorative abstract paintings that incorporate drugs beneath resined surfaces; through 5/17. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Andy Warhol—Small-scale paintings executed in 1983 that depict packages for toys; through 5/30. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Ralph Wickiser—Paintings that depict the shapes and colors found in the reflections of a stream on the artist's property; through 5/8. Wickiser, 568 Broadway (941-1817).

Terri Zupac—Oil-on-panel landscapes that evoke both abstract painting and seventeenth-century Dutch landscape painting; through 5/3. Golden, 16 Mercer St. (334-3124).

Chelsea

Shonagh Adelman—Paintings from two ongoing projects; through 5/31. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930)

Tadao Ando/Richard Pare—Twelve-foot-long scroll drawings and highly finished renderings of buildings by the Japanese architect/Photographs of architecture. Through 5/3. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Stephen Antonakos/Joel Fisher—A new neon sculpture, drawings, and a model for a chapel/New bronze and plaster sculpture and drawings. Through 4/27. Stux, 535 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Stephan Balkenhol—New carved-wood sculptures; through 5/31. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Nayland Blake/Inez van Lamsweerde—New sculptures and drawings that explore themes of racial and sexual identity; through 4/26/Large-scale photographs whose central figure is an 8-year-old girl; through 5/17. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Lewis deSoto—Sculptural works that draw on creation myths and stories of origination; through 5/11. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Katherine Dimma/Allison Smith—Photographs of nudes painted with clothing appropriated from Hieronymous Bosch paintings/Works from the artist's "Bloomer Kite" project, for which she constructed several aerodynamic kites derived from a pattern for nineteenth-century bloomers and took them for their maiden voyage in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Through 5/11. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Lothar Hempel—Three installations that are stage sets for a fictional scenario that is meant to evoke a memory of an event that never happened; through 5/10. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

James Hyde—New paintings; through 5/24. Baldacci, 521 W. 21st St. (463-0919).

Kate Javens—Paintings that depict an image of a single crow; through 5/25. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767)

Joan Jonas—Works from the past three years; through 5/18. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Adam Rolston—Paintings depicting carpentry items; through 5/18. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Tony Smith—A monumental version of the sculpture *Moondog* (1964) is installed in the main gallery, and *Smog* (1970), cast in bronze, in the front; through 6/7. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

George Stoll—Sculptures of toilet paper made from wood, silk, aluminum foil, paint, and other materials, and paintings and drawings of toilet paper; through 5/11. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Michael Tong—Recent drawings on metal that combine Chinese characters with contemporary cultural symbols; through 5/10. Kravets/Wehby, 529 W. 21st St. (352-2238).

Juan Uslé—An overview of the Spanish artist's photographs, shown with a selection of his paintings; through 5/31. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Other

Mark di Suvero—Early drawings and bronze sculptures of hands made between 1958 and 1964; 4/24–5/31. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

Alan Glovsky—An installation of cast-glass houses; through 5/4. UrbanGlass, 647 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-625-3685), daily 12–5.

Peter Kuper—Drawings from the artist's latest graphic novel; through 5/18. Curcio Spector, 304 E. 5th St. (505-0409).

Mary Ann Unger/Margery Mellman—New sculpture/Drawings and watercolors. Through 5/10. Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. (242-3232), Wed.–Sun. 12–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Hunter College—68th St. and Lexington Ave. (772-4991). "Turning the Corner," abstract works by Korman, Prokop, Lasker, Ruda, Timperio, others; through 5/10.

Moeller—167 E. 73rd St. (988-8480). From the John and Nancy Whitehead, works including those by Degas, Renoir, Rodin, others; through 5/17.

57th Street Area

De Nagy—724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050). Paintings of landscapes, interiors, and figures by Fairfield Porter executed between 1950 and 1975; paintings by the American Modernists Edwin Dickinson, Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, and Georgia O'Keeffe; 4/24–5/23.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (593-6427). "Beaux Arts New York," with photographs, blueprints, posters and decorative objects from the city's Gilded Age; through 6/27.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Works by expatriates living in Paris in the twenties and thirties, including works by Alexander Calder, Man Ray, Frank Stella, others; through 5/17.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). American paintings and watercolors, including works by Bierstadt, Metcalf, Stella, others; through 6/18.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex—291 Church St. (431-5270). "Letter & Event," including Borland, Gordon, Holler, others; through 5/24.

Artist's Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). Work by video artists, including pieces by Brattin, Easterson, Lucas, others; through 5/24.

Cavin-Morris—560 Broadway (226-3768). New sculpture by Kevin Sampson, and miniature paperworks by self-taught artists; through 5/17.

Coploff—17 Laight St. (674-1024). Contemporary art from Vietnam; through 5/17.

Foutouhi Cramer—560 Broadway (431-1304). "Narrative?," with works by Alic, Cusick, and Guyton; through 5/17.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Works by Ayon, Lukacs, Mora, Ocampo; through 5/31.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Works by Celis, Kanter, Kurtz, and Manning; through 6/28.

Steele—420 W. Broadway (941-8388). Works by Bleckner, Hambleton, Mikus, others; through 4/26.

Sundvik—26 Grand St. (226-6361). "The Leisure Sector," with works by Daniel, Lavelle, Noble, others; through 5/11.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). Works by Banz, Buetti, Draeger, others; through 5/17.

Vandam—100 Vandam St. (924-8189). Works by Jentins, Safford, Trager, others; through 5/17.

Other

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). Art from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas from the Wielgus collection; through 5/31.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace Staten Island (718-448-2500). "After the Fall: Aspects of Abstract Painting Since 1970," with works by Benglis, Kim, McClelland, Purdum, Stella, others; through 6/29.

Wave Hill—675 W. 252 St. (718-549-3200). "What On Earth?!," including works by Barnett, Brodsky, Roux, others; through 9/21.

YWCA—610 Lexington Ave. (735-9731). "Avant Guard," with works by artists who work as museum security employees; through 5/31.

Photography

David Armstrong—Black-and-white photographs of landscapes and portraits; through 5/23. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (243-0200).

Edouard Baldus—Twenty architectural photographs of Paris; through 5/31. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Tina Barney—New photographs of nudes; through 5/10. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Nancy Buirski—Photographs of migrant-worker children on the American farm of the nineties; through 5/24. Schikler, 52 E. 76th St. (737-6647).

Nancy Burson—A group of photographs that haven't been shown before in the US; through 5/17. Rico/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Van Deren Coke—Photography since the forties; through 5/17. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Rena Bass Forman—New photography; through 5/24. Wachter, 111 65th St. (327-2526).

Christopher Giglio—New cathode rayograms; through 5/30. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

International Center of Photography Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.–Sun. 11–6, Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution); $4, $2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Crosstown." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; 4/25–9/7. . . . "Fast Forward: Growing Up in the Shadow of Hollywood, Photographs by Laurel Greenfield." Photographs exploring the youth culture of Los Angeles by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Young Photographer; 4/25–7/13.

Steven Klein—Fashion photography from the past five years; through 5/30. Staley-Wise, 47 Mercer St. (917-930-3435).

Helen Levitt—Vintage photographs; through 5/27. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Robbie McClaran—Photographs of the radical right, including environmental extremists in Nevada, Klu Klux Klan members and anti-gay activists; through 5/31. SABA, 116 E. 16th St. (477-7722).

Robert Polidori—Large-scale color photographs; through 5/17. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Printed Matter—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). Works by the Guerrilla Art Action Group; through 5/17.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). "Sex and Eroticism in the 20th Century," with works by Bravo, Goldin, Seltzer, others; through 5/17.

Shapolsky—152 E. 65th ST. (542-1094). Artists of the 1950s, including Barnet, Overstreet, Stewart; through 6/28.

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs of Ford models; through 5/17.

Arne Svenson—Black-and-white photographs of Las Vegas; through 5/10. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

John Szarkowski/William Christenberry—Photographs of the artist's barn/Sculptures, drawings, and photographs by Christenberry. Through 5/10. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Guram Tsibakh—"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with photography and text by the Moscow-based artist; through 5/17. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Catherine Wagner—Photographs of the objects and subjects in contemporary science; through 6/15. ICP, 1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Beatrice Wood: A Centennial Tribute." A retrospective of the artist's drawings, paintings, and ceramic work; through 6/8. . . . "Messengers of Modernism: American Studio Jewelry 1940–1960"; through 6/8. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish till 8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. . . . "Extinct." Rare book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. . . . "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders." Mounted specimens of birds and photographs of birds and birders; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah." Paintings and decorative objects dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries from the former royal court of Kotah in northern India; 4/26–7/20. . . . "Along the Trade Routes: Buddhist Objects From the Asia Society Collection"; through 5/11. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Masterworks: Italian Design, 1960–1994." A selection of furniture, metalwork, glass, ceramics, and lighting by Italian designers, from the collection of the Denver Art Museum; through 6/29. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"From Pockets to Pouches: Three Centuries of Handbags at the Brooklyn Museum of Art." A selection of historical and period handbags from the museum's own collection; through 6/22. . . . "American Paintings: Ashcan and Modernist, A Centennial Exhibition"; through 6/30. . . . "Mistress of the House, Mistress of Heaven: Women in Ancient Egypt." 250 objects and artworks from public and private collections, including works from the collection of the Brooklyn Museum of Art;" through 5/18. . . . "A Different Reality: Symbolist Prints From the Collection." Prints by Symbolist artists from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; through 5/7. . . . "Rediscovering James Brooks: WPA Murals and Other Figural Works." A group of 20 works selected from a gift of 244 from the artist's widow, Charlotte Brooks, including preparatory drawings, gouaches, and tempera studies for Brooks's realist-style mural *Flight*, in the Marine Air Terminal at La Guardia Airport; through 5/4. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

China Institute—"Adornment for Eternity: Status and Rank in Chinese Ornament." Ancient belts, garment hooks, hair ornaments, and other treasures from the Mengdiexuan Collection; through 6/28. 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929–72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/31. . . . "*Disegno*: Italian Renaissance Designs for Decorative Arts"; through 5/18. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Religion and the Rustic Image in Late Academic Art." Works by major nineteenth-century artists, among them Adolphe-William Bouguereau, Jules Breton, and Léon Lhermitte; through 6/7. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/1. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4 , $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Bio." Works by three young artists from Colombia; through 4/30. . . . "*Virgen de la Soledad de la Victoria* by José Campeche." A loan exhibit of an important painting by Puerto Rico's earliest native artist (1751–1809); through 5/28. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

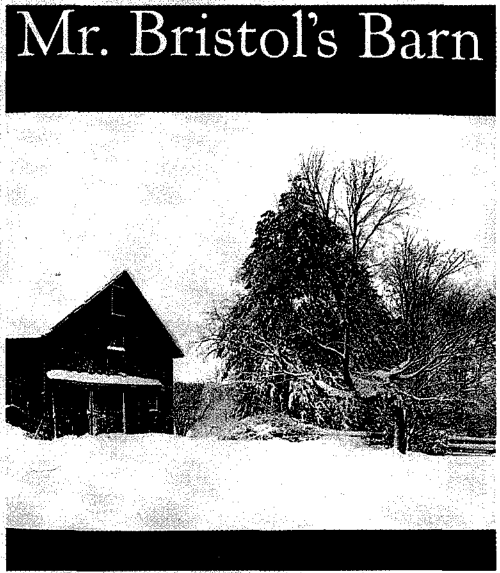
Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Art of the Everyday: France in the 90s." Works by eight young French artists whose art draws on everyday experiences; through 5/3. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; free.

Guggenheim Museum—"A Century of Sculpture: The Nasher Collection." The New York premiere of the collection formed by Patsy R. and Raymond D. Nasher, with sculptures by Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through 6/1. . . . "Rrose is a Rrose is a Rrose: Gender Performance in Photography." An exhibition that explores the various ways in which identity has been theatrically constructed in photography, from Man Ray's 1921 portrait of Marcel Duchamp as his feminine alter-ego Rrose Sélavy to the self-portraiture and computer-generated images of contemporary artists; through 5/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Rooms With a View: Environments for Video." Video viewing environments by contemporary artists Vito Acconci, Angela Bulloch, Dan Graham, Jorge Pardo, and Tobias Rehberger; through 6/15. . . . "Art/Fashion." An exhibition illustrating the ways in which art and fashion have converged over the years; through 6/8. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

In Print

Ode on a New York Barn



During his three decades as director of MOMA's department of photography, John Szarkowksi put his own photography on hold—organizing exhibitions, writing books, and looking for the "transcendent authority" in others' work instead. In short, he became the typical curator. "If you see something really good," he explains, "you want to preserve it. Call attention to it." But after retiring in 1991, Szarkowksi found something of his own to preserve—the nineteenth-century timber barn on his farm in East Chatham, New York—and finally picked up his camera again. His latest book, *Mr. Bristol's Barn* (Abrams; $16.95), which pairs Szarkowski's photographs with excerpts from a local nineteenth-century diary, is charming—a literate, carefully researched, and quietly eloquent tribute to a vanished world. Looking at an 1858 map of Columbia County, Szarkowksi saw that his land had been the property of one Abel Ingersol Bristol, possibly the writer of the poetic lines painted on a door to the stables. "It took me a while to decipher it," says Szarkowksi. "It's a wonderful old Spenserian hand." Eventually, he recognized the words from Longfellow's "Resignation," although the poem struck him as "a little odd. . . . So I looked it up and saw that a whole line had been left out," he says. "The person who wrote it was doing it from memory. It was the worst line in the poem, though, so he must have been a natural editor." Szarkowski also noticed the date: Memorial Day in 1892. "Decoration Day as they called it then," he says. "The Civil War was still a recent event, and he was remembering, I think, something important from his own lifetime. I thought that was pretty moving." Speaking of his own efforts (also on view at PaceWildenstein-MacGill through May 10), Szarkowksi is equally enthusiastic. "If you're asking me to be honest," he says, slipping back into curator mode, "I think they're very good indeed." EDITH NEWHALL

Photograph courtesy of Harry N. Abrams, Inc., Publishers.

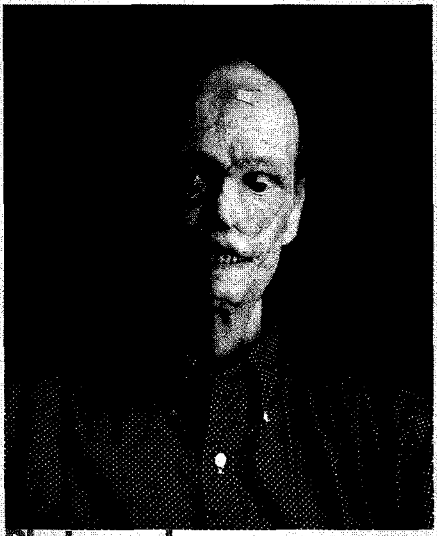
Jewish Museum—"Bordering on Fiction: Chantal Akerman's 'D'Est.' " A film-and-video installation of the Belgian film-director's feature-film documenting her journey to eastern Germany, Poland, and Russia in the early nineties; through 5/27. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Cartier: 1900–1939." A survey of the greatest achievements of the House of Cartier, including jewelry, clocks, watches, vanity cases, cigarette boxes, and other accessories, and design drawings and recently discovered original plaster casts of the finished jewels that were used as a three-dimensional record by the firm; through 8/3. . . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. . . . "The Glory of Byzantium." The Second Golden Age of Byzantium (A.D. 843–1261) is the subject of this exhibition, which comprises more than 350 masterpieces in all media from the museums and church treasuries of more than twenty countries; through 7/6. . . . "Giambattista Tiepolo." America's first major retrospective of the eighteenth-century Italian master's paintings and etchings; through 4/27. . . . "Venetian Prints and Books in the Age of Tiepolo"; through 4/27. . . . "Domenico Tiepolo: Drawings, Prints, and Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the son and collaborator of Giambattista Tiepolo; through 4/27. . . . "The Florene M. Schoenborn Bequest: Artists of the School of Paris"; through 5/4. . . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900–1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. . . . "American Tonalism: Paintings, Drawings, Prints, and Photographs." Works by James Abbott McNeill Whistler, George Inness, Arthur Davies, Edward Steichen, and others that illuminate a phase of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American art that emphasized subdued poetic mood and muted coloration; through 6/1. . . . "Indian Court Painting: 16th–19th Century"; through 7/6. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Alternative World of Henry Darger." A retrospective of paintings by the self-taught Chicago artist (1892–1973) best known for his eccentric watercolor narratives in which little girls struggle to escape enslavement by ruthless male warriors; through 4/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"From the Grace M. Mayer Collection." Photographs and prints bequeathed to the museum by its former curator emeritus; 4/24–7/15. . . . "Projects: Architecture as Metaphor." Painting, sculpture, and photography by seven artists who use architectural motifs and imagery as a basis for their work; through 6/3. . . . "Projects: Rirkrit Tiravanija." A child-size model of an International Style glass pavilion erected in the museum's Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden; through 6/3. . . . "The Photomontages of Hannah Höch." The first U.S. retrospective of the German artist's photomontages; through 5/20. . . . "Manuel Alvarez Bravo." A retrospective of photographs by the twentieth-century Mexican master; through 5/18. . . . "Willem de Kooning: The Late Paintings, the 1980s." The late artist, who ceased painting in 1990, painted the 40 canvases in this exhibition between 1981 and 1987; through 4/29. . . . "American Photography 1890–1965 From the Collection"; through 7/8. . . . "The Maximal Sixties: Pop, Op, Figuration." Pop, Op, and Kinetic artworks from the museum's collection; through 4/29. . . . "A Singular Vision:" Prints From Landfall Press"; through 5/6. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8.50, $5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).



Photography

Candid Camera

Previously known for images of computer-manipulated faces, Nancy Burson has now found such anomalies in nature. At once shocking and deeply moving, Burson's unenhanced Polaroid portraits compassionately depict facial abnormalities ranging from genetic disorders to severe burns to post-cancer reconstructions. At Ricco/Maresca Gallery, 152 Wooster Street; through May 17.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. . . . "The Streets and Beyond: New York Photographs." Photographs of New York street life by well-known New York photographers; through 6/8. . . . "New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27. . . . "A Museum for a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Landscapes of Louis Rémy Mignot: A Southern Painter Abroad"; through 5/11. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution— George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700); 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Annual Auction Exhibition." Works that will be for sale at the museum's twentieth-anniversary benefit auction on May 4; 4/25–5/11. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12 till 8 (6–8 free); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"An Unquenchable Thirst: Springs and Wells of New York City"; through 6/1. . . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Wild New York: The Printmaker and the Natural Landscape From the Age of Exploration Through the Twentieth Century"; through 6/28. . . . "Let There Be Light: William Tyndale and the Making of the English Bible"; through 5/17. . . . "Richard Tuttle: Books and Prints at the New York Public Library." A survey of the artist's books and prints from 1965 to the present; through 5/31. . . . "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S. 1 Clocktower—46-01 21st St., Long Island City (718 784-2084). Works by artists selected for the 1997 Studio Program; through 5/14.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; 4/24–8/31. . . . "An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection." Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; 4/24–8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"Queens Artists: Highlights of the 20th Century." Works by Benny Andrews, Joseph Cornell, James Brooks, Alex Katz, Melissa Meyer, Isamu Noguchi, Ad Reinhardt, Art Speigelman, and other artists who have lived or worked in Queens; through 7/6. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"1997 Biennial Exhibition." The sixty-ninth Biennial exhibition, featuring 200 works by approximately 70 artists; through 6/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 4/23 and 4/24 at 10: "Japanese Paintings and Works of Art." On view from 4/19. 4/26 at 10: "Wine."

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 4/23 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorative Arts, and Paintings." On view from 4/19.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 4/24 at 2 and 4/25 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 4/19.

Photograph courtesy of Ricco/Maresca Gallery.

restaurants

Daily Delivery...Oh, My Darling...Teodora

Manhattan

Lower New York

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

I Tre Merli—Bustling SoHo loft-like space, specializing in Northern Italian (specifically Genovese) cuisine. Try the homemade pastas and focaccia sandwiches. *463 W. Broadway (254-8699). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sanzin—This cozy SoHo bistro offers "New York cuisine" with a French twist, which means creative renditions of highly seasoned food. Signature dishes include a creamy semolina pasta with Roquefort and truffle oil, duck breast with saffron noodles, and Valrhona-chocolate-soufflé cake. Regulars congregate at the comfortable mahogany bar. *180 Spring St. (965-0710). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

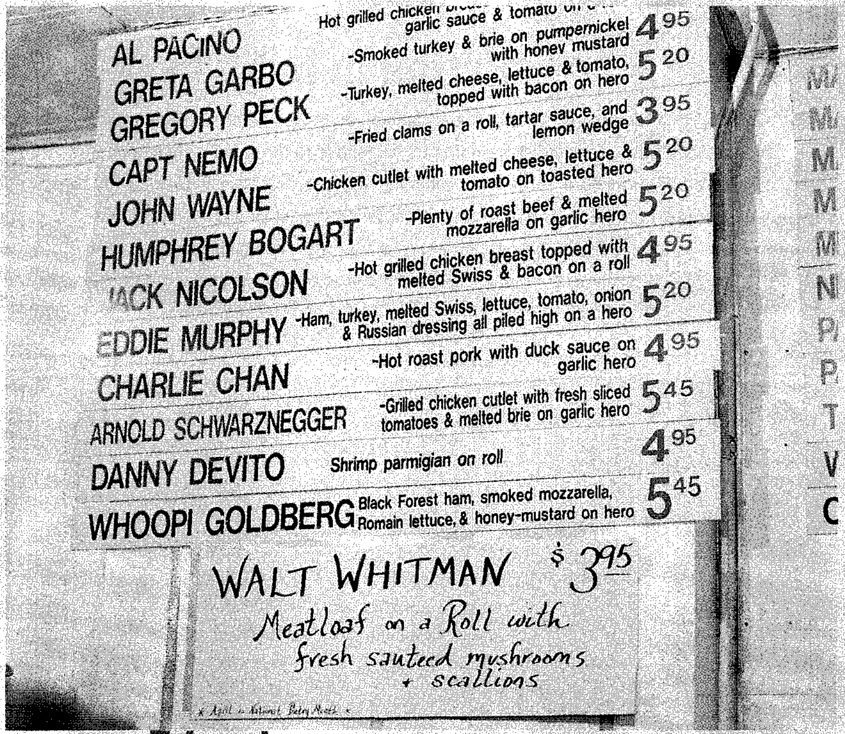
Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Riodizio—This South American spot in NoHo specializes in *rodizio*, a dramatic processional of grilled meats and seafoods that stops only when you cry uncle. For lighter appetites, there's a good selection of salads and "little dishes" of spicy ribs, sweet-potato cakes, and Brazilian-style wrapped sandwiches. *417 Lafayette St. (529-1313). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Hot grilled chicken ... garlic sauce & tomato
AL PACINO
GRETA GARBO
GREGORY PECK
CAPT NEMO
JOHN WAYNE
HUMPHREY BOGART
JACK NICOLSON
EDDIE MURPHY
CHARLIE CHAN
ARNOLD SCHWARZNEGGER
DANNY DEVITO
WHOOPI GOLDBERG
-Smoked turkey & brie on pumpernickel with honey mustard 4 95
-Turkey, melted cheese, lettuce & tomato, topped with bacon on hero 5 20
-Fried clams on a roll, tartar sauce, and lemon wedge 3 95
-Chicken cutlet with melted cheese, lettuce & tomato on toasted hero 5 20
-Plenty of roast beef & melted mozzarella on garlic hero 5 20
-Hot grilled chicken breast topped with melted Swiss & bacon on a roll 4 95
-Ham, turkey, melted Swiss, lettuce, tomato, onion & Russian dressing all piled high on a hero 5 20
-Hot roast pork with duck sauce on garlic hero 4 95
-Grilled chicken cutlet with fresh sliced tomatoes & melted brie on garlic hero 5 45
Shrimp parmigian on roll 4 95
Black Forest ham, smoked mozzarella, Romain lettuce, & honey-mustard on hero 5 45
WALT WHITMAN $3.95
Meatloaf on a Roll with fresh sauteed mushrooms + scallions

Takeout
I Hear America Eating

Perhaps the most unexpected celebration of National Poetry Month occurs at Manhattan Deli, where, throughout April, local hero Walt Whitman takes his place alongside Patrick Ewing, Eddie Murphy, and Al Pacino (or at least their sandwiches). The inspiration for "the Walt Whitman"—meatloaf, scallions, and mushrooms—comes from "Song of Myself": *I lean and loafe at my ease . . .* and digest accordingly. (611 Broadway, near Houston Street.)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic, and quench your thirst with sangria. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable $18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Stock & Tankard—Those looking to unwind after a hard day at the office can find comfort in this low-key bar, which serves over fifty microbrewed beers, twenty wines by the glass, diverse martinis, and frozen drinks. The steakhouse menu includes alligator and other offbeat options. *587 Third Ave., nr. 38th St. (661-3181). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened-shrimp po'boys. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trend
Eating In In Style

Chalk it up to a renewed interest in vegetarianism, increased ineptitude in the kitchen, or one disheartening trip too many to the salad bar. More and more New Yorkers are enlisting services that plan, prepare, and transport a week's (or month's) worth of healthy lunches and dinners to home or office. While such orchestrated eating may eliminate some mealtime spontaneity, it also quells culinary paranoia of the "I-swear-there's-beef-in-this-stock" variety. To many, a freezer full of boxed dinners may signify Lean Cuisine more than, as one brochure rhapsodizes, "a live-in chef who expertly prepared gourmet meals . . . as you reclined in your linen bedding." To the rest, here's an overview of fine home dining.

COMPANY	PHONE/PRICE	DELIVERY ZONE	CLIENTELE	MANTRA	DESCRIPTION
thali vegetarian cuisine	367-7411 $7 daily charge for lunch; must be ordered by the month.	From Spring Street to 50th Street, between Third and Eighth Avenues.	Hindu businessmen, yoga instructors, doctors from nearby St. Vincent's Hospital.	Serve the god before the people. (A small portion of the *satwic,* or spiritually enriching, meal is served to an idol, then mixed with the rest of the food.)	Indian vegetarian lunch boxes with a daily changing menu of dal (say, a tamarind-and-pepper soup), a vegetable-and-grain dish (winter melon with favas; penne with chickpeas in coriander sauce), rice, roti, chutney, and dessert.
SAVORIES Hamptons Manhattan Gourmet Personalized Meals	647-1866 $325 for lunch and dinner, seven days; $250 for five days.	Anywhere in Manhattan and the Hamptons.	Conan O'Brien, Sally Jessy Raphaël, Wall Streeters, the rich and the trying-their-damnedest-to-be-thin.	Like having a dietician, personal chef, and car service all rolled into one.	Founder Debbi Devlin started cooking after a fruitless trip to Duke Diet and Fitness Center. Her "upscale, low-fat, gourmet, personalized" meals—terrine of monkfish and leeks, a chicken-and-sweet-potato burrito with black-bean-and-orange salsa—are intended to cure power people of impulse eating.
HEALTHY HOME COOKING Fine Vegetarian Food	(718) 694-6244 $49 membership fee; $64.82 for five dinners, plus soup and bread.	Brooklyn, Manhattan, and Queens.	Busy professionals aspiring to vegetarianism and a core of strict vegans of the *Diet for a Small Planet* stripe.	Healing through food; all-organic, all the time.	Lisa Jones relieved her husband's asthma with organic, vegan whole food like millet-Swiss-chard-and-tofu casserole, vegetable and seitan fajitas, polenta lasagna, and stuffed sweet potatoes. Just think what it can do for you.

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Domingo—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.*

East Side Ale House—Beer drinkers—and people who love them—would be very happy in this unpretentious East Side pub. The extensive selection of all-American microbrews and single-malt Scotches is supplemented by the requisite bar food: wings, burgers, what-have-you. *961 Second Ave., at 51st St. (752-3615). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Postino—This elegant midtown Italian restaurant offers an interesting variety of daily specials, focusing on imported and domestic seafood. (Under the same ownership as the much-lauded Scalinatella.) *337 E. 49th St. (688-0033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd St. and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

D'Angelo—This casual Italian establishment offers all the usual favorites, from a dozen varieties of pasta to more elaborate creations like shrimp Catalina. Well-situated for for pre- or posttheater dining. *242 W. 56th St. (307-0700). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.96 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ASK GAEL

Clementine partners Lesly Bernard and John Schenk.

What's new on your radar?

I've followed John Schenk from Gotham to mad.61 to the Monkey Bar because I relish the elegant look and lusty flavors of his food. Now, with Clementine, he's claimed a spot of his own: the old One Fifth (1 Fifth Avenue), with its roomy banquettes in forest shades of velvet and its babbling rock-filled pool. Tasting plates at lunch should keep prices down. Ditto the bar menu. Signature roast cod and skate—plus braised duck, herb-rubbed pork loin, and Schenk's admittedly "goofy" Buffalo mahimahi with hush puppies—run $13 to $24 at dinner.

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

Photograph by Todd France.

Opening

Italian Import

At the month-old, quaintly cozy Teodora, chef-owner Giancarlo Quadalti turns out such authentic Emilia-Romagna specialties as piadina flatbread with truffle-scented cheese and hearty homemade pastas. Partner Roberta Riccioli—who has two other restaurants in Rome—shows a superior talent of her own: the business savvy to snag a chef with both San Domenico and Pino Luongo on his résumé. (141 East 57th Street.)

57th–60th Streets

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Match Uptown—Younger sibling of SoHo's trendy restaurant–lounge–sushi bar, with an equally eclectic menu featuring things like seared sea scallops with chive-oxtail risotto and seared pepper tuna with ginger-roasted pineapple. This branch has a cigar room. *33 E. 60th St. (906-9175). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like grilled swordfish with basil mashed potatoes and pan-roasted Moroccan crusted salmon. For postprandial excitement, rent a rowboat or a gondola. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Plus piano entertainment, starting at nine Tuesday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8195). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. Devoted regulars return as much for the staff's warm welcome as for the not inexpensive, tasty food. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed French fare—like the appetizer of Dungeness-crab risotto with glazed salmon—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn

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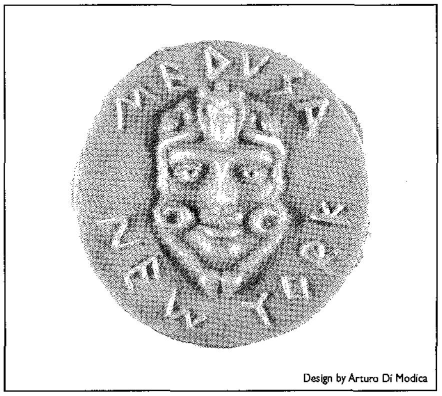

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from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tucci—This rustic Italian trattoria near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. *206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shopping

Cookie Monsters

These bar cookies are dangerous. Rich with butter, they come in more tantalizing flavors than is prudent—especially if you feel you must taste each one before you die. Apricot toasted-almond crunch. Banana chipotle chocolate. Cheesecake brownie. Espresso caramel hazelnut. Raspberry butter-crunch. Stick the brownies into the fridge and they turn into fudge. Delicious madness by the mother-and-son team at Charles and Laurel Desserts, Ltd. at Gourmet Garage, Dean & DeLuca, and coffee shops and theaters around town from the Angelika to the Metropolitan Opera. From $1.50 to $3, depending on venue. For shopping guidance, call 229-9339. G.G.

Photograph by Robert Wright.

nightlife

Harry Belafonte...Underage Rock Stars

Concerts

Mehr & Sher Ali—Now that Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan has become a certified superstar in this country (thanks in part to his collaboration with Eddie Vedder on the *Dead Man Walking* soundtrack), that imposing Pakistani's concerts have become relatively staid affairs: Radio City Music Hall just doesn't look kindly on audience members running on stage to dance around and shower the performers with money. But lesser lights of Qawwali (the trance-inducing devotional music of Sufi mysticism) like these Alis still get devotees on their feet, dancing, and even tossing some cash. 4/26 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $20–$30.*

"An Evening With Harry"—When he wasn't busy making the first million-selling record in U.S. history ("Banana Boat (Day-O)"), Harry Belafonte spent a good bit of the sixties marching with Martin Luther King Jr. and other civil-rights activists. Such a multi-faceted talent is inarguably Renaissance man–esque, so it's fitting that Belafonte is the first recipient of the Harlem Renaissance Award. Geri Allen, Roy Hargrove, Max Roach, Joshua Redman, Buster Williams, and Belafonte himself play the star-dense award ceremony. 4/28 at 7:30 P.M. *Aaron Davis Hall, Convent Ave. at 135th St. (650-5966). $50–$150.*

Grand Funk Railroad—They're an American band, but their string section isn't. For their big comeback tour, Grand Funk's original members are backed by members of the Sarajevo Symphony Orchestra. (Don't laugh about the accompaniment—proceeds from the show go to the Bosnian Relief Fund.) 4/25 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Bombay Jayashri—Vocal music of South India. 4/25 at 8 P.M. *Tishman Auditorium, The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (545-7536). $16.*

"Jazz Goes Broadway"—Jazz renderings of Broadway show tunes are nothing new (it's almost impossible *not* to think of John Coltrane and "My Favorite Things" in the same mental breath). But a concert devoted to the practice is still a pretty wonderful idea. A dozen performers including Grady Tate, Barry Harris, Houston Person, and Etta Jones salute the Gershwins, Rodgers and Hart, and Jerome Kern. 4/24 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall. $15–$25.*

Bobby McFerrin—The singer who redefined the concept of the one-man band. In McFerrin's solo inventions, his body alone (he accompanies his singing with self-administered slaps, taps, and assorted other sounds) becomes an entire jazz combo—even an orchestra, you might say. Now backed by his Voicestra, McFerrin debuts songs from his forthcoming album, *Circlesong*. 4/25 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall. (307-7171). $30–$40.*

"Rainforest Foundation Benefit Concert"—The roster for the eighth-annual event reads like a who's who of giant (if nonthreatening) rock stars of the past twenty years. Beside the organization's founder, Sting, this year's lineup of tree-hugging stars includes Lyle Lovett, Elton John, Bobby McFerrin, Bonnie Raitt, James Taylor, and Stevie Wonder. $125 may seem like a lot to pay for obstructed-view seats, but it's really not such a bad deal when you consider that it works out to about $12 per star. Or you can save some dough and still save the earth by picking up the new, star-laden compilation *Carnival!*, another rain-forest-benefitting endeavor being issued on the twenty-ninth, with the Foundation's blessing. 4/30 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall. (247-7800). $125–$400.*

Silverchair—How can you tell whether a band is grunge? It's not always easy: Big guitars could just indicate heavy metal. Poppy melodies might mean you're listening to the Beatles or XTC. Even geography is no help: Not all bands from the Pacific Northwest qualify as grunge; nor do all grunge bands come from the Seattle area (e.g. Bush). But there is one touchstone whereby true grunge may still be determined: A singer who routinely delivers the vocals an octave below his natural range. Thus, silverchair—fronted by 18-year-old Daniel Johns, whose determined, brooding boom would sound affected in a man twice his age—is a grunge band *par excellence*. With Local H and Handsome. 4/29 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $15.50.*

John Tesh—Fresh from spearheading PBS's most successful fund-raising drive ever, the erstwhile *Entertainment Tonight* host serves up syrupy synth-heavy instrumentals that, if we didn't know better, we'd call New Age. Being a Christian, however, Tesh deplores the attribution of such quasi-pagan motives to his art, and suggests that it be classified otherwise—as, say, some compromise between pop and white-wine jazz. A rose by any other name . . . 4/22 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall. (247-7800). $20–$50.*

Widespread Panic—Unthreatening jam-rock from R.E.M.'s home town. 4/24 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre. $22.50.*

Talent

Piano Men

Perhaps the only band in the history of indie rock to tour with a baby grand, Ben Folds Five crafts exuberant, guitar-free pop songs eerily reminiscent of Elton John. Get back on the yellow brick road, April 28 at Irving Plaza.

Clubland

Acme Underground—The club formerly known as Under Acme, renovated and reborn as New York City's classiest small rock venue. 4/24: Bananafish; the Gefkins; Fake Brain. 4/25: Jesus Chrysler; Princess Superstar. 4/28: Stress Magnet. 4/29: Henry Dark; Velour 100. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hipish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 4/22: Deni Bonet; Joy Askew; Sunshine Club. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 4/24: Patty Larkin; Cheryl Wheeler. 4/25–4/27: The Robben Ford Band. 4/29–4/30: Mike Stern Band. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 4/24: Dambuilders; Vitapup. 4/25–4/26: The Upper Crust. 4/27: Karate; Chisel; the Warmers. 4/28: The Olivia Tremor Control; Neutral Milk Hotel; Clem Snide. 4/29: Pond; Dirt Merchants. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 4/25–4/26: Popa Chubby. 4/30: Anthony Kane. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 4/24: Little Isidore & The Inquisitors. 4/25: New Bomb Turks; Thee Prissteens. 4/26–4/27: UK Subs; Anti-Flag. 4/30: The Dwarves; The Humpers. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 4/24: Paul Rudderman Band. 4/25: The Hope Union; Tower Recordings; Harry Pussy; Thurston Moore. 4/26: Smoke; B Blush; Marc

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Marina Chavez.

Ribot y Los Cubanos Postisos. 4/28: Ruby Dare; Farina; Stress Magnet. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Every Wednesday, Fez presents the hilarious "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring members of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. 4/25: Toshi Reagon. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 4/23: Sneaker Pimps. 4/24–4/25: Son Volt; Richard Buckner. 4/28: Ben Folds Five; Komeda. 4/29: The Musical Box. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 4/22–4/24: The Knitting Factory hosts the hippest seders in town, three nights running. 4/25: Neutral Milk Hotel; The Olivia Tremor Control. 4/26: The Klezmatics; the Circus Amok. 4/27: "The Extended Piano: A Disklavier Festival," curated by Elliott Sharp. 4/29: Jaron Lanier. 4/30: David S. Ware Quartet. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 4/16: Ditchcroaker; 44. 4/17: Mini King; Candy Butchers. 4/23: Lori Carson; Ida; Knox Chandler. 4/25: Flat Duo Jets. 4/30: Pee Shy; Lars Vegas. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 4/22: Michael Mafiano. 4/23: Enchantaz. 4/24: Thunder Drums. 4/25: Myron Walden Trio; Bowken Ginen. 4/26: Katende. 4/27: New York Tango Trio (free lessons from 6–7 P.M.). 4/28: Tito Puente. 4/29: Mighty Diamonds. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 4/22: Boz Scaggs. 4/25–4/26: Henri Prego and his 14-piece big band. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 4/22: DJ Shadow; Jeru the Damaja. 4/24: Steve Morse. 4/25–4/26: the Saw Doctors. 4/30: The Sea & Cake; Rex. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

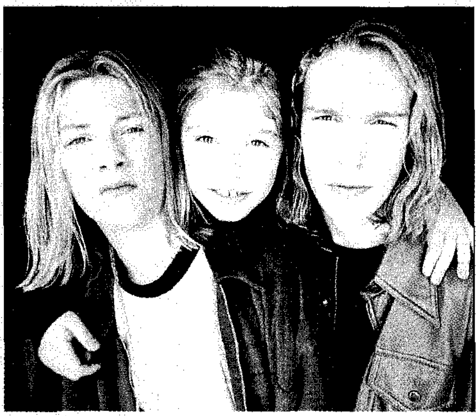
Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. 4/22: Kenny Lattimore. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 4/23: Lyricists' Lounge presents "Soulstation," with Q-Tip of A Tribe Called Quest. 4/25–4/26: Merl Saunders & The Rainforest Band. 4/27: The Cold Crush Brothers. Old-school battle tapes will be available for purchase. Woo hah!!! 4/30: Buckethead; Hellborg, Lane & Sipe; DJ Sheldon Drake. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Data

Teen Idolatry

After the teenage Aussies of silverchair (Roseland, April 29) rode their Pearl Jam sounds to fame, it didn't take long for the music industry to realize that U.S. high schools are gold mines. Consequently, American nightclub stages are starting to resemble neighborhood teen rec centers. And as demand grows for ever-younger bands, the members of silverchair may find themselves has-beens before they graduate from high school. A sampling of the kid-rock masses, and the elders who inspire them.



Teeny poppers: The Hanson brothers.

BAND, PRODIGY	SOUND
RADISH Ben Kweller, 15	Those epic, crunching guitar riffs; those thundering Black Sabbath drums; those Beatlesque melodies, grunted in an affected, manly baritone . . . it's silverchair redux!
SUBMINUTE: RADIO Dillon Larkin, 16	Between the pre-graduation bidding war rumored to be building over this Seattle quintet and the band's fondness for big, brooding, melodic rock, its future looks secure: the next Radish!
DAYS OF THE NEW Travis Meeks, 17	A metal sensibility couched in folkie, acoustic arrangements (plus grunge's booming vocals): Alice in Chains to silverchair's Nirvana.
HANSON Zac, Taylor, and Isaac Hanson, 11, 13, and 16, respectively	Shimmering guitars; squeaky, gospel-ish harmonies, and the same hip-hop producers as Beck. It's De La Soul meets the Osmonds.
STINKY PUFFS Simon Fair Timony, 12 Cody Linn Ranaldo, 11	Though this bi-coastal outfit claims the most legitimate connection to grunge's glory days (Timony counted Kurt Cobain as a personal friend and once played a concert backed by Nirvana members), its tangled art-rock sonics are more suggestive of its real, convoluted family tree. Cody's father is in Sonic Youth; Simon's godfather is in the Residents, and his ex-step-dad leads indie-rock curio act Half Japanese.

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 4/22: The Philadelphia Heritage Art Ensemble plays the music of Lee Morgan and Hank Mobley. 4/23–4/26: the John Hicks Quintet, featuring Bobby Watson. 4/27: Manhattan School of Music Jazz Orchestra. 4/28: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 4/29–4/30: Wess "Warmdaddy" Anderson Quintet. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 4/22–4/27: Joao Bosco/Leo Gandelman Group. 4/28: Franck Amsallem Quartet. 4/29–5/4: Johnny Griffin Quartet; Ray Barretto & New World Spirit. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium Room—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 4/22–4/27: Michel Camilo Trio. 4/29–5/4: Cyrus Chestnut Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. Every Monday in April: the Renee Rosnes Trio. Every Monday in May: The Mike LeDonne Trio. 4/23–4/26: Valerie Capers and John Robinson. 4/30–5/3: Judy Carmichael and Mike Hashim. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay what you wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum tile-decor any more inviting than your average mass feed-trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 4/25: Andrew Hill. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. 4/25–4/26: Lonnie Youngblood & the Blood Brothers. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th & 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Van-

Photograph by Marina Chavez.

guard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, the Jason Lindner Big Band. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 4/22–4/27: Chico Freeman Quintet. 4/29–5/4: Yosuke Yamashita Trio. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday, the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 4/23: Roy Gerson Swing Band. 4/24–4/26: Dick Sudhalter-Spanky Davis Quartet. 4/30: Roy Gerson Swing Band. $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 4/22–4/27: Charles McPherson Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

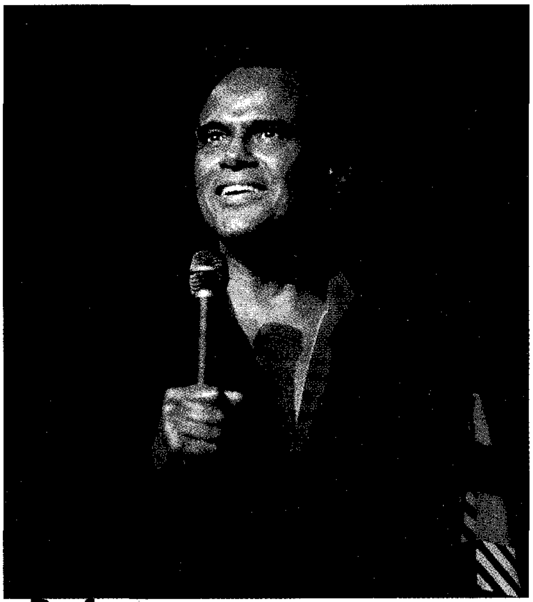
Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 4/24–4/26: Wendy Liebman. 4/30: Julie Halston; The Players. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 4/21–4/27: Greg Fitzsimmons; Greer Barnes; Greg Rogell; Jeff Ross; William Stephenson; Greg Giraldo. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 4/21–4/27: John Rizzo; Joe Mulligan; Nancy Redman; Lenny Varnedoe; Ben Creed; Quentin Heggs; Jim Norton. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3300 square feet, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 4/25–4/26: Mike Royce; Terry Gillespi; Louis CK; Al Lubel. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 4/25–4/26: Sunda Croonquist; Billy Jaye; Greg Carey; Susie Essman; Brian McFadden. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*



Performance

Wild About Harry

Max Roach, Geri Allen, and Joshua Redman—along with a half-dozen other high-watt performers—honor the great Harry Belafonte as he receives the first-annual Harlem Renaissance Award, April 28 at Aaron Davis Hall.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The gifted, subtle, and engaging singer Weslia Whitfield's "Teach Me Tonight: Songs of Sammy Cahn and Others" lasts through May 3. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, extension 154).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Peter Mintun plays Tues.–Sat. 9:30 P.M.–1:30 A.M., through 5/4. Michael Devine plays 5:30–8 P.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Barbara Cook. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Maxim's—Midtown's monument to hefty art-nouveau interior design and hefty French-bistro fare. Every Monday, Maxim's national talent search. 4/24–4/26: Claiborne Cary. 4/29–5/3: Marilyn Michaels. $20–$30 cover. *680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (751-5111).*

Rainbow and Stars—Karen Akers. Sunday nights, Rainbow hosts a rotating lineup of songwriters. 4/27: Stephen Schwartz. $25 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Tues.–Thurs. in April: The Ed Swanston Trio. Friday: the Harlem All-Stars. 4/26: Groove Culture. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Windows on the World—The "Greatest Bar on Earth" (or the loftiest, anyway) reanimates itself with a new Saturday-night theme-party series. Every Wednesday, DJ Lucien spins "lounge-core." 4/24–4/25: Rhythm Nation. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Angel's Share—Tucked discreetly inside an already-discreet second-story Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suave boîte is the ultimate in low-key hipness. The management admits only as many customers (about 30) as there are seats and routinely turns away large parties, to keep rabble-rousing to a minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in perhaps the finest experience of its kind in the city. *9 Stuyvesant St., near 9th St. and Third Ave. (598-3041).*

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar 89—The bar itself is cavernous, overdesigned, and almost altogether offputting coagulation of blonde wood and stainless steel, but the bathrooms are a true technological wonder: When you enter a stall, the magic of liquid crystal renders the glass doors opaque to the outside viewer, but leaves you with a clear view of the spacious, coed lounge-area. A Freudian nightmare come true. *89 Mercer St. (274-0989).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Cheetah—The self-proclaimed "fastest club in the world" offers an impressive selection of drinks, smokes, and food at even more impressive prices. $25 glasses of Scotch? Check. Macanudos? Check. Chocolate soufflés served till 4 A.M.? You get the idea. But one thing *we* don't get is why all the chairs are covered with leopard-print fabric. *12 W. 21st St. (206-7770).*

Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Euro-trash, half-reverse-slumming-downtowner crowd might be a bringdown. *176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).*

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustere new lounge is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Orchard is also the newest home to Sound Lab's cutting edge, Tuesday-night jungle-house party Abstrakt. *200 Orchard St., nr. Houston. (673-5350).*

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; a Sunday-afternoon antiques market; and slammin' D.J.'s give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. *3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).*

the mix

"Private Histories"...*The Hand of the Poet*

John Leonard's TV Notes

Masters of Fantasy (4/22; 7 to 8 P.M.; Sci-Fi) goes all the way to Sri Lanka to talk to Arthur C. Clarke, the author of *Childhood's End* and *2001: A Space Odyssey,* about the past, the future, his medical problems, and his science-fiction novels. Also interviewed are such colleagues as Ray Bradbury, Harlan Ellison, Frederick Pohl, and Larry Niven, plus a couple of chatty astronauts and the director of the *2010: The Year We Made Contact* sequel.

Sleeping With the Devil (4/22; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) asks the working-class beauty queen Shannen Doherty, a trauma-ward nurse, to marry health-club zillionaire Tim Matheson, move to Houston to acquaint herself with this control-freak's dark side, dump him, get terrorized, shot, paralyzed, learn to walk again with the help of computers in time to participate in the Honolulu Marathon while winning $28 million in a personal-injury civil suit. Whether because of this, or something else, Doherty has at last a glimmer of character in her pretty face.

The Dukes of Hazzard: Reunion (4/25; 8 to 10 P.M.; CBS) brings most of them back—John Schneider, Tom Wopat, Catherine Bach, Denver Pyle, etc.—for a stock-car race to save the town from Mama Max (Stella Stevens) and her theme park, after the usual Confederate flags, barroom brawls, swamp-fever jokes, and a kidnapping that ends in a white-trash wedding. I never did understand the seven-year appeal of this program, before there were Montana militias who needed a laugh.

Homicide (4/25; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC) returns in time for "sweeps" with a problematic episode in which the Baltimore detectives finally nail Luther Mahoney—with a sting involving half a kilo of baking soda pretending to be heroin in 77 prophylactic "eggs," plus a number of dead Nigerians—although what happens after they nail him ought to worry every civil libertarian in the country, if there are any left at all.

La Femme Nikita (4/25; 10 to 11 P.M.; USA) likewise tramples over someone's rights, in this case pizza deliveryman Maury Chaykin, who is the only citizen in this country who may know where terrorists have stored a "live" 20-megaton nuclear warhead—but, of course, he has also compromised the security of the super-secret assassination bureau, Section One, for whom Peta Wilson so lithesomely toils and pouts. So ambivalent is this artful weekly exercise in vigilante *noir,* we never know whom to root for, and neither does Nikita.

A Match Made in Heaven (4/27; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) stars Olympia Dukakis as a busybody and cancer-stricken mother trying to marry off her playboy divorce-lawyer son, John Stamos, to a wonderful young blonde nurse, Helen Rowan, who can't stand sports bars, ice hockey, disco, or adolescent attitudinizing. Della Reese is also on hand as the usual part-of-the-family black servant with the usual heart of gold, tongue of viper, wisdom of the ages and forgivingness of Gandhi. What elevates this material above the predictable norm is a script by Susan Rice that actually speaks to the small truths of difficult human relationships. About, for instance, the presence of a longtime partner next to you in bed at night: "It makes me feel safe. Nobody talks about it, but it's best part of the whole thing."

Around the World in 72 Days (4/28; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is another fine episode of The American Experience, with Donald Ogden Stiers telling us the story of Nellie Bly, who got herself a newspaper job in New York by going undercover into an insane asylum, and got herself world-famous for navigating the world in eight fewer days than Jules Verne. We actually learn something about both journalism and feminism, as well as the difference between character and celebrity. They named a hotel after her, and a racehorse, and even a train.

The Sleepwalker Killing (4/28; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) wants us to spend too much time on a dramatization of a case from the files of *Unsolved Mysteries* in which sullen Hilary Swank has to decide whether her gambling-addicted husband, Charles Esten, murdered her perfectly nice mother by accident while he was walking in his sleep, or whether, as police detective Jeffrey Nordling believes, he's really as rotten as the state of Denmark. Since this movie can't make up its own mind, I've taken leave of mine.

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—4/26 at 10 P.M.: Lt. Gov. Betsy McCaughey Ross speaks on her proposed legislation regarding education; Bill Moyers on his PBS show *Genesis;* Anthony Haden-Guest on *The Last Party;* Julie Harris on *The Gin Game.* WOR, 710 AM.

Symphony Hall—Weeknights at 8. 4/24: Liszt's *Les Preludes,* Schumann's Symphony No. 4 in D. 4/25: Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne,* Beethoven's Symphony No. 6 in F. 4/28: Lalo's *Le Roi d'Ys,* Dvorak's Symphony No. 8 in G. 4/29: Brahms's *Tragic Overture;* Stravinsky's *Petrouchka.* 4/30: Haydn's Symphony No. 99 in E flat; Borodin's *Prince Igor.* WQXR, 96.3 FM.

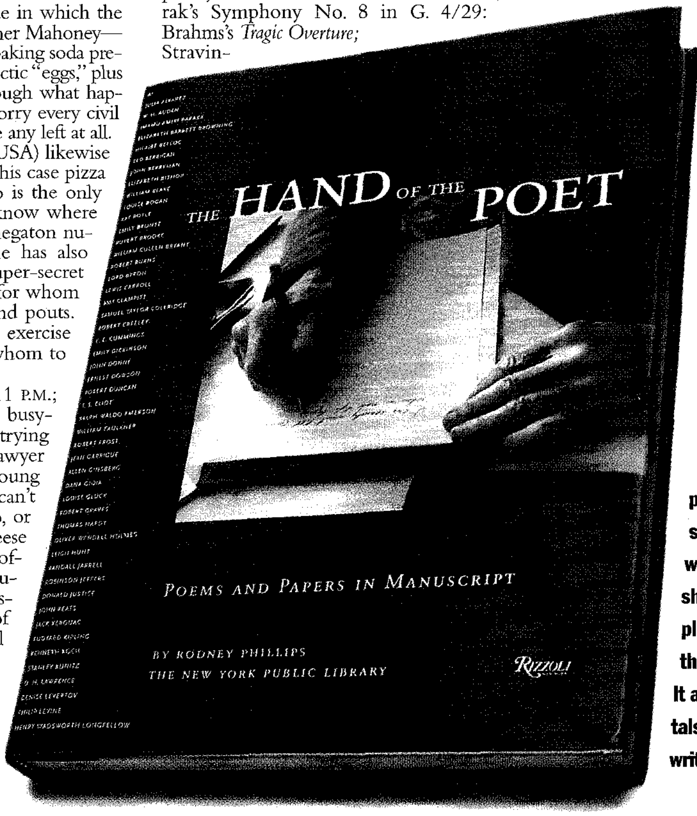
Texaco–Metropolitan Opera—4/26 at 12:30: *Giordano.* Mirella Freni, Ainhoa Arteta, Placido Domingo, and Dwayne Croft with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Roberto Abbado conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Cadillac Sunday Night Opera House—4/27 at 8 P.M.: Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin.* Nimet Habachy hosts.

New York & Company—4/23: Richard Rhodes on *Deadly Feasts;* Patrick McGrath on *Asylum;* Susan Baur on *The Intimate Hour.* 4/24: Christopher Buckley on *Wry Martinis;* Amy Madigan details her role in *Female Perversions;* Julia Alvarez on *Yo!,* Claude Andrew Clegg on *The Original Man.* 4/25: Molly Haskell on *Holding My Own in No Man's Land;* Cari Beauchamp on *Without Lying Down;* Roger Ebert on the movies; Damien Bona on *Starring John Wayne as Genghis Khan.* 4/28: Ada Louise Huxtable on *The Unreal America;* Matt Gunn on his film *The Man About Town;* Nora on *Comfort Woman* and Lois-Ann Yamanaka on *Blu's Hanging;* Stephanie Coontz on *The Way We Really Are.* 4/29: Sheila Rauch Kennedy on *Shattered Faith;* Robert Stone on *Bear and His Daughter;* Billy Altman on *Laughter's Gentle Soul.* 4/30: Michael Bloomberg on *Bloomberg on Bloomberg;* Pianist Byron James; Director Oliver Assayas and Maggie Cheung on *Irma Vep.* Weekdays at noon. WNYC, 820 AM/93.9 FM.

The Written Word

Roger Rosenblatt—4/30 at 6: Reading from *Coming Apart: A Memoir of the Harvard Wars of 1969.* Bor-



In Print
Timeless Scribbles

If you missed the celebrated showcase of poets' original manuscripts from the New York Public Library's Berg Collection, curator Rodney Phillips has synthesized that rarely seen material into a sleek and revealing "portable exhibit," titled *The Hand of the Poet* (Rizzoli $40). From Wordsworth's sprawling script to Sylvia Plath's notes in the margins of her treasured copy of T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets,* these poetic artifacts—ink spots, tobacco stains, misspellings, and all—"give the work a certain reality," says Phillips. "It shows us that their idea was not completely together in the first draft," that there was no "thunderbolt of inspiration." It also provides some comfort to mere mortals, Phillips says, "especially to see handwriting as messy as ours." SARAH BERNARD

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

ders Books & Music, 5 World Trade Center (839-8049); free.

Susan Pliner and Joan Larkin—4/26 at 2:30: Reading at Hudson Park Lib., 66 Leroy St. (243-6876); free.

Anne Lamott—4/25 at 7: Reading from *Crooked Little Heart.* Shakespeare & Co. Booksellers, 939 Lexington Ave. (570-0201); free.

***Thomas Pynchon* Open-Mike Imitator Contest**—4/27 at 7: With emcee Melvin Bukiet. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

The Gazer's Spirit: Poetry and the Visual Arts—4/23 at 8: At the Unterburg Poetry Center, 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $12.

Poetry Society of America—4/25 at 6: Ceremony and reception honoring Josephine Jacobsen. Readings by Marilyn Hacker and Elizabeth Spires. NYPL, Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (254-9628); $10.

Michelangelo Signorelle—4/25 at 7: At A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Christopher Bram—4/23 at 7: Reading from *Gossip.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Quentin Crisp—4/29 at 7: Reading from *Resident Alien: The New York Diaries.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

David Lehman and Star Black—4/28 at 7:30: The Poetry Reading Series. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Robert Hass, Louise Glück, Erica Jong, Mark Strand, James Tate—4/23 at 7:30: An evening of poetry. Barnes & Noble, Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Selected Shorts: Rites of Passage—4/23 at 7: Readings by Paul Auster. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $16.

Lectures and Panels

"Joe Sent Me: Speakeasy Days"—4/24 at 7: Brendan Gill will discuss the Prohibition years, 1920 to 1933, when New Yorkers in search of drink found ways to circumvent the law, with a bootlegger's son, a former Ziegfeld girl, and a former N.Y.C. Police Officer. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $10.

"What Mother Never Told Me"—4/26 at 2: To mark Holocaust Remembrance Day, storyteller Lisa Lipkin will offer a look at the inner world of the second generation of survivors. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Walking the Streets: Burney and Boswell Map London"—4/30 at 6 P.M.: A lecture to celebrate the opening of the new exhibition of texts examining the eighteenth-century discourse of desire and classification. NYU's Fales Library Reading Room, third floor of Bobst Library, 70 Washington Square South. (998-2596); free.

"Demystifying and Debunking Myths: Gay and Class Status"—4/22 at 8 P.M.: A panel discussion on the new anthology *Queerly Classed: The Imprint of Class on Queer Liberation.* The Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, 208 W. 13th St. (620-7310); free.

"Urban Environmental Issues: An Earth Day Seminar"—4/22 at 5 P.M.: A program of presentations and panels looking at the political, economic, ecological, and social ramifications of building projects and urban design. The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art's Foundation Building, E. 7th St. at Third Ave. (353-4195); $10.

"The Subversive Body in Contemporary Art"—4/28 at 8 P.M.: The works of Nancy Rubins, Merry Alpern, and Renee Cox are examined by the artists in this panel discussion. The New School, 66 W. 12 St. (229-5488); $8.

"An Bad Si (The Faery Boat)"—4/23 at 7: Nuala Ni Dhomhnaill speaks on current affairs in Ireland at NYU's Glucksman Ireland House, 1 Washington Mews (998-3950); $5.

Events

New York Botanical Garden's Antique Garden Furniture Show and Sale—4/24–4/27 from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.: A wide selection of garden ornaments and accessories by 22 of the nation's leading dealers. The New York Botanical Gardens, 200th St. and Southern Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8779); $10 includes admission to the gardens.

Tours

The Greenwich Village You Never Knew—4/26 & 27 at 12:30: A tour through this historic neighborhood. Call for reservations and information 465-3331; $14.

New York Old & New—4/26 at 1: A guided tour through the history and architecture of Lower New York. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. (439-1090); $9.

Central Park—4/26 at 1: A tour through New York's collective backyard. Meet at the northwest corner of 66th St. and Central Park West. (439-1090); $9.

Manhattan Gothic—4/26 at 1: A bus tour of medieval Manhattan. Meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960); $30.

The Hidden Charms of Chelsea—4/27 at 1: Visit Clement Clark Moore's hundred-acre estate, and the theater of the gaslight era. Meet at the Gen'l Theological Seminary, 9th Ave. at 20th St. (242-5762); $12.

Benefits

The Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services' 105th-Anniversary Gala—5/6 at 6:30: A black-tie dinner and program to benefit the organization's more than 120 programs, which service over 50,000 New Yorkers. At the Pierre Hotel, 2 E. 61st St. (632-4714); $1,800, $1,000, $500.

The New Museum of Contemporary Art's Twentieth-Anniversary Spring Benefit Auction—5/4 at 5:30: A champagne-and-cocktail reception in the museum's gallery, followed by the live auction and dinner dance from 8 P.M. to midnight. Madonna is honorary chair of this event. At the New Museum of Contemporary Art, 583 Broadway (219-1222). Tables are $20,000, $10,000, $5,000, and $4,000; seats are $1,000, $500, and $400.

Exhibitions

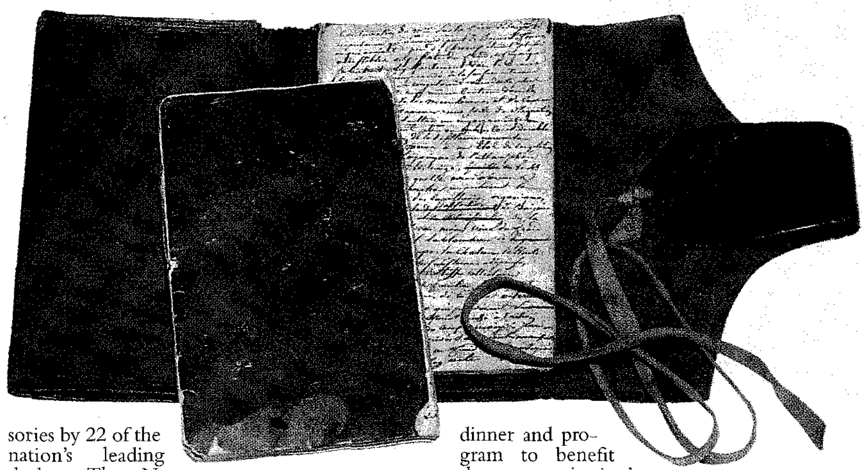
The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations—Through 5/10: Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside

On View

Private Sector

Diaries are unique among literary efforts in that they can be good even when they are bad. Good diaries—journals that reflect a keen mind and a facility with language—belong to literature, and they alone are often responsible for their keepers' reputations: Neurasthenic Alice James (sister of Henry and William) earned a posthumous niche in the family pantheon solely on the strength of her unearthed journal. But bad diaries, be they dishonest, tendentious, inordinately self-conscious, or just crudely written, are often of acute interest. Historians can't do their work without them, and even ordinary readers tend to give them much more time than they would an equally clumsy novel. Into this category fall the Packwood papers, many immigrant diaries, and, say, a grandmother's journal entry for November 22, 1963, that presents in exhaustive detail the purchase of new silverware and, as an afterthought, the assassination of the President. Through August, the Pierpont Morgan Library exhibits many such engagingly quotidian works in "Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." Seventy or so manuscripts, some illustrated, all arranged thematically (love, loss, youth, war, work, hardship, reflection, travel, adventure), will be on view. And while diaries from Thoreau, Emerson, Charlotte Brontë, Samuel Johnson, Samuel Pepys, and Sylvia Plath are the draws, there is also vivid writing from more obscure sources—among them an Iraqi artist living with sixteen family members and friends in Baghdad during the Gulf War, and a chief surgeon of the Napoleonic army during the Russian invasion of 1812–13. "I have never understood why people write diaries," Max Beerbohm confessed; one grasps perfectly, at the Morgan Library, why people read them. LINDA HALL



Photograph courtesy of the Pierpont Morgan Library.

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-3400).

"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"—Through 8/31: Explores the effect this period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

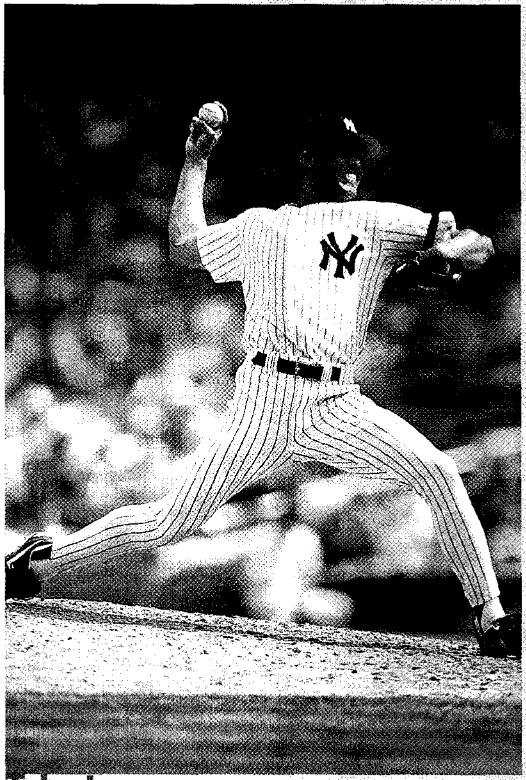
Sports

Arena Football—4/21; 7:30 P.M.: Fresh from a 59-21 preseason victory against the Arizona Rattlers, the Garden's first new franchise in 50 years makes its debut at home against the San Jose SaberCats. *Tickets start at $12 and are buy-one-get-one-free. Madison Square Garden. Call 465-6741 for information.*

Central Park Moonlight Ride—4/25; 10 P.M.: The ongoing evening turn around Central Park on bicycles. Sponsored by Time's Up! *Meet at Columbus Circle. Call 802-8222 for information.*

19th Annual Trevira Twosome—4/26; 10:30 A.M.: They say that some runners who teamed up for this partnered race ended up getting married, so the high-caliber field (Eamonn Coghlan, Grete Waitz) will probably be dotted with fun-loving, soulmate-seeking singles. Partners run a two-mile or 10K race; times are combined to determine a winning total. *Meet at West Drive and 67th St. at Columbus Circle. Call 860-4455 for information.*

Baseball—4/22–23: Yankees vs. Milwaukee Brewers at 7:35 P.M. and 1:05 P.M., Yankee Stadium (MSG Network); 4/22–23: Mets vs. Cincinnati Reds at 1:40 P.M., Shea Stadium (Sportschannel); 4/25–27: Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox at 7:35 P.M., 1:35 P.M., and 1:35 P.M., Yankee Stadium (MSG Network); 4/28–30: Yankees vs. Seattle Mariners at 7:35 P.M., Yankee Stadium (MSG Network)



Talent Last year, pitching innings 6 through 8, he was the unthinkable: "setup man" as superstar. This year, Yankees reliever Mariano Rivera carries a greater burden, as ninth-inning "closer." As he goes, so go the champs.

Online

Auction Action—If you're in an acquisitive mood, browse these pages for information about upcoming auctions and estate sales: The Internet Auction List (www.usaweb.com/auction.html), contains notices about more than a thousand (both in the United States and abroad), organized into nineteen categories; The Auction Hunter (www.auctionhunter.com) specializes in sales and auctions in the Northeast; Antique Trails (http://netnow.micron.net/~trails/idex.htm) specializes in art and collectibles.

Immodest Proposals—As spring wedding-planning season gets under way, consult these sites for cyber-assistance in putting together the big event. A good place start is the Soc.Couples Wedding site (http://www.wam.umd.edu/~sek/wedding.html), which acts as a clearinghouse for information about logistics and planning. Internet Wedding Links is a national search engine that allows you to query by geographic region as well as by category of business, and can be found at (http://a-wedding.com/). The New York Wedding Internet Directory (http://www.nywedding.com/wedding/) specializes in vendors located in the metropolitan area. If you're planning an *über*Waspy affair, check out the Town & Country Wedding Registry (http://tncweddings.com/index.html), where you can announce your engagement and let friends know where you are registering for gifts. Balancing out the socio-economic scale is the J.C. Penney Gift Registry (www.jcpenney.com/giftreg/index.htm), where you can make sure that you don't get two microwave ovens.

What's in a Name?—If you're getting married in a hurry, you may also want to give some thought to what to call the little ones once they arrive. The Baby Names page (www.babynames.com) lists almost five thousand possibilities, along with their meanings and roots, and even has a special section for parents who are determined to name their children after characters in soap operas. Such people might want to reevaluate whether they really want to be parents at all, but then again, if most people knew that Ashley (the current most popular name for girls) meant "derived from the Ash tree"), they might find themselves a new most popular name.

The Blue Book—This site gives you accurate market values for just about any new or used car you can think of, and can be tremendously useful in making sure that you don't get taken to the cleaner's when shopping for a new set of wheels. (www.kbb.com)

Who Said That?—If you think you've come up with something clever, chances are that someone said it before you did. To find out who, consults Bartlett's Familiar Quotations (www.columbia.edu/acis/bartleby/bartlet); the Quotations Page (www.starlingtech.com/quotes/index.html); the Quotations Homepage (www.lexmark.com/data/quote.html); and the rather unimaginatively named Good Quotations by Famous People page (www.cs.virginia. edu/~robins/quotes.html). But the indispensible Web-based quotation reference is the Great Star Trek Quotes site (www.bazza.com/sj/-trek/stquotes.html), which organizes quips according to which of the eight films and four television series they come from.

Photograph by Focus On Sports.

kids

Endangered...Frog Prince

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Puppet Classics—A version of *Aladdin* called *Punch's Magic Lamp*, free with complimentary iced tea, cookies, and yes, punch as part of a mother's day garden party. Master puppeteer Fred Greenspan welcomes children to meet the handmade puppets after the show. Shows are offered at 1 and 2:15 on April 26. **DAHESH MUSEUM**, 601 Fifth Ave. at 48th St. (759-0606). **PUPPETWORKS** presents *Pinocchio*, with traditional hand-carved wooden marionettes. Weekends April 26 through August 23 at 12:30 and 2:30 (Saturdays only in June, July, and August.) 338 Sixth Ave. at Fourth St. (718-965-3391). Tickets are $7 for adults, $5 for children. Reserve.●

Kiss and Tell—Stripped of the playwright's customary language excesses, but not, word has it, of his caustic wit, David Mamet's *The Frog Prince* is the timeless tale of the boorish prince who, refusing to kiss a peasant woman, is sentenced to live life as a frog until . . . Performances, directed by Eric Nightengale, are Sundays only at 1, through June 29. (The play officially opens May 4, the third performance.) **78TH STREET THEATRE LAB**, 236 West 78th St. (873-9050). $8 for adults, $5 for children 12 and under. Buy three tickets and get the fourth free.

Seeing Spots—A terrific excuse to take the kids to the engaging **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE**: daily afternoon showings of Disney's live-action *101 Dalmations*, starring Glenn Close as Cruella DeVil, during a week that for many kids is a spring vacation. Screenings are 1 on 4/21, 4/23, 4/24 and 4/25 and 2 on 4/22. 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-4520). Free with Museum admission $8; $5 for seniors and students; $4 for kids ages 5 to 18.

Avner the Eccentric—In *Exceptions to Gravity*, Avner Eisenberg comes onstage initially as a janitor who's merely going to clean the stage, but of course one thing leads to another. Eisenberg, the accomplished silent clown whose (ventriloquist's) dummy—in the Broadway production of *Ghetto*—was nominated for a Tony, performs in the elegantly oafish tradition of Charlie Chaplin, W. C. Fields, Harpo Marx, and Emmett Kelly. Afternoon and evening performances are through April 27. (Beginning May 2, six performances for children over six of *Salvador: The Mountain, The Mango and the Child*, a play about growing up in the Andes—which was winner of the prestigious Francophonie Jeunesse Award—performed by Montreal's Le Carousel Theatre Company.) **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (564-4222); $10 to $25.●

H_2O—At Water Whirl, a new exhibit at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**'s outdoor Sussman Environmental Center, kids who are wild about playing in the bathtub can take things a step further by manipulating the flow of water through an obstacle course of plugs, filters, and dams. The hands-on exhibit also encourages watery works of art. 212 West 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission is $5.

African Plains of Staten Island—This is opening week (Apr. 19 to 26) for the "African Savannah at Twilight" exhibit at the **STATEN ISLAND ZOO**, and the zoo has lots of activities that celebrate the animals—leopards, baboons, lizards, and antelope—and the culture of the African grasslands as well. For example: the Umoja dance-and-music company performs in native dress 4/23 at 7:30 ($7.50 for adults, $5 for children). 614 Broadway, Staten Island. Call 718-442-3100 for directions; $3 for anyone over 12, $2 for younger children.

For the Birds—Bring along binoculars for a free family program in which participants will first take a look at some John James Audubon original watercolors in the **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**'s collection, then stroll over to Central Park for a look at the same birds in their native habitat. For kids ages 4 to 12 with an adult. May 3 from 11 to 1. 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-0509). Register.●●

Matzoh and Miracles—A free workshop that explores the meaning of Passover through art, drama, stories, and music is geared to children of all ages. April 27 at 1. **HEBREW UNION COLLEGE–JEWISH INSTITUTE OF RELIGION**, 1 West 4th St. between Broadway and Mercer St. A family concert with Peninnah Schram and Gerard Edery, *On Eagles' Wings: Carrying Passover Tales Through Story and Song* is April 27 at 3. Tickets are $5. For information about either event call Susan Adelman, 824-2252. ●

The Hobbit—Theatre Sans Fil, an award-winning Canadian ensemble, brings J. R. R. Tolkien's fantasy tale to life with *Bunraku*-style rod puppets and larger-than-life characters ten to twelve feet tall. April 27 at 2. **THE WALT WHITMAN THEATER**, one block west of the junction of Flatbush and Nostrand Ave. on the campus of the Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts. Call for directions or further information (718-951-4500). $9.●

A Woodpecker's Ball—The 1978 film *The Tap Dance Kid*, the story of an 8-year-old boy who yearns for the Broadway stage, starring Honi Coles, is screened along with performances by Coles's protégés Brenda Bufalino and Tony Waag. The event is part of Reel to Real, a series of events in which **THE WALTER READE THEATER** pairs live performances with celluloid gems that complement each other. April 27 at 11 and 1:30. 65 West 65th St., plaza level (875-5600). $8 for adults, $4 for kids.●

Gone Fishing—The Harlem Meer, an extraordinarily beautiful 11-acre lake at the northernmost end of Central Park, is stocked with 50,000 largemouth bass, catfish, golden shiners, and blue gills. At the **CHARLES A. DANA DISCOVERY CENTER** at 110th St. near Fifth Ave., children accompanied by an adult (who needs to show a valid photo I.D.) can borrow bamboo fishing poles and bait to laze away an afternoon. For further information call (860-1370).●

cue

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Movies

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Sports

Matthew Fenton
Online

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

On View

Where the Wild Things Were

The conscience of science is very much on display at the American Museum of Natural History's new exhibit "Endangered!" Right up front are a pair of stuffed, mounted Siberian tigers—of which 200 remain alive. While the stately, beautifully preserved animals rivet most children, a nearby sign asks the question on every adult's mind: How can an exhibit about saving these very animals include a pair killed for display? The answer, of course, is that the tigers were "taken" for the museum in the thirties, long before they were in such danger and certainly before anyone was worried about such things. Likewise the diorama of a panda couple and the Volkswagen-size skull of a whale. A separate room, labeled TOMB OF THE EXTINCT, offers an even blunter message for young viewers: It's devoted to flora and fauna that have vanished for good. How many species are entirely gone is hard to figure, but it's estimated that one disappears every twenty minutes. (A counter at the exhibit, set to zero on March 8, is now in the low three thousands.) The immediate causes vary from case to case, but the forces behind them are the same all over the world: pollution, competition from artificially introduced species, and, more often than not, crowding from humans. But judging from their overheard comments, the littlest humans at the museum are bound to do better—environmentally speaking—than their elders. Asked at the exit what part of the exhibit they liked best, a Girl Scout troop was gleeful and unanimous: *The whales!* Here's hoping their kids will be able to say the same thing.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

in concert

David Helfgott...Brooklyn Philharmonic...*Oedipus* at the Met

Classical Music

Tuesday, April 22

Julian Bream, Guitarist—Performs Bach, de Visee, Sor, and other composers. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

Wednesday, April 23

David Helfgott, Pianist—The *Shine* subject in concert. *Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100), at 8; $30–70.*

Saint Louis Symphony—Performs Schumann and Bruckner, with Heinrich Schiff, cellist. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.

Mannes Percussion Ensemble—Performs works by Levitan, Preiss, Reich, and Takemitsu. *Mannes Concert Hall, 150 W. 85th St. (371-6690), at 8; free.*

New York Festival of Song—Sheri Greenwald, soprano, Peter Kazaras, tenor, and Zheng Zhou, baritone, perform works by Russian composers, including Glinka, Borodin, and Rachmaninoff. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25.*

Thursday, April 24

Partch's *Oedipus*—Performed by Purchase Conservatory musicians and the Purchase Contemporary Players. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. (570-3949), at 8; $15.*

Piano Circus—This British piano-and-keyboard ensemble performs Fitkin, Lang, and Richter. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25.*

Bargemusic—Works by Beethoven, Brahms, and Puccini. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Saint Louis Symphony—Performs Zwilich, Stravinsky, and Berlioz, with mezzo-soprano Theodora Hanslowe. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

Friday, April 25

Dawn Upshaw, Soprano—Performs Crumb's *Ancient Voices of Children* and contemporary arrangements. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $15–$45.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Performs Britten and Ravel, with the New York Choral Society; Robert Spano, conductor. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $15–$35.*

Osris Trio—This Dutch ensemble performs Beethoven, Brahms, and Van Oosten. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.*

Beaux Arts Trio—Performs the Beethoven cycle. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

Saturday, April 26

Ursula Oppens, Pianist—Performs Lou Harrison's *Piano Concerto* with the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra; Dennis Russell Davies, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25.*

Beaux Arts Trio—See 4/25.

Sunday, April 27

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performs Schumann and Brahms with Wolfgang Sawallisch, pianist and music director. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2:30; $35.*

Lucy Ishkanian, Pianist—Performs Beethoven, Chopin, Khatchaturian, and Mozart. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500) at 8; $10–$125.*

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs Brahms's late works. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $22-$30.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

La Maison Française—Chamber music by Albert Roussel. *16 Washington Mews (998-8750); $10.*

Bargemusic—See 4/17, at 4.

Monday, April 28

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performs Schumann, Rihms, and Brahms with Alfred Bendel, pianist. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Michael Boriskin, Pianist—Performs Lou Harrison. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20.*

Hesperion XX—Performs Jewish, Christian, and Muslim music. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $28–$35.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Gounod's *Faust*, 4/23 at 8; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, 4/24 at 7:30; Wagner's *Das Rheingold*, 4/25 at 8; Giordano's *Fedora*, 4/26 at 12:30; Wagner's *Gotterdammerung*, 4/26 at 6. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

New York City Opera—Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*, 4/23 at 8; Von Einem's *Visit of the Old Lady*, 4/24 at 8; Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 4/25 at 8; Puccini's *Turandot*, 4/26 at 8; Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins*, 4/26 at 8; Puccini's *Turandot*, 4/27 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $18–$82.*

Dance

Ballet Builders—New works by Anguelov, Benichou, Cavanaugh, others, 4/26 at 8 and 4/27 at 3. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $20.*

Joyce SoHo—New works by Castro, Leichter, Haga, and Solomons, 4/24–4/26 at 8. *155 Mercer St. (431-9233); $10.*

Danspace—The Sean Curran Company performs *Where I End and We Begin*, 4/24–4/27 at 8:30. *St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. and 11th St. (674-8194); $12.*

Ballet Gulbenkian—This Portuguese troupe performs *Through Nana's Eyes* and *13 Gestures of a Body*, 4/22–4/27 at 8. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); $35.*

The Clark Studio—Amy Pivar performs *These Women*. 4/25–4/26 at 8, 4/27 at 2. *70 Lincoln Center Plaza (924-0077); $15.*

Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts—Performs *The Hobbit*, 4/27 at 2. *Whitman Theater, Brooklyn College (718-951-4500); $9.*

Previews

Dawn of a New Age

For her Carnegie Hall debut, star soprano Dawn Upshaw strays from her beloved Mozart for something just a bit more modern: the music of young, Schirmer-prize-winning composers (along with Crumb's 'The Ancient Voices of Children'). April 25.

Photograph by Dana Tynan/SonyClassical.

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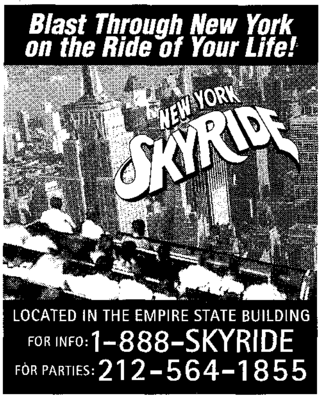

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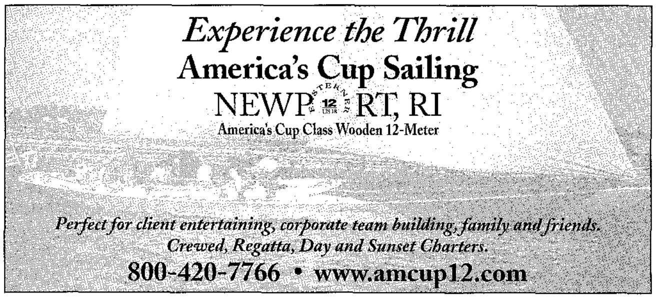

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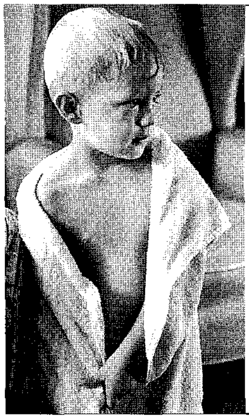
KIDS CORNER



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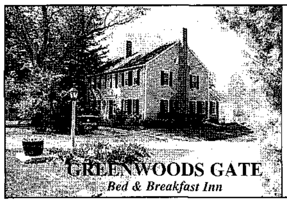

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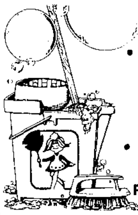

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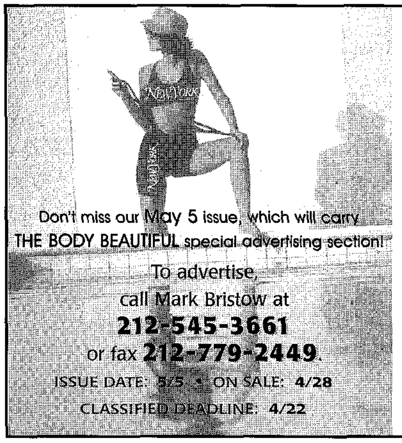

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Caring, Gentle, Honest—Spiritual, single man 39, seeks similar female. 6106✉

I Can't Compete—With CEOs and millionaires, yet. But if reasonably successful is okay... I'm 41, 5'11", 185, (physically, fiscally, and aesthetically fit), warm, Jewish (you needn't be), have a wry and irreverent sense of humor, am adventurous, introspective, ambitious, honest, amorous. I work in the investment field, do most things cultural, am well-traveled, athletic, love indy/foreign films, auctions, dining in/out, tennis. Seek grounded, sensuous, very well-educated, fitness/family-minded female in her 30s, for the long haul. Kid(s) great. Note/recent photo. 6089 ✉

Let's Make A Deal—Marriage within six months to sincere, loyal professional male, Jewish with family values. Seeks caring, soft-spoken female, 35-41, to enjoy life and laughter. Photo. 6104 ✉

Graced, Artistic—Jewess, slim, good looker, fine character, spirited, thinking, loving, imagines similarly-endowed Jewish man (37-47) for inspired sharing with the qualities of great chamber music. Note/photo please. 6098 ✉

Airline Pilot—Single black male, 38, 6'2", 200lbs, handsome, romantic, adventuresome, nondrinker, nonsmoker. Has been said to be a cross between Indiana Jones and 007. Looking for nice female for a relationship. Race, size, and age open. Photo/phone/e-mail address if available. You can e-mail me at: Bubby82374@aol.com or 6122 ✉ ☎

Single White Male—38, 6'2", 210, seeks female enthusiastic naturalist, tall, in shape, beach lover, for serious and fun times, 27-35. Note/photo. 6093 ✉ ☎

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Gay Man—28, grad student/model in search of established, humorous man of maturity. 6103 ✉ ☎

Classy Guy—Divorced Jewish male, 50, 5'11", 165 lbs, very handsome, intelligent, charming - country club member, south shore Nassau County resident - romantic, successful businessman, energetic. Needs a vibrant, warm, classy and beautiful lady partner to drive away in my new red Cadillac. Photo/note. 6087 ✉ ☎

Former Ballerina—Petite with blond hair, blue eyes. California girl. I am an educated professional seeking a career-oriented, intelligent, fun-loving guy, 30-45. Interests include cooking, rollerblading, fitness, Knicks games. Note/photo. 6085 ✉

Brawn, Brains, And An Excellent Cook—Romantic male, 30, 5'10", brown hair and eyes, divorced Manhattanite. Athletic, nonsmoker. Interests include: skiing, biking, fine dining, music, and film. Prefers a petite woman with similar interests and a warm heart. Quirky sense of humor a plus. Note/photo. 6108 ✉

Tired Of Dating—Leggy, green-eyed Ivy beauty, in 40s, seeks soul mate, 45-55, who loves travel, film, city/country life. Must be tall, fit man of means/intellect. No smokers. Photo/note. 6079 ✉☎

Beautiful Irish Eyes—And heart of gold to match; 41, professional female, seeks kind, sensitive, successful man, with great sense of humor to share my life and love with. Note/photo. 6133 ✉

Handsome Attorney—27, Jewish, NYC, seeks attractive, educated Jewish female, 24-30, for fun and romance. Note/photo, please. 6078 ✉

More Than A Summer Romance—6'5", 47, fit and trim, divorced (no children), seeks a tall (over 5'8"), younger lady (under 36), for fun in the sun, Tanglewood, the best the City has to offer, and an enduring relationship. She is secure, smart, personable, worldly, classy, and a head turner, yet not at all pretentious. She's equally happy at a formal function as she is at home with a video and my puppy. She won't settle for anything less than an honest, witty, complex, grounded, handsome, successful professional. Photo. 6144 ✉

Black Male—50s, media professional seeks warm female who desires, above all else, a friend, hugs, conversation and closeness. Race unimportant. Photo. 6159 ✉

Elegant Redhead—Professional and successful. Enjoys NY and its culture. Looking for a Jewish handsome man of equal achievements, over 45, who appreciates art and music...to love. 6082 ✉

Call Me Old-Fashioned—But I believe in true love, sending flowers just because, and keeping one's promise. I enjoy the unbridled enthusiasm of young children, the satisfaction of a job well done, and the morning after as much as the night before. I value family ties and cultural traditions, good friends and honest opinions. Healthy, secure Jewish MD, early 40s, seeking a younger woman (28-35) of substance and vitality, to share a lifetime of passion and joy, watching offspring fulfill their promise, then riding slowly off into the sunset together. Photo/note. 6118 ✉

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European Born Man, 60—Trim and healthy, tired of smoky bar scene, seeks gay man, 38-48, for different pleasure of life. Husky a plus. Note/photo. 6102 ✉

Green-Eyed, Jewish, Busy Executive—5'10", handsome, 48, fit and lots of fun, quite intelligent, sensitive with a myriad of interests, seeks a slender, sexy soul mate in 30s, with great heart, mind and looks to share a very high quality life in city and country, a wonderful, quiet life filled with laughter and romance, and leading to love, marriage, and a family. Photo. 6112 ✉

Good-Looking, Muscular Mensch—33, 5'7", with home, horses, cars, sense of humor, and toys, seeks shapely and pretty female (taller okay), 25 plus. Shows, dining, fireplaces, travel, skiing, midnight horseback rides! Photo/phone. 6080 ✉

Female MD—36 year old, active, slim, Jewish beauty with many interests, seeks warm, emotionally available, athletic, intelligent, professional man to pursue fun and romance. Photo. 6120 ✉

Romantic—Attractive, successful, caring Jewish woman, 35, slim, fit, 5'5", loves to travel as well as spending quiet evenings at home. Loves kids and dogs. Seeks warm, genuine, attractive soulmate, 30s-40s, with intelligence and humor. Note/photo.6105✉

Professional Male, 40—Seeking petite Jewish female, 28-35, to befriend, love and begin family. Nonsmoker who enjoys the Vineyard, Berkshires and going to the dentist; needs to give much to a special person. Photo and note please. 6101 ✉

Good-Hearted, Divorced, Handsome—55, seeks a woman for friendship and permanent relationship. Enjoys movies, concerts. Nonsmoker. Photo a must. 6135 ✉

I'm Too Sexy For My PC—Pretty computer consultant with great legs and quiet sparkle, needs life in 3-D after work. Fit and cultured, a youthful 40, I enjoy beautiful music, fine food, warm exotic sunsets. Seek Christian male for love, passion and dynamic future. No e-mail until it's serious! Virtual good guys need not apply. 6064 ✉ ☎

If You Are A Prince Of A Guy—You might be for me. Energetic, fun-loving, attractive widow, financially secure, seeks her counterpart 60-young 70s and a gentleman. Photo/phone/letter. 6147 ✉

Smart, Attractive, Funny—What more could you want? Single Jewish woman, 39, editor/writer, doctoral student, seeks educated, considerate, verbal, and loving man, 35-45, for emotionally and intellectually nourishing relationship. Write me a letter, please. 6137 ✉

4872

Show Me The Man—35-45 who likes to ki, travel, run, read, share music and simple pleasures. If you are witty, responsible, accomplished, active/Jewish, say hi to this like minded MBA. Note/photo 6142 ☒ ☎

Handsome Successful Professional—Male, tall, slim, enjoys jazz, beaches, movies, fitness, great sense of humor. Seeks successful, beautiful, slim, tall, ntelligent female, 42-47. (212) preferred. Note/photo/phone. 6129 ☒

Lively Lioness Seek Regal Partner—Me: positive, confident, financially ndependent professional. Trim, attractive, fun-loving, 43-year-old divorced mom (joint custody allows flexibility!) Enjoys skiing, golf, travel, reading, movies/ heater, the finer things. You: successful, sophisticated, fit, 40-55, adventurous nonsmoker who enjoys kids. Us: lots of memorable escapades, intelligent communication - a powerful partnership. Handwritten note and photo please. 6096 ☒

Terrific Catch!—Handsome, wealthy, romantic man, 38, 5'10" - loves sports, the arts and travel. Looking for a 27-36, beautiful, smart, sexy woman for a fabulous romance. Note/photo. 6114 ☒

Attractive, Platinum Haired—60 plus Jewish widow, slender with a lively sense of humor seeks man with same, for friendship and ? Note/photo. 6125 ☒

Are You A Dad—Raising children alone? Would you like a loving partner? I'm a pretty, petite writer/teacher with sense of humor and appreciation of the wonder and beauty of life. Please be 46-59. 6124 ☒☎

Caring CT Phd—Mid 60s, humorous, bald, Catholic, fit, into travel, cooking, gardening, walking, dancing, theater. Are you bright, honest, attractive, spiritual, classy/special? Letter/photo. 6165 ☒

Attorney, 39—Tall, eclectic, reserved yet passionate, enjoy movies, talking, oking around, seeking smart, creative, strong, attractive and warm woman, who trusts her heart. Photo/note. 6139 ☒

Passionate, Sensual, Attractive—Kind, a good listener, fit, successful, intelligent woman who can be emotionally ntimate, looking for an unattached male, 44-55, who is similar. Photo. 6068 ☒

Hi-Powered, Lo-Profile—Jewish male, 5'10, 170, with personality, wit and understanding. Desires slim female for marriage and our babies. Share the dream. POB 630091, Spuyten Duyvil, NY 10463

Successful Black Female Entrepreneur—Seeks an educated black man. 6075 ☒ ☎

A Passover Dish To Remember—Attractive, tall, sensuous, fun-loving, 39, well-rounded Jewish professional female, seeks tall, (over 6') Jewish, professional, (40-48) with passion, sense of humor, tradition and old-world values. Let's make it an endless summer. Note/photo. 6126 ☒

Latina Beauty Sought—By successful Jewish professional, handsome, 39, 6'2", sweet, kind, caring, affectionate, loyal, with a heart of gold. 6116 ☒ ☎

Not A CEO, PhD Or Millionaire—Sorry... Just a middle-manager. Single Catholic male, 34 - enjoys good conversation, reading, politics, cooking, jazz. Seeks warm, honest and nonpretentious lady, 25-38. Note/photo. 6069 ☒

Single White Catholic Female—Professional, mid 30s, attractive, outgoing, enjoys music, biking, the beach, a cold beer and a good laugh, looking for "regular guy" (single, white, Christian - 32-39) with a big heart and a sense of humor. Photo and note, please. 6113 ☒

Saucy, Shapely, Smart—Celtic chanteuse/actress, 41, seeks thinking, trusting male for life mate, 35 plus. 6109 ☒ ☎

AKA—Attractive, kind, athletic lady lawyer, 35, Jewish, seeks bright, tall man with a warm heart. I love to laugh, play, experience new people/places. Do you? Note/photo. 6071 ☒

Verbal Connection—Film and theater critic - smart, sassy and sexy - seeks man, 43-55, with wit and a way with words, for great talk, passion, and possible partnership. 6156 ☒ ☎

Alluring, Sensual—Good-looking, slim, petite, elegant, divorced, white Jewish female, 40s, educated, street-smart, trained masseuse - enjoys travel, boating, museums, casinos, Disney, playing cards, music and history. Looking for old-fashioned type gentleman who still puts a woman on a pedestal and wants to come home to a caring, loving companion. Looks and age unimportant. Must be financially secure, generous and happy with himself. 6074 ☒

Intelligent, Attractive—Loving, fit, outgoing, 5'5", white female, 38, who enjoys movies, tennis, laughter, weekend travel, dressing up, dressing down, seeks emotionally available, handsome, professional white male, 36-48, with similar interests. Photo, note, phone. 6149 ☒

Woman Of Quality—Beautiful brunette, slim, 40s, elegant, honest, intelligent, family-oriented and financially secure. Seeking refined, successful professional for honest, committed relationship. Note/photo. 6100 ☒

'48 Bentley—Great chassis, seeks attractive, intelligent gentleman with joie de vivre who appreciates the finer things in life, to caress her fine finish. Stuyvesant grads a plus. 6083 ☒

Passionate About The Arts—Divorced Jewish male, 50 and fit, nonreligious, nonsmoker, vegetarian, seeks lovely, secure woman to share classical music, opera, ballet, theater, museums, poetry, Shakespeare, literature, biking and dining. Note and photo, please. 6067 ☒

Wanted:—Someone with whom to share shabbat. Would also enjoy relationship for theater, browsing Barnes & Noble, NYC walks. I could even love to cook again! Seeking male, 45-60, with kitchen utensils. Photo/note, please. 6052 ☒ ☎

Crazy For You—That's what this passionate, funny, pretty, very youthful mid 40s, Jewish (you don't have to be) lady wants to feel, say and hear with her forever man, 45-52. Note/photo, please. 6065 ☒ ☎

Lovely, Literate Lady—Warm, pretty, green-eyed romantic. Musical, arts lover, traveler, seeks cultured, handsome mensch, 47-59. Photo/note. 6155 ☒

Sean Connery Looks—Tall, slim, elegant, affluent, cultured, doctor of psychotherapy, (separated) seeks pretty, slender, sensuous, stylish, classy woman under 52, for the best in life. Photo.6092 ☒

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What's Cooking?—Ingredients needed: two parts humor - mix with sincerity - add a warm heart - a dash of unpretentiousness, guy 37-46. That's what this attractive, fit, zesty, 41, Christian gal is seeking. Photo/note. 6130 ☒

Handsome Executive—28, 5'11", 169, caring, adventurous, seeks wife. 6143 ☒

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35 Year Single Jewish Male—Who is a handsome, thin, intelligent physician with off-beat sense of humor, interested in single Jewish female, 24-32, who is hardworking, hard-playing, is intelligent, professional, athletic, pretty, and is also confident, passionate, warm, funny, kind and accomplished. 6119 ☒ ☎

CT/RN, Soft, Sexy Blond, Size 10—48, seeks good-looking gentleman, 50-60, who's fit, fun and successful. 203/914 preferred. Photo please. 6146 ☒ ☎

Kentucky Female—Who likes pink roses and lace, looking for male 35 to 55. 6107 ☒

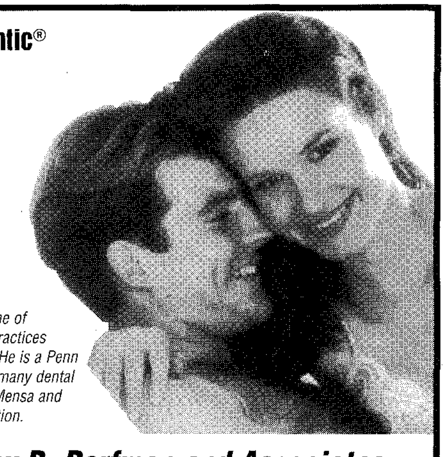
It Only Takes One—Looking for single Jewish female, to 36, with good looks, great legs and who loves to laugh. I'm a 6' tall, 41 year old banker, looking for a committed relationship. 6097 ☒ ☎

Extremely Successful—European background, blue-eyed, handsome, executive for worldwide operating company, seeking attractive, mid 20s-early 30s female for long-lasting, rewarding relation - because I'm sure that you deserve the best. 6141 ☒

To Love And Be Loved—Tall, black, mature woman, successful, full of life and laughter, evolved, spiritual, well-educated, fond of learning, traveling, the arts, nature and good conversation. Wants the same in a man, 55 plus, nonsmoker. 6132 ☒ ☎

Successful Professional—Late 30s, bright and humorous, enjoys sports, literature and music. Seeks emotionally independent, attractive, well-educated, athletic woman, 25-35, with an upbeat attitude and a sense of humor, for friendship/romance. Note/photo. 6127 ☒

Someone Very Special—Successful, single Jewish male, 38, investment banker, seeks beautiful, intelligent and adventurous lady, to tell all my secrets and dreams. This special woman is someone who can tell me anything and will know I will always be there to listen and make her most treasured dreams come true. Note/photo/phone. 6077 ☒



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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

de gustibus non est disputandem—dis windy minivan is no place for a bicycle.

nostalgie de la boue—Halloween memories.

quid pro quo—you're supposed to tip the streetwalker, guv.

Above, foreign exchange. Competitors are invited to provide a goofy translation for *one* familiar non-English word or phrase.

Results of Competition 877, in which you were asked to append an exegesis to a bona fide clipping.

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—*Newark Star-Ledger* (advertisement).
·It is our pleasure to serve you.
Loren Cherensky, Metuchen, N.J.

REPORT SAYS NEW YORK HOSPITAL'S CHIEF SURGEON MISTREATED A CORPSE —*The New York Observer.*
·Well, I'm sure he thought it was alive.
Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn

LEVIN BIRTHS "ROSEMARY'S BABY" SEQUEL —*Publishers Weekly.*
·. . . and will stop at nothing to promote it (Dutton, September).
Ira Levin, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

DOODY DROPS OUT OF LEGISLATOR RACE —*White Plains Reporter Dispatch.*
·It happens.
James M. Rose, Esq., White Plains, N.Y.

NEW CLONING ATTEMPTS MEET NO SUCCESS SO FAR —*New York Times.*
·New Cloning Attempts Meet No Success So Far.
Don Wigal, N.Y.C.

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·Just when you think women are making progress . . .
Trip Plymale, N.Y.C.

And Honorable Mention to:

A LITERARY MOTHER-DAUGHTER CONVERSATION BETWEEN CAROLYN SEE AND LISA SEE —*Seattle Weekly*
·I see.
Pat Daniels, Seattle, Wash.

SENIOR CITIZENS TO DANCE AT PROM —*Newark Star-Ledger.*
·Boy, talk about slow learners.
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

HOTTEST KNOWN STAR HOTTER THAN THOUGHT —*New York Times.*
·. . . and quicker than wink.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

The film's last episode in which the skipper is called before a marital tribunal to explain how he lost control of his boat—lacks energy and is more of a conclusion than a climax. —*Twin Cities Star Tribune.*
·Which would explain why he was called before this particular tribunal.
Jean Paschke, Melrose, Minn.

BUYING CASKETS DIRECT CAN SAVE CONSUMERS HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS —*White Plains Reporter Dispatch.*
·Layaway plan available.
Alfred Cavuoto, Tuckahoe, N.Y.

MOTHER TERESA ON A ROLL —*The Nation.*
·Want fries with that?
Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

3 P.M.: Geraldo—Forgiveness.
Maury Povich—Revenge.
—*New York Times.*
·Whatever works.
Edie Ellenbogen, Merrick, N.Y.

BOY VANISHES, AND AN ALLIGATOR IS BLAMED —*New York Times.*
·See ya later.
M.A. Code, N.Y.C.

NAKED MAN ARRESTED IN SNOWSTORM; SWORD CARRIER HAD SOUGHT BEER —*San Jose Mercury News.*
·Our cheeks are nice and rosy and comfy cozy are we.
Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.;
similarly: John Falxa, N.Y.C.

STUDY: AGGRESSIVE BOYS HAVE LEAD IN BONES —*New York Times.*
·Just give us the news.
Carleton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.

CORRECTION: An article . . . misattributed a joke book . . . it was: "Henny Youngman's Private Joke Book," not Benny Goodman's. —*New York Times.*
·Isn't that "Take My Clarinet . . . Please"?
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

CORRECTION: A picture on Page 4 in Wednesday's Post did not depict a teacher accused of assaulting a student. The Post regrets the error. —*New York Post.*
·. . . better luck next time.
Nora Hakim, Flushing, N.Y.

DEATH DOLL IN ZAMBIA REVISED —*Miami Herald*
·Now you wind it up and it says "Murder."
Molly Graizzaro, Dumont, N.J.

CAMPBELL PICKS CHIEF OF SEWERS —*Atlanta Constitution.*
·Prince of Tides was already taken.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Georgia

410-POUND KILLER WINS EXECUTION REPRIEVE —*New York Times.*
·Fat chance.
B. Metter, Greenwich, Conn.

TOP COURT DEALS BLOW TO TOBACCO COMPANIES —*The Home News & Tribune.*
·Smokin'.
Barry S. Gillman, East Brunswick, N.J.

. . . two of the film's stars—along with Richard Lewis, Dianne Wiest, Faye Dunaway and the late Howard Rollins Jr.—will also attend. —*New York Times.*
·How late is Howard expected to attend?
Elsa Rael, N.Y.C.

BISON ENTRAILS SPLASHED ON OFFICIALS AT MEETING —*New York Times.*
·. . . does anyone have the guts to second this motion?
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

LAYWERS SWARMING —*Arlington Journal.*
·Dyslex non scripta.
Laura Neal, Arlington, Va.

. . . the great Flemish artist lived in the city from 1621 to 1927. —*New York Times.*
·Rent control, right?
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

East Meets NL West. Members of the Taiwan team . . . pay hommage to Mike Piazza's locker at Dodger Stadium. —*Washington Post* (photo caption).
·That's Mike Piazza, the N.L. homme run champ.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

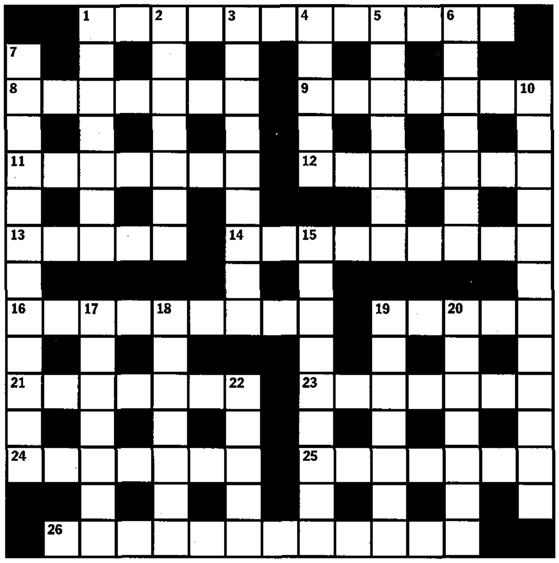
WOMAN USES A FOLDER TO STEAL FROM BOOKSTORE —*Daily Utah Chronicle*
·In New York, she'd use a gun.
Marie Dippolito, Salt Lake City, Utah

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 880, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by May 2. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the May 26 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Pubs each side of the road will give you exercise. (8,4)
8 Bond before I enter silence. (7)
9 6's bird in unspecified relationship. (3-1-3)
11 Thank-you letter for plates swamped in cash. (7)
12 Lilac or orange-blossom? Grays Inn's endlessly confused. (7)
13 French legal hearing in theatre. (5)
14 Archery tip: an ostrich died without noise. (5-4)
16 Don't walk through it in the cold, sailors, for shame! (9)
19 It seems the dealer can manage. (5)
21 Boy embracing scheme to give home to Santa Claus. (7)
23 Picnic place to be better than gold. (7)
24 Pardon, as they say, for erring way-out hospital. (3,4)
25 Capital cover in the construction industry. (4,3)
26 What pessimists do about the planet (not many and the wrong sort). (4,3,5)



DOWN

1 See 4.
2 The prince isn't so fine. (7)
3 American city politicians had a point—need to avoid being dazzled. (9)
4,1 The king lives—possibly: otherwise come up and snoop around. (5,7)
5 Play Kate and curse. (7)
6 Money obtained in connection with meeting place. (7)
7 Particular friend (details follow). (12)
10 Tolerate mild oath in small area to be taxed as usual. (8,4)
15 In which artist (one in the money) with pained expression is heard but not seen. (5,4)
17 Breach caused by putting some syrup on top of the soup dish. (7)
18 Exploit a lady—it takes pluck. (7)
19 Retrace way to food supplier. (7)
20 Return spoken of by forecaster. (7)
22 Paying for yourself and your wife? (5)

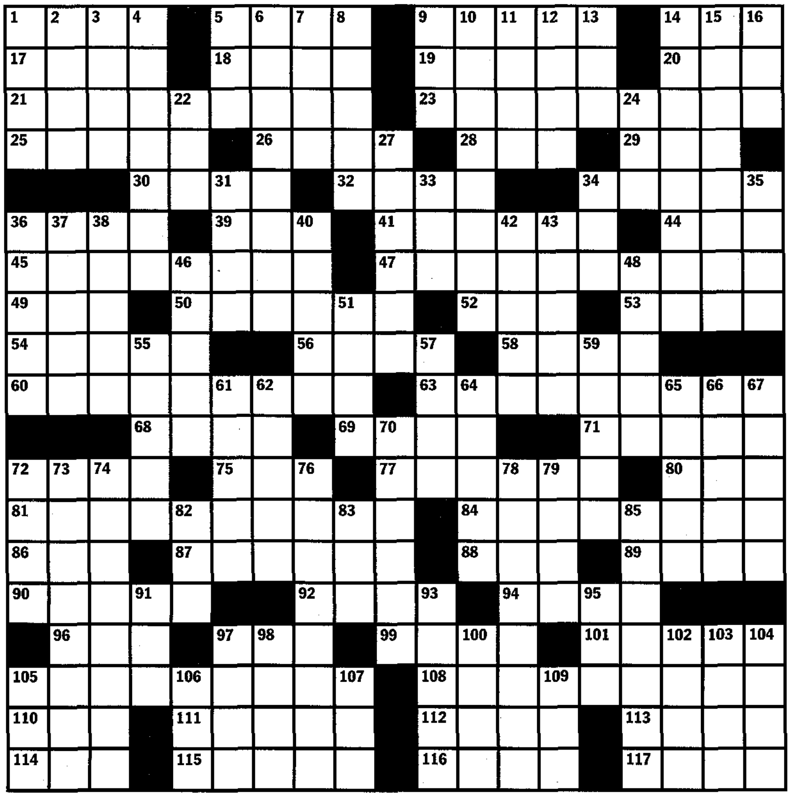
'Turn, Turn, Turn': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Partner of McNally
5 Sonic bounce
9 Video-game name
14 Soho saloon
17 Slangy ending for sock or smack
18 "These —— few of my favorite things"
19 Burdened
20 Ribonucleic acid, for short
21 TURN I: Basketball action
23 TURN II: Function failure
25 More foxy
26 Really trounce
28 Fashion's bottom line
29 Thurman of "Pulp Fiction"
30 Ranee's wraparound
32 Pull up stakes
34 River under the Pont Neuf
36 Approximately
39 Attorney's org.
41 Traffic jams
44 Depot abbr.
45 TURN III: Type of ski racer
47 TURN IV: TV police-station locale
49 U.K. award
50 No matter who
52 Ed. edifice
53 Old Icelandic anthology
54 "Willy Wonka" creator Dahl
56 Wife of Zeus
58 Assuage
60 TURN V: New Orleans transportation
63 TURN VI: Muddy-road aftermaths
68 On the briny
69 Bell the cat
71 —— retreat (withdraw hastily)
72 Puts on years
75 Tarzan's friend
77 Thrift-shop transaction
80 Double this for a creamy candy
81 TURN VII: Inundates
84 TURN VIII: Twist the stem of a watch too tightly
86 Part of i.e.
87 Scotto of the Met
88 "—— o' My Heart," 1913 song
89 Kin of teensty
90 Coll. residence halls
92 Finish a flight
94 Orbison and Scheider
96 End of Chou's name
97 —— Dhabi, Persian Gulf sheikdom
99 Apparel, familiarly
101 One of the Musketeers
105 TURN IX: Gale protection
108 TURN X: Repast at Tiffany's
110 The queen's lang.
111 Onetime May birthstone
112 Unctuous
113 Bear of the skies
114 Spelldown
115 Subway coin
116 Eyelid problem
117 Cordelia's father

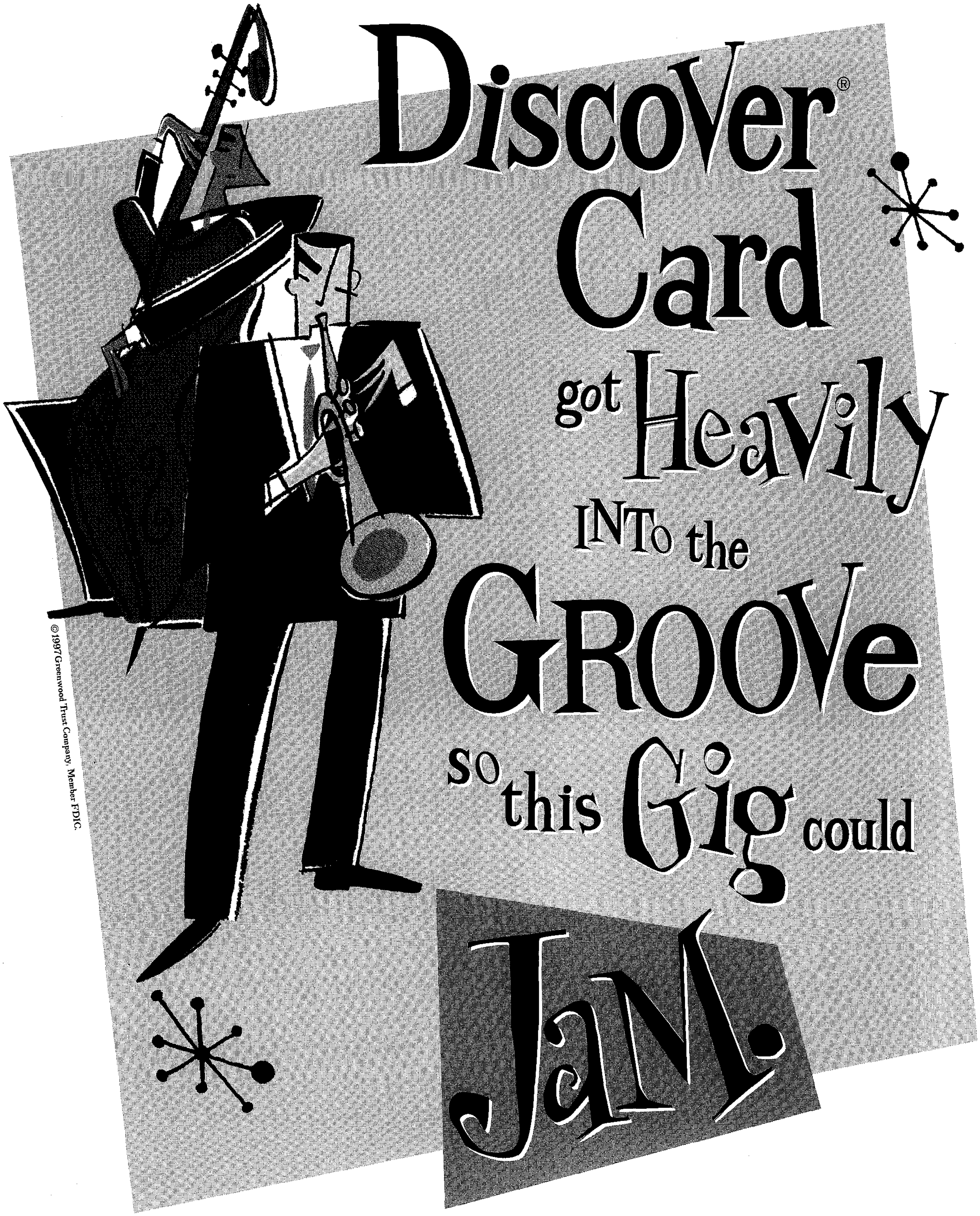
DOWN

1 Umps' colleagues
2 Inland sea of Russia
3 Like a snoop
4 Is excessively fond of
5 Helping of corn
6 In a believable manner
7 Half a cry in Parliament
8 Calking material from rope
9 Priest's white vestment
10 North Carolinians
11 "Zip——Doo-Dah"
12 Stationer's quantity
13 Pen dip
14 Gave one's word
15 Not welcome
16 Taboo



22 Victoria's Secret item
24 Scheduled to arrive
27 Take pains
31 April forecast
33 Seven, on a sundial
34 Fast Atl. flyer
35 "I could —— horse!"
36 Olfactory stimuli
37 Automaton
38 Cross one's heart
40 Hi from Ho
42 Internal sore
43 Expression of disapproval
46 Netherworld of myth
48 Teammate of Campanella
51 Dork
55 Dog-walker's need
57 Crusaders' port
59 Military sword
61 Back-comb hair
62 Rooster for roasting
64 Ancient moralizer
65 Ingrained behavior pattern
66 Scholars' collars
67 Actress Dennis
70 Out-and-out
72 Bowled over
73 Driver's buy
74 Alienate
76 Appraise
78 With reluctance
79 Kids' building-block set
82 Vocalized pauses
83 Greek vowel
85 Having vague yearnings
91 "—— pleasures and palaces . . ."
93 Kind of torte
95 Bison's Tibetan cousin
97 Jason's ship
98 Bill
100 "True" spunk
102 Fabled also-ran
103 Peak in Thessaly
104 Constellation unit
105 Spider's parlor
106 Diamond club
107 Netman Rosewall
109 What those in favor say

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 142.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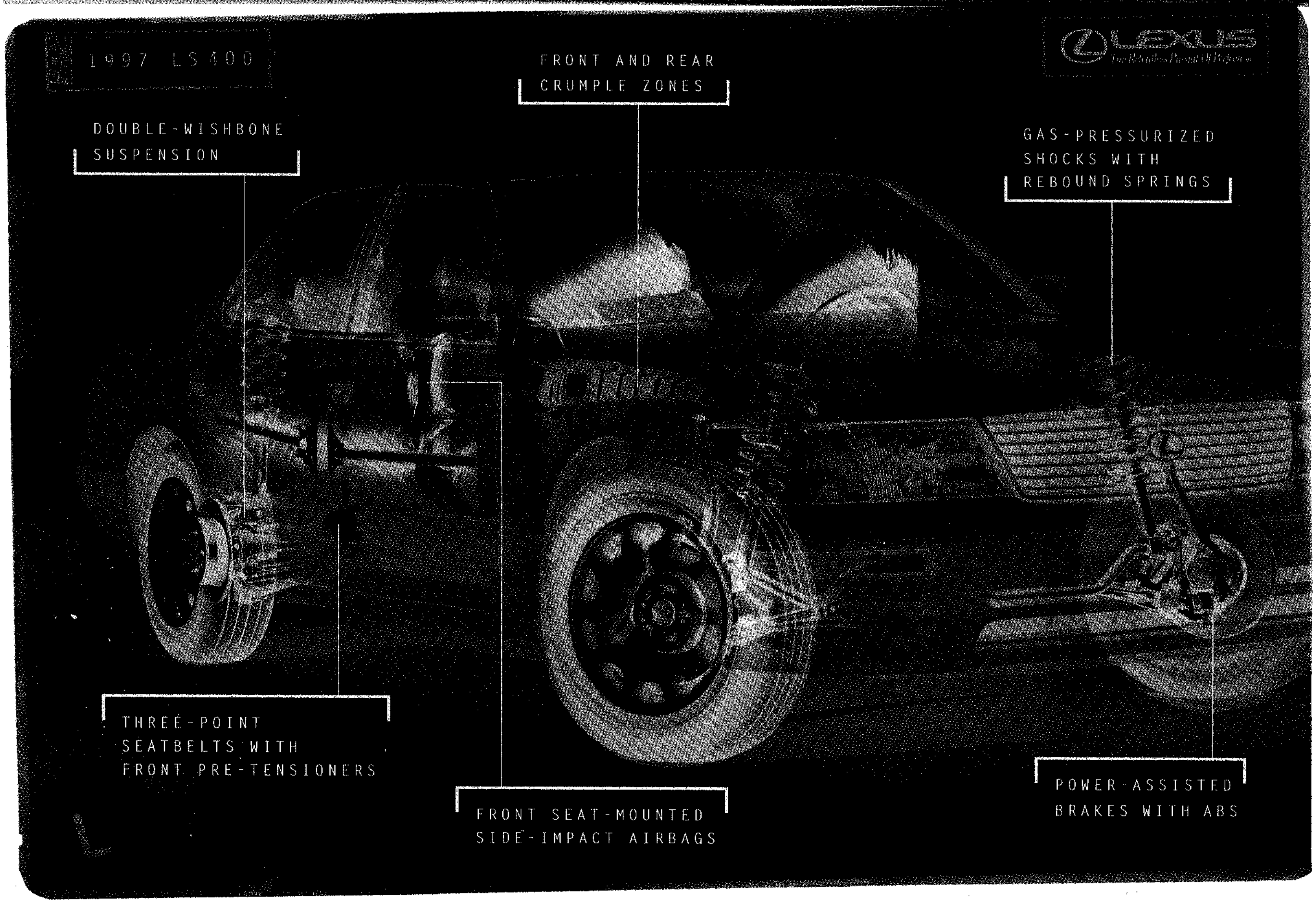
1997 LS 400
FRONT AND REAR CRUMPLE ZONES
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FRONT SEAT-MOUNTED SIDE-IMPACT AIRBAGS
POWER ASSISTED BRAKES WITH ABS

This Is An X-Ray Of The LS 400's Safety Systems.

[Better It Than You.]

The LS 400's safety systems are the result of what can happen when a luxury car has a head-on collision with reality. A reality of ill-funded roads and discourteous drivers. So, at Lexus, safety is of paramount importance. For example, instead of more typical side-impact airbags, a Supplemental Restraint System was mounted directly into the seats. To help provide a measure of side-impact protection no matter where the seat is positioned. And for even more security, we included gusseted side-impact beams.

Beyond passive safety features, the LS 400 also employs responsive performance technologies to help you stay in control during sudden maneuvers. From the use of a double-wishbone suspension to rebound springs that limit body roll during cornering. In all, a resolute commitment to safety that helps protect drivers from the greatest danger on the road – the threat of compromise. Visit www.lexus.com or call 800-USA-LEXUS for more information. And please, always wear seatbelts and secure children in rear seat.